CONTACT DIARY "NAUPAKA BUNNY" – PART 3

(From January 3 to April 20, 2020)

All rights reserved. © Jo Danieli, 2020

January 3, 2020
Taking a walk long the Griffen beaver-ponds and up the hill, I felt attracted to a cut down **tree**, and I counted it's **year-rings** … and even though it wasn't a very big tree, my age was just half it's radius!

I had just written about how *trees live so much longer than we do* …

Something about making this contact diary: It's easy to plug in photographs of daily events … but it's hard to look for material of Bob's and my actual time together … it hasn't gotten easier in the months since his passing … Yet, sometimes I find myself stopping what I'm doing, like working editing jobs for the agency and – in spite of all the pain – looking at *photographs of Bob and of our time together*, is a very strange experience, really. It's like I'm searching for something, but I don't know what. I come across pictures of Bob … and I'm flashing back to those days so intensely, that, when I come back from looking at Bob, it always feels like I have **forgotten** that he is dead and what has happened to him …

Maybe that is because I have actually "met" him so often, meanwhile, in a state that my wake-mind can't access, that *my subconsciousness is kind of used to be with him* and doesn't let me have those impressions of loss anymore like before? But make no mistake! There ***are*** feelings of loss, and the sorrow of horrible memories and the knowing that it all is over … but in a way, ***I don't think anymore that he is "gone",*** I know that he is "gone ahead", and that we'll unite again for real, with both of us conscious of it. And I can't wait for that … but the best way of spending time until then, is, to keep myself busy.

Sometimes, I'm getting dizzy, as if there were struggling minds in my head.

And as I think that, I so much "feel" and "know" that Stewart felt exactly the same way.

Three times today I have noticed that right when I had been in very intense contact with Bob, in the sense of me being kind of "relaxed" and focused at the same time, and I had thought or said something important, ***a high pitched sound appeared in one of my ears.*** But no sounds around, me not talking, no headache, nothing special … and just as I had finished the previous paragraph, that high pitched sound appeared in my head again, on the right side, this time … in the forest this afternoon it has been the left side, but I can't remember what I was thinking about, something relating to Bob and our communications.

I did have the feeling that it was not random, that I had heard that just then. Maybe it's something with my brain, I don't know, some frequency surge … ***or it's something I actually hear from a very very high frequency range*** … And it only lasts for about five to ten seconds, then it subsides completely. *(Note/edit: Remember, I did ask Bob concretely to do sound work with me, experiments, whatever?)*

I'm aware of atmospheric waves and stuff … still, it was uncanny that it happened again when I was just finishing the water-thought. Not sure how that came about, either. The idea was just there. And I think it's entirely logical.

January 4, 2020 – **Dream of Peter**

I woke up with intense longing for Bob.

I had another kind of romantic **dream**, this time about the brother of my old friend "Elisabeth", Peter. Okay, now I think I get it. His name is "Peter", too, like my brother's. Yesterday (and today already) I asked my brother Peter intensely to communicate with me. Was that the start? I have never dreamed of my friend Elisabeth's brother Peter before! I did like him, though. The dream is fuzzy, I only know that we tried to be together, but there was something about him having to leave, and a big room and some kind of project of plan we had. He didn't exactly look like Peter Posch, but at some point I introduced him to someone, in my dream … and I think Elisabeth was there, too.

Also … the story of the "Carnelian-ring" of my childhood … and the one that I found recently, that I feel compelled to wear a lot? … has to do with my brother, because he was there, too, at the time when I lost the ring in the lake. So can it be, that it's also a greeting from him*, to have me pick up that* ***ring*** and suddenly realize how it resembles the lost ring?

January 4, 2020 – **Attention Lesson & Banana Aura**

Big learning today … do not spray paint your mother's wall after removing the mold, because the freakin' paint will be all over the room! I can't believe I was so stupid to do that. But then I thought about it, on the way home, ***it was a lesson about paying attention*** to the right things! I was horrified! I had cleaned off the *mold* from my mother's apartment's walls, in the room, where I used to sleep, the guest room that she now uses for ironing (and it never occurs to me to invite me to stay) … and the I took the white spray paint that I had used in a corner of her bedroom a few months ago. I didn't realize that it's an entirely different thing to spray briefly into a corner than to spray onto a while length of a wall … Jesus Christ! I was spraying and spraying … and suddenly I looked up – and the entire room was filled with white paint mist! I don’t even want to think about it right now … my mother (totally allergic against all kinds of dust and paints!) came in, with big eyes, “But this is like a fog in here?” And I down-played it and said that it’s fine, and that she must stay out of the room. And then I worked like crazy to get the mist under control and wiped and wiped and aired the room. The white stuff was everywhere, on the furniture, the floor … I worked like crazy to get it cleaned, and there were blankets and pillows in that room …

Now that I think about it, it’s really about thinking ahead, thinking carefully and then act! I sort of jumped right in, but only because I knew or thought that my mother was so impatient. Or rather: It took me a while to get her to accept that I’d clean up the mold, that I thought was so dangerous, healthwise, and when she finally said okay, I was in a hurry to get it done. But still … in all my well-meaning hurry, I made a huge mistake.

So that’s the **learning**. A heart-pounding shitty learning.

On the way to my mother, on the highway, of course I was *chatting up Bob* who I imagined on the passenger’s seat, and I saw **amazing car license plate numbers**, it feel like someone is trying to make the utmost use of the few times I do drive in the recent past:

.. 811 EA, .. 8811 AO, .. 222 CT, .. 673 DW, .. 777 DJ

And a **truck with “angel wings”**, too!

And the succession of them and *when* they drove by, was equally exciting – it always relates to what I’m thinking or saying. (But I don’t remember all of the incidents.) For example was I saying the Hawaiian sentence “Pua ke ko, ua ho’omake ke kane lopaka pohaku” (but it should have been “Ua pua ke ko …”), meaning “when the sugarcane tasseled, the man Robert Stone died”. “When the sugar cane tassels” was a sentence from a Hawaiian proverb that Bob knew well, because I’d point out at the sugar cane tassels all the time, and the proverb goes “Pua ke ko, ku mai ka he’e”, “When the sugar cane tassels, the squid comes out”, meaning, it’s squid fishing season then.

And while (!) I was saying it out loud, the car with “.. **222 CT**” passed by me. “222” Our house number on Maui! And “CT”? I don’t know! Maybe “Closing Time”? Making this up, of course.

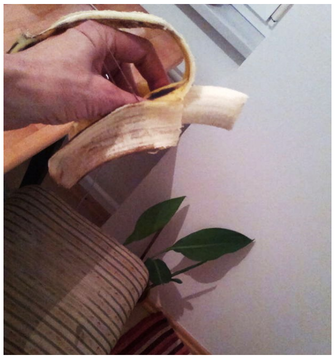
But I do realize that the car that is standing close to where I live with the license plate number “**VK 44 SP**” has Bob’s 4s and “Stoneman Productions” in it … and it stands *on my path*, I see it every day, and only today, after months, I realized that it’s “watching my path!”

I have also noticed that *I’ve started seeing my* ***appearance*** *as “a* ***body****”*, I notice it especially when I’m eating something, chewing, swallowing, it’s such a primitive way of using energy as “food”, and the limbs I have, for grabbing and for moving … just parts with joints in between. And my heart! Some muscle that jumpstarted at some point in my physical development and that has been pumping ever since! Pumping! I can get a real kick out of watching a ***heart*** pump, there is a wonderful gif-depiction on Wikipedia … and it appears more and more ***scurrile*** to me *that humans consider their bodies as their “self”* … it obviously is but a machine. *(Note/edit: I flashed back to being pregnant the second time and having the feeling of being used as a “breeding device”, and that I needed to get that thing out of me; and I felt truly bad about having* *such thoughts at all. Sad to say, my fetus stopped growing, and soon after it was clear that it needed to be removed … so I don’t know what was first: Me wanting to stop the pregnancy or the end of the pregnancy and me feeling that something was off …)*

Today I told Bob that I do trust he’s sitting right there, at my kitchen table, and that I wanted to share my **banana** with him. I’ve been trying the “Play ***me***!” in terms of sharing energy by food with Bob, and it has an uncanny kind of success-feeling, as I feel my body kind of “turning” into Bob, with me taking on his sitting position, and my hands resting on my thighs the way his did, and I’d sit up and grab the coffee cup “his way” … and all that while I simply let it happen, trusting my memories of him … and ***then I eat or drink “as Bob”***. At the same time I realize that when I’m projecting energy, like through imagining the food taste and the mere enjoyment of eating is “reaching” Bob, then it means that I “will” something to happen. And since it’s purely in the energetic realm it might as well happen easily enough.

That said … today, the paint spraying incident, where I behaved like a complete ignorant idiot, it told me: “First things first, focus on the apparent job right now”, which is writing. In a very earthly matter and with a very earthly purpose that does serve my “higher” purpose, still.

So today, I said to Bob to sit down on the chair in front of me, and I held a piece of **banana** to where I supposed his mouth to be … and I just stood there, just looking at the banana …



https://learn-to-see-auras.das-kaiserreich.net
Google
Duden
Google Trans
Yellow Aura radiating from a blue object

After a little while, something happened. I was looking regularly, not closing my eyes … and the underside of my thumb and of the banana began to develop a distinct greenish “aura”, some kind of “shine” around it. But I watched it, consciously, aware that I’m seeing an “**aura**” and wondering if that’s my *brain* doing that … and that “aura” changed when I changed the angle, and I didn’t directly look at the banana, but kind of *“at the situation” with the banana*. Of course I looked at the thing itself, but also *in away as if I wasn’t looking with my eyes*, but more with my ***general perception*** … and here it is: ***I didn’t even know I could do that.*** So that “aura” got narrower and whitish, as I changed the focus and angle and intensity of the “not really looking but still looking”, but it immediately the “*shine*” came back and got greenish and thicker underneath again. It was uncanny: ***I watched my fingers and the banana develop an outline like a halo!***

I felt a bit wobbly on my feet, suddenly and I focused back on “regular”, and I felt lightheaded and dizzy. Have I put myself in some kind of trance? But mind you, the whole thing didn’t take longer than maybe two minutes … as I’m totally not a patient person!

This is super exciting!

But I’ll heed the warning and learning today … about the spray paint.

Also, I noticed something else about myself today:

I ended up *driving behind a* ***red small car,*** *that sometimes drove* ***bee-lines*** *on the* ***highway***! And I kept behind it to give light signals to it in case it would endanger faster car who’d pass by and had no idea that there was a car bee-lining onto their lane as they were passing by. I had the feeling *that was my job during that trip*. I have done that before, in the reverse direction, and I did light-signal that car, just as it was bee-lining over when behind me a high-speed vehicle came along ready to overtake. So my light-signal warned that one, too, and all went well … but it was narrow, because the red car had been swerving a lot ...

I felt obligated to the other people on the highway, because ***I knew*** that car was a trouble-maker (but the other drivers didn't).

And weirdly! On the way back, after several hour, *a car just like it again drove right in front of me* again, swerving and changing lanes and often close to crashing into the sidelines … I could swear it was the same! But I'm not sure. (I played with the thought of calling the police, but that would have meant to stop to phone, and those two cars were very fast.)

January 4, 2020

Something baffling just happened!

Remember the ***crackling*** in the window, in Vienna, that happened at certain times when I was dealing with "Bob" in a certain intense way? It has happened a few select times here, too, exactly the window ***next*** to me, *at no other window*!

And only at select time, when I'm in an emotionally tense space … and there haven't been many such moments. But everytime I addressed them, as they startled me … the window never crackles otherwise, there is no reason, nothing changes … if it was temperature or such, the crackling would have to be regular and frequent … so earlier, I took a shower. And a few days ago, I also did, and I was in an intense c. d. writing phase … and suddenly, ***the water began to run*** from the kitchen tap, and it stopped again right away. And I addressed it (and although of course I know about excess water in the pipes!) saying "What was that?"

So today, after taking a shower, I thought about it again, that "sudden water trickling". And just now (Saturday, 10 pm exactly) *I heard the shower **water run** (but a lot) for a few moments, and* as I gasped, because the window next to me ***crackled*** totally loudly! So that combination, within a few moments – really really struck me as some kind of energetic charge, whatever the causes.

I had just grabbed a picture of our **kitchen** on Maui .. *and just then* the water ran and the crackling occurred!

January 5, 2020 **– The Teaching of the Fly & the Cardboard Connection**

Last night, a **fly** was busy buzzing around the apartment. It followed me around, even as I took a shower, it came to the bathroom. (*Note/edit: Something like that had happened last summer in Vienna. A fly would come to greet me when I entered my apartment, and it would follow me around everywhere, always sat down close to me, bathroom, bedroom, anywhere! Of course it would never occur to me to kill a fly. I even wrote a poem for flies in my teenage years, along the lines of **"The home of the flies is nowhere, they are only guests wherever they go and mostly hated by all other creatures …"** For some reason an image of my mother and me on a certain spot on the island of Kauai comes to mind when I think about this …)*

So that fly yesterday … It was there as soon as I had arrived from Velden and my mom-visit. Even during writing the entries for this c. d. last night, with the crackling and all, the fly was buzzing around. I totally noticed it, and I thought (toward Bob) **“Hey, *summ-body* is here!”** (“Somebody / some buddy / zombody” being as special expression for us, and now there was another one, “summ!” like an insect does …)

And I thought, “Smart fly, it’s safe in here, outside it’s freezing, so much food around, the fly will have a blast and can may stay over winter” (I know, stupid me.)

So ***this morning, I found the fly dead on the kitchen floor.***

I was a bit shocked. Why did it die? Why did it possibly die? It had so much food and everything! Was the message “Even though the environment was great for the fly’s survival, it died, because it’s life-span was over.”

(Note/edit: Of course, now, much later, ***I understand the message****: The fly’s life-span was no longer than a few days. So no matter how much food would be around – a fly has a certain time to do her thing, and then she graduates****! The fly’s time as a mortal creature was over****. It’s as simple as that.)*

So I woke up twice with really strong **dreams**. The first one was so simple and intense, that I thought I won’t ever forget it. Totally forgot it.

The second one was with **Bob** … (I must mention that tonight I left the light on in the bathroom and then left a gap in the bedroom door, because I didn’t want to have it really dark, *I felt spooked, somehow*.) Maybe the light affected the fly? Anyway.

So in my **dream of Bob and me**, we were in a **car**, driving along some shore of some **water**, can be the ocean or the Lake Wörthersee, where I grew up or somewhere in Italy, it was a mix of it. Tourists were there, and we had to **unload** something, that was *covered by some blanket or* ***cardboard****, on the* ***passenger’s seat***, and that cover itself was **covered by snow crystals**! And Bob was driving … but in my dream I knew that he was dead, and that it was an exceptional situation and wouldn’t last, that he was there. So I had gotten out of the car, and I was dressed entirely inappropriately, I wore a pantyhose and a one-part-swimsuit, and I felt really uncomfortable …

I actually realize now that maybe those crystals are reflections of what I have actually seen recently, in the forest, like this **cut of wood**, in an area, where trees were felled …

So as I looked towards Bob (who was his usual slightly sarcastic self, a bit critical, kind of distant, but smiling) who looked over to me, as I was outside of the car, *opening the passenger's side door.* I had not been riding in the car, I don't think … So there was that **blanket** or **cardboard** piece covering the entire seat, and it was covered with big snow crystals all over, and Bob simply lifted it on the top, with the effect was that the snow crystals fell inside the car, instead of outside, as Bob meant to clean them off. I moved closer and it was too late, the snow had already poured inside the car, and I tried to brush it from the cardboard outside with my hands, but that didn't work. And Bob just looked at me, still smiling, and it felt as if he didn't even really grasp what I was saying, or it didn't matter to him.

(*Note/edit: **Wow**! The day I'm editing this, April 12, 2020, I had just had an amazing **cardboard**-incident yesterday! You'll get there … it's just baffling that of all days today I'm editing a **cardboard**-related dream relating to a **car** drive next to a body of **water**, because yesterday after the hike around Forest lake, I drove along the Lake Wörthersee and marveled about its beauty!)*

So in that **dream** … that situation that I tried to brush off the crystals but couldn't, repeated itself, strangely. I don't know what we did, but I know we had *to unload that thing from the car in that spot.* And there was something about **dry branches** lying around, and I think we had to pick them up.

And get this: Strangely, during the morning walk today, there was a man, around the big stone, that had been "set on fire" a few weeks ago, at the pond, and he cut off and gathered a **huge load of dried branches!**

(Note/edit: Yesterday I also came a big dry plant in a pot!)

So, in the dream, again, the blanket or **cardboard** was over the passenger's seat, and again Bob lifted it from the top, and the snow crystals fell *inside the car*, in part, instead of outside. And this time I said to Bob ***"You rather do it by yourself and mess it up than waiting for me to grab it from this side".*** A strange thing to say, I know. In my mind – in the dream! – was the thought that *Bob wasn't really himself, and that it was no wonder, as he was dead.*

*(Note/edit: Seeing this after a few months, it seems clear that the topic of **Bob and me trying to do something "from two different sides"** and the ramifications of that event and how it was hard and didn't work because of lack of mutual understanding, is a very open hint at what we're doing in real life! **And wow! Yesterday I had taken the first swim of the year! In the forest lake, and it was ice cold!)***

Somehow, it so happened that *the car and Bob were gone*, and I had to run in my strange swim-suit with the see-through pantyhose underneath, along some beachwalk, kind of toward a large **basin**, into which I thought I'd have to jump if I didn't find a bridge. Other people – felt like **a tourist walk** – were around me, and I felt so exposed, realizing that I was half naked, but I thought to myself, "at least I have the pantyhose" … and someone said behind me "everyone would only look at her ass anyway". And in my dream I thought "not my ass, because I'm too slender to have a big ass", and I realized that I had the slender sportive figure like I had when I had met Bob … and he was crazy about me.

*(Note/edit: Yes, yesterday I was at the hiking path around a **basin**, the Forest lake, a lake that's used by an electricity plant and where the water had been drained pretty much during the winter, and there were many **tourists** around, yesterday, English and Dutch speaking … and the one worried about someone **looking at my ass**, was **me**, because I saw how old and flabby my ass had become; Seriously, that was my theme yesterday, and today I read about it while editing my own dream of months ago … And then, this morning I had that amazing half-awake-dream of swimming on Maui, at Baldwin beach, in the crystal clear Pacific, with Bob … and I got up with the thought that I must use my memories to keep myself young and*

strong enough to accomplish what I'm supposed to! You'll get to that part … but I must mention it now to point out at the amazing connectedness of events and how it defies "rules" of time and chronology!)

In that dream, I kind of "knew" that he was lost, the Bob in the dream … and he was some kind of embarrassed, somehow. We did something together outside the car, and it had to do with those big branches and a pile of it! I didn't see what was under that **snow-crystal covered blanket or cardboard**, though.

It was a big deal, at that shore, but I don't know what it was.

*(Note/edit: Well, the **big deal** at that **shore** yesterday was, that I went into the **water** that was **freezing** cold and **crystal** clear … yes, the **swimming** theme is there, too!)*

So I had a clairvoyant dream?

(Note/edit: Yes, in a way. But more a proof of connectedness, as it would turn out months later, today, April 12, 2020, Easter Sunday.)

Because at the stone-pond (where the man had set fire to the stone) nobody had ever worked the dry tree branches. The man greeted me, too, he wore glasses and seemed nice, and I had always wondered (in real life) who that pond belonged to.

Okay, now I remember, there was also something about an elevator, some very dangerous situation, like I had to hold on to the wires to now be sucked into the abyss, the deep shaft, or was the cabin open? But I was alone in there, and it was very difficult to handle, but I got away.

This was related to the Bob dream, maybe it was before? There were other people involved, but as I expected them to help me, they only kind of stood around uselessly.

I keep "feeling" some other part of that **dream** that had to do with a **woman** who tried to make me do something or give me something, either she was dressed very dark, or it was a dark room or situation …

(Note/edit: I was with my mother yesterday, and the mood was dark for me, because she rejected most of the Easter gifts I had brought for her.)

This morning, during the dog-walk I found a **single pink shoe with a heart** on it, of a small child. Just yesterday I had photographed the **big wooden shoe** in the artist neighbor's garden, because finding shoes had always been my thing in the first years with Bob. I found single shoes everywhere, and he'd get a kick out of it. So when I moved into this neighborhood and saw the shoe, I felt strangely welcome (like because of the "House of the Sun") …

So what does that dream mean? My first impression was, that Bob needs more time. And that's why I must focus on writing this contact diary and perhaps the screenplays, or generally, I should dedicate time consciously and effectively to the "here and now" of the mortal realm?

Strange thought I had this morning … I kind of "remembered" this situation, being "asked" to do my Earthly job properly … *I felt like I was Stewart.* And I thought about how he must have longed to be with

Betty, and how he worked tirelessly on writing his books about his and her work on “the bridge” … I don’t know his cause of death, but he wasn’t very old.

So that dream clearly points at something like “the wrong means and the wrong ways” or “unsuiting means” …

Also the dream about “Peter P.” yesterday was similar … there was something about me having to realize that something wasn’t exactly “in place” properly … For my real-life theme “the bridge and the inter-realm relationship with Bob” it means that we are communicating (because the dreams relate to questions and things I do!), but it also gives direct ***answers*** – that I’m not sure I can understand.

*(Note/edit: … understood **yet**, at that time.)*

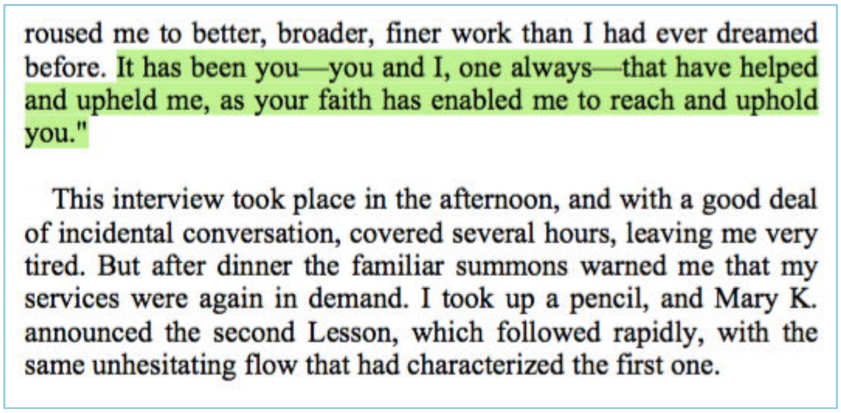
And I think that’s the point: I must learn to … I don’t know, be more patient? Listen better? Be more “mortal”, use my directing mind better and not try to “be like them”? Because I won’t and I can’t, and it must suffice for me for now to read about Betty’s experiences and not try to “travel” like her. I must be more “me” and not “her” or “him”. So the “Play ***me***!” … is that the “problem” in terms of distracting me from myself? And the scene with Bob picking up the blanket or cardboard the wrong way so that the crystals spilled into the wrong place with me being present and expecting him to do it right, *whilst he did it wrong a second time*, too, inspite of having seen it not work the first time … did that mean that I’m present and can’t expect him to “change” or do something differently than he does it right now, even though I want him to, or even though ***he wants to do better***?

(Wow, that actually just flowed out of my fingers, as I did not think what I was supposed to write …) Okay, my heart is beating faster and I have some kind of emotional flash, so I’m on to something here. I must … stick with my tools for now and do what I can do best. And he is developing what he can do best in his realm, and it’s okay and wonderful to connect, but I should not “play him”, although that’s easy to do, because the way he “is” now, may not be what I’m imagining, and there is some ***energetic discrepancy*** right now (wow, the stuff is still just flowing out of me) … okay. I guess I’ll learn whether or not I’m right with this kind of “insight” … and something else “wants out” … I’m not using my energies in the most efficient way. Okay. Got it. Working on it.

I had the sinful thoughts, recently, that if I would ever have cancer, I wouldn’t fight it.

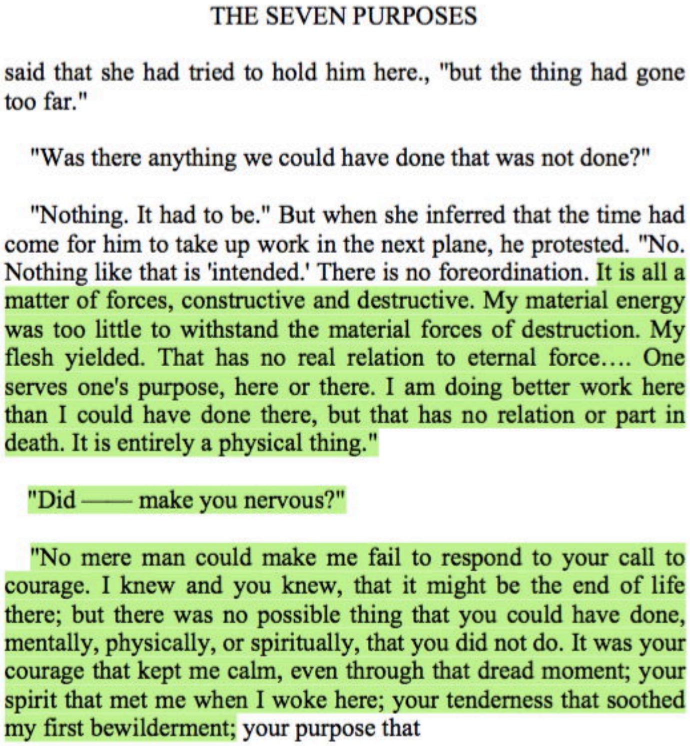
January 5, 2020

And I received a **gift** today … putting pictures into part A of this contact diary. I felt compelled to go back to “The Seven Purposes” and find certain spots in the book to make screenshots … and there they were, the answers I’ve been seeking so urgently …



roused me to better, broader, finer work than I had ever dreamed before. It has been you—you and I, one always—that have helped and upheld me, as your faith has enabled me to reach and uphold you."

This interview took place in the afternoon, and with a good deal of incidental conversation, covered several hours, leaving me very tired. But after dinner the familiar summons warned me that my services were again in demand. I took up a pencil, and Mary K. announced the second Lesson, which followed rapidly, with the same unhesitating flow that had characterized the first one.



THE SEVEN PURPOSES

said that she had tried to hold him here., "but the thing had gone too far."

"Was there anything we could have done that was not done?"

"Nothing. It had to be." But when she inferred that the time had come for him to take up work in the next plane, he protested. "No. Nothing like that is 'intended.' There is no foreordination. It is all a matter of forces, constructive and destructive. My material energy was too little to withstand the material forces of destruction. My flesh yielded. That has no real relation to eternal force…. One serves one's purpose, here or there. I am doing better work here than I could have done there, but that has no relation or part in death. It is entirely a physical thing."

"Did —— make you nervous?"

"No mere man could make me fail to respond to your call to courage. I knew and you knew, that it might be the end of life there; but there was no possible thing that you could have done, mentally, physically, or spiritually, that you did not do. It was your courage that kept me calm, even through that dread moment; your spirit that met me when I woke here; your tenderness that soothed my first bewilderment; your purpose that

Plus I saw **three geese** in the morning, on Schlossberg (“castle mountain”) … There was something special about this scenario, being **watched** like this …

January 5, 2020 **– Dream Message: Coordination!**

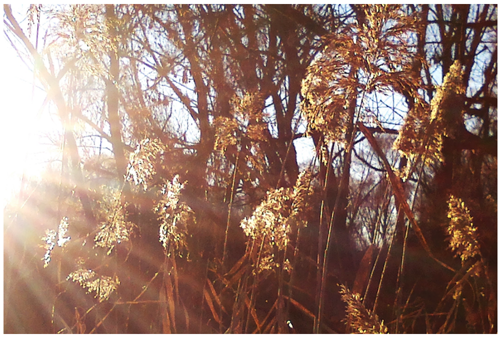
During my afternoon walk with Jacqui I opened myself to “understanding” my dream … and the term “**coordination**” and how it’s a big deal in communication between the realms came to my mind … while I was looking at a tower (some mast) and a cloud “next to it” that turned at a strange angle …

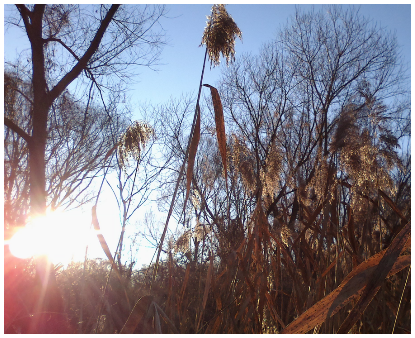
I realized that it wasn’t Bob’s “fault” that he moved the **crystal-covered blanket or cardboard** before I could grab it, but *it was also a matter that **I couldn’t be there in time** to grab it as soon as the car door was opened.* The fact that Bob was driving seemed to mean that the basic activity must come from him and that then, in order for us both to “lift the cover” (so that ***I could see what was on the passenger’s seat***, but maybe it was just space for me to sit down and drive off with Bob?) … we must both be *coordinated* in our motions, actions and intentions.

That seems so clear, all of a sudden. I take the dream as a message about how our communication is in the works, and I can’t initiate or enforce it. Bob is “in it” already, using “a vehicle” to get to me, and I’m there waiting for him and being attentive and willing … but just not (yet?) at the right place at the right time to be able to do the proper thing at the right time so that it works out. Why the crystals are in the car? When I take crystals as “energy” (like I had described about the crystal I found on my birthday, last year) and the blanket or cardboard as “cover” or “protection”, and the car as a vehicle of bridging distances and of moving forward and as a very precious tool (I keep saying that I love my car, in real life, and I do, but it wasn’t my car in the dream), then I think the message is quite clear.

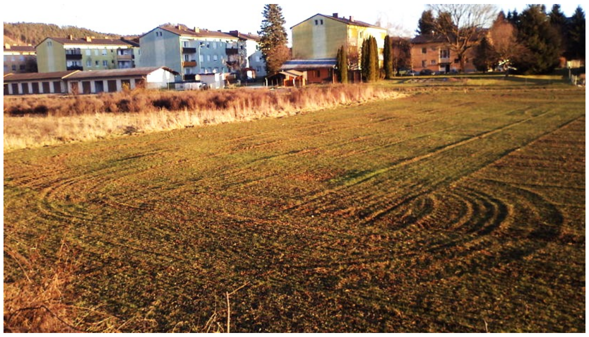
Also, something else happened … in an area that I know very well already, I did find another path … and it lead J and me along a **creek** …

… to a very **wide field of reeds**, and just yesterday I had written (in the edit) about the “pua ke ko”, “**when the sugar cane tassels**” … and it totally resembled the views I had on **Maui** so often, the **bright sugar cane tassels** against the sunlight … it was uncanny. And to me it meant that “somebody” is listening and getting me to prove this to myself.





Finally, at the end of that walk … the sun came out and revealed come **track-structures** in a green field … and I got reminded how fascinated I’m about **crop-circles** … I had a grand theory how they get made, and I told Bob about it … now … it has to do with water … I’m wondering if he’ll care to share with me how it really is …



And: Right after writing this, I may have had another **insight** about “**coordination**”. I grabbed a **few raisins and some peanuts**, a snack that Bob loved, and I asked him (out loud) “Would you like some raisins …”

And then it hit me: *I can* ***not*** *expect that he is “around” whenever I address him!* Even though “time and space” may not be for him the way they are for me, that doesn’t mean that he can stick around me all the time. I’ve read it often enough, that the discarnates can be “called”. But what if Bob does have a lot to do, and he simply can’t react or respond right away, when he is “on my mind”? Because he is that a lot!

It feels kind of important to just have thought that! It slid into my mind, without me thinking of anything … so that makes it even more valuable.

(Note/edit: Cute thought, but since the discarnates aren’t “confined people” of course they can, if they choose to, “be with us anytime”.)

January 5, 2020 **– Numbers Reveal & Two to Tango**

Okay, I had it wrong the whole time since March … the thing about the numbers. All this time, I had not realize that it was all about “**me and Bob**”, whatever I had seen in terms of all the “4” and “2” … in a different way addressing me and him, than I had thought:

D dalet = 4, B bet = 2

ד ב *“Dani and Bob”*

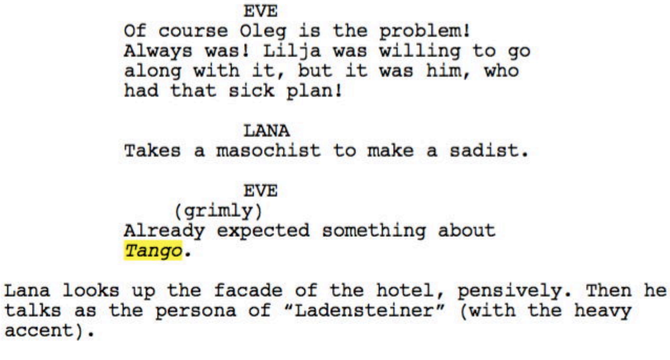
And even more interesting: The person who I “hear” say those Hebrew letters (she did actually, in an interview), is Dr. Barbara **Thiering**. I’m her greatest fan. I wanted to make the documentary about her, and I hope Bob gets to talk with her, as we really wanted to honor her work.

So according to **Kabbalah Numerology** the number derived from my two first names is “2”, and the number derived from my full name is “’4”; the number from Bob’s two first names is “7” and from his full name is “8”.

And I always thought 7 and 8 were my special numbers, together with 2 … my dog Kimba died on August 7, 2001, and I returned to Bob after 4 years on August 7, 2018. Bob died on November 4, 2019, so 11 = 2 (and here we are again with the 2 and the 4) His birthday, but the way is October 2, 1954, and mine February 17, 1964

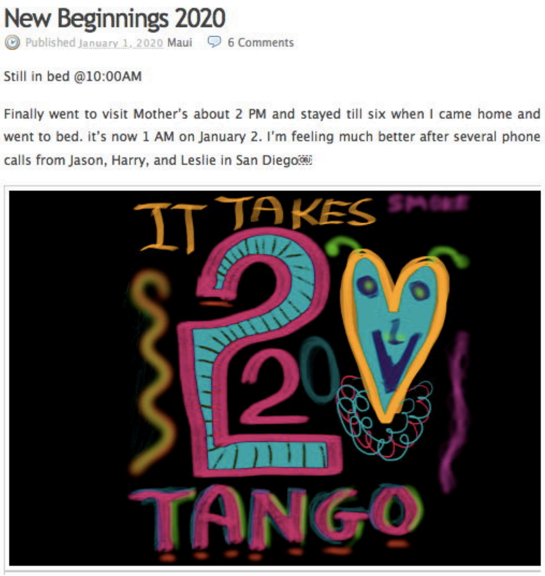
Well, I found **24 hearts** before I left in summer 2018 to see Bob for the last time, I even told him about it. I thought he’d live 24 more years. But it meant that the “two-some” we were would be closely attached to death and loss.

(Note/edit: That number will receive a different significance in a few months …)



```
               EVE
Of course Oleg is the problem!
Always was! Lilja was willing to go
along with it, but it was him, who
had that sick plan!

               LANA
Takes a masochist to make a sadist.

               EVE
     (grimly)
Already expected something about
Tango.

Lana looks up the facade of the hotel, pensively. Then he
talks as the persona of “Ladensteiner” (with the heavy
accent).
```

Some note … that may be kind of funny: When I edited the episode 5 of the TV-series “Paradise”, I came across a dialogue that seemed too subtle to be grasped (by audiences), a character playing on “**It takes two to Tango**” … and I edited it out.



New Beginnings 2020

Published January 1, 2020 Maui 6 Comments

Still in bed @10:00AM

Finally went to visit Mother's about 2 PM and stayed till six when I came home and went to bed. it's now 1 AM on January 2. I'm feeling much better after several phone calls from Jason, Harry, and Leslie in San Diego

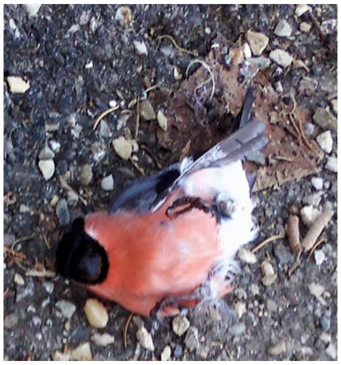
Somehow, it kept swirling around in my mind why I had taken it out … now, you have encountered *Peter Rosen* several times in this c. d. … And guess what he posted on his blog the other day? See for yourself:

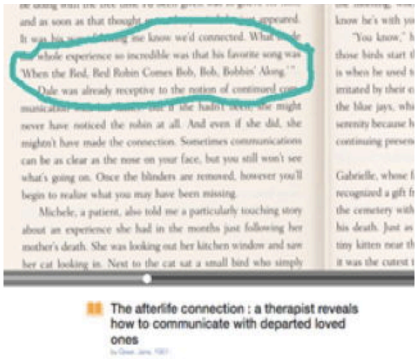
So what does that mean? I’d say very simply that he is somehow connected to me, and likely through Bob, because he was very strongly connected with Bob in the last year of his life, because *he caused Bob a lot of hardship related to his car*, and he behaved a lot like a truly reckless *sshole. But anyway … it’s just so uncanny, how ever again something that has to do with Bob and me is so clearly reflected through Peter …

January 6, 2020 – **The Robin & Bob’s Detox-Obsession**

On my morning walk I found a **dead robin** (bird). Strange, somehow. But Immediately I had to think of the like I had just found in photo-editing the first part of the c. d.:

“Also, on January 17, as I was scanning through Dr. Jane Greer’s “The Afterlife-Connection” I stumbled right into "Bob", too, see enclosed.” ***(“When the Red, Red Robin Comes Bob, Bob, Bobbin’ Along.”)***



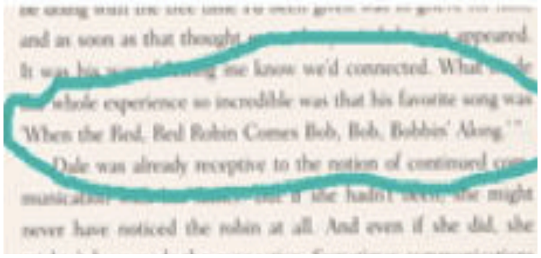


and as soon as that thought [illegible] appeared. It was his [illegible] me know we'd connected. What made the whole experience so incredible was that his favorite song was 'When the Red, Red Robin Comes Bob, Bob, Bobbin' Along.'"

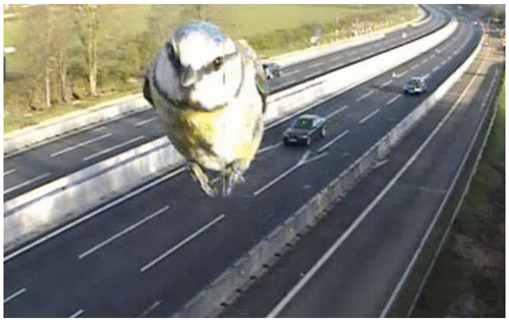
Dale was already receptive to the notion of continued communication [illegible] if she hadn't been, she might never have noticed the robin at all. And even if she did, she mightn't have made the connection. Sometimes communications can be as clear as the nose on your face, but you still won't see what's going on. Once the blinders are removed, however you'll begin to realize what you may have been missing.

Michele, a patient, also told me a particularly touching story about an experience she had in the months just following her mother's death. She was looking out her kitchen window and saw her cat looking in. Next to the cat sat a small bird who simply

The afterlife connection : a therapist reveals how to communicate with departed loved ones

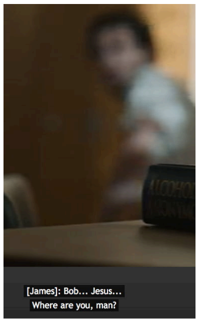


What strikes me about the dead bird, additionally, is, that just a few days ago I came across a very funny picture of a bird that looks straight into a radar-device on a highway! And it has been very fascinating how often **birds just cross the highway** right in front of my car, not only birds of prey, but others … and seeing this picture …

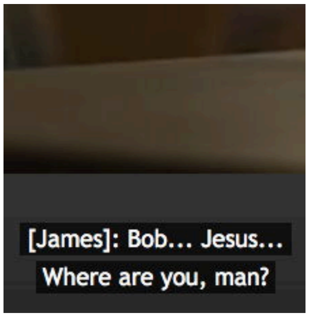


… I got the impression, like “being that high up”, what the photo also expresses, but I did not look for this kind of picture! I had no idea that pictures like that exist, at all. It somehow came to me … I may have googled movies or something else, and somehow this bird picture popped up … It’s a very intense perspective, don’t you think? It’s like I’m given to see what those “birds” see when they cross they highway above me … and something tells me that those birds aren’t really “just birds” … otherwise I would not have “found” this picture.

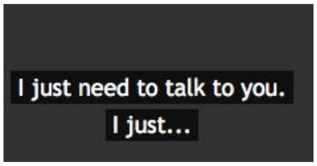
Did another ***random*** (!) movie choice, “*A Million Little Pieces*” and there I zapped along the timeline … and I found what I was supposed to find, I guess (I didn’t watch the movie) …



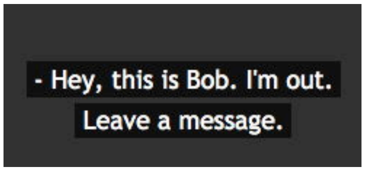
[James]: Bob... Jesus...
Where are you, man?



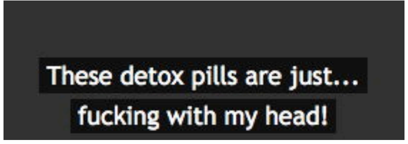
[James]: Bob... Jesus...
Where are you, man?



I just need to talk to you.
I just...



- Hey, this is Bob. I'm out.
Leave a message.



These detox pills are just...
fucking with my head!

But the whole *addiction thing*, from what I saw in random scenes, reminded me what a long way I’ve come since the time that I thought I couldn’t move on, after the Sigi days … heroin addict … and my bitter learning that the ten years with him and for him meant nothing for him, concerning me. And after that, I had met **Bob** … and ***Bob’s big thing was detox***. *I warned him so often*, but he’d all through the years that I knew him be obsessed with “cleansing” and “detox”), prompted by his heavy psoriasis condition …

Had a **dream** about a young man, rather a pudgy boy named “*Fabian*”, but it was pronounced wrong, like “Faybian”, so I corrected “them” (whoever “they” were) and said it’s a German word, so “Fabian”.

January 6, 2020 **– More Bob, More Chat!**
Wow. I needed a break from photo-editing the c. d. and looked at “Rotten Tomatoes” for any kind of series worth binging (last night stint at “*Messiah*” was pretty … well, silly, after all) … so of course I notices “**Bob (hearts) Abishola**” because of the “Bob” … but then it was more “Bob” than I could have expected … and I really really wonder why all those Bob-centric series were made last year?

So I used to say "Bob" not like everyone said "*Buhb*", and Bob himself often made fun of the "Buhb" … but this is probably a common thing. He liked that I said "Bob", with a real "o".

And the TV-series – it's about **Bob and socks!** Oh geez, my Bob and his **white socks**! For years I didn't dare to tell him that his always white socks look kind of funny … just yesterday I looked at a photo, and there is no more distinctly "Bob"-theme ever, *than Bob and his socks! And in this TV-series, **"Bob" is a producer of high-class socks!***

Just the other day I looked at a picture of him walking (and it threw me off balance quite a bit), with his white socks, and I'm wearing a pair of Bob's old socks right now!

BOB ♥ ABISHOLA

It's so heartbreaking in a way … and it's also kind of … I don't know, encouraging in my "Bridge"-craze …?

Also, there is this touching side-plot with the character **Bob's mother** who can't get rid of her late **husband's urn** after 25 years … it's very much like my Bob's mother not being able to do something with his cremains. And I have yet to ask Joyce about it … just my last email to her was kind of angry.

Bob's mother hugs and sings to her late husband's urn … **"I'll see the moon and think it's you"!** Really? The *moon*?

Seriously! There are lines like ***"Drop dead, Bob!"*** From his sister to Bob …

"I didn't really love my husband until after he was dead?" A friend …

"Something tells me you're one of those guys who bottle up their anger until they get a heart attack." A date to Bob …

And: His mom calls him **"*Bobby-socks*"** …

"She's dead, but she's still very effective …" Kemi suggests for Abishola to see a psychic … I mean – get it? ***"… dead, but still very effective"?!*** That's what I want to hear, totally!

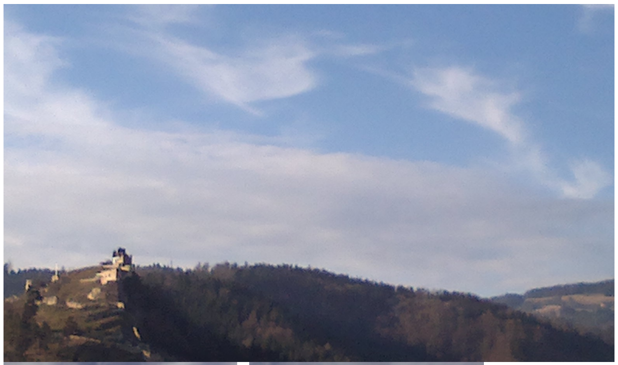
Well, and then the mother gets … wait for it … a stroke. Those are all my themes right now. Mother needing car … Bob probably had a stroke … geez.

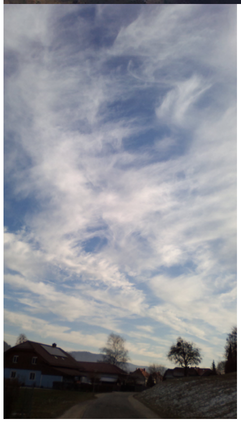
"Bob is the best guy in the world … all his life he's been bashful with women."

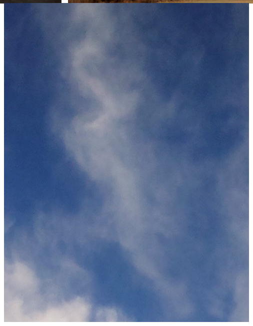
Yeah, no shit.

January 7, 2020

The most amazing **sky shark “puka lani”** today and before that … during a walk across the field that’s my “Pukalani replacement field” … **amazing cloud formations** that seemed so distinctly “speaking” … breathtaking … And **an actual “S”** appeared, like no “S” before!







See **the “S” in the clouds?** That’s a natural “S”!

Found a **dead fish** on top of the ice yesterday. Plus a business card with a **fox** subject, as the man’s name is **Fuchs** (**fox**) … don’t know why that felt significant.

And my **dream** tonight … wow, I woke up nearly devastated.

I gave my dog Jacqui to my former friend Elisabeth (about whose brother Peter I had dreamed just a few nights ago) just for a few hours, at her apartment. But for some reason I was kind of “sucked” onto a trip to Vienna, and I ended up at my former apartment (which wasn’t that apartment, but it resembled a room where I had been several times in previous dreams, but it’s not a place I’ve ever seen in real life!), dusty and empty. There was a suitcase with stuff, and I don’t whether I brought it to Vienna or I picked it up there, I only knew that important things were in it. There was also a man, who seemed familiar, a bit like Eric, but not really, and he had to do with keeping me there but to who I also went for help, in my panic, when I realized how far away from Jacqui and Griffen I was.

Kind of seems that the “*fish out of water*” relates to that dream … ***I had no idea how to get back there, I only knew it was a very long trip,*** and neither did I have an idea how I really got to Vienna, probably by a very fast train. That’s how it felt, but I tried to figure out in my dream how it came that I left Jacqui there … I knew that Elisabeth had to go to the office, so what would she do with Jacqui? I got in an outright panic of sorts, crying and asking people for help to get me back to Jacqui and out of Vienna, but it didn’t work! *I couldn’t really move, and I couldn’t see clearly or make myself understood clearly* … there was some kind of armoire – that I’ve seen in other dreams, and there it had always been full with my stuff that I had left there when I had moved out to pick up some other time, and in my previous dreams there was *always too much to carry and I had to decide what to leave behind* … this time there was only a bag in there …

And now I remember that I had to carry things away with my green *travel bag*, that I still have. I think I got it from my mother (in real life), many years back. In that dream, I stuffed it full with things, *and the bottom* ***tore open****!* It was horrible, because I had no other way of transporting the stuff … and I looked around, and all I found where three or four sheets of ***bubble wrap***! And I managed to put those bubble wrap pieces into the bag in a way that they closed the hole, in a makeshift-kind-of-way, always in danger to burst open again … so I had to carry the bag in my arms, sort of, to not lose everything that was in it …

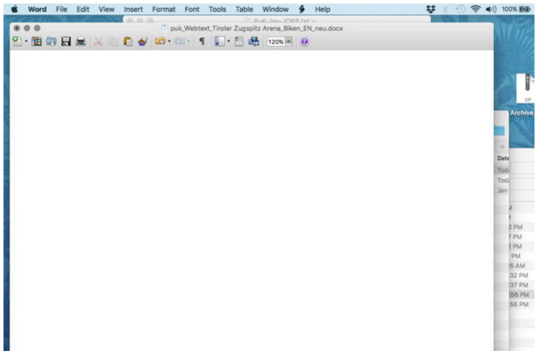
… and that’s why it was so hard to get to any public transportation to travel away from Vienna … and I never made it.

While in Vienna, though, I kind of visited places where I had been with Jacqui, and I thought in my dream “*Wow, I really miss Vienna, even though it’s a dream, it’s kind of true*”. Well in real life I don’t really miss Vienna, the way it is now, but it used to be a home for me, for many years, and I had great hopes there. Maybe I miss the anonymity there? If it wouldn’t be so dirty and loud and dangerous the way it has become with all the criminals from foreign countries, I’d like to live there … but then, I also need to be close to my mother.

(As I was writing about the *bubble wrap*, the Sony deck recorder that Bob had bought for us came to my mind, it sits, wrapped in bubble warp, in my bedroom …)

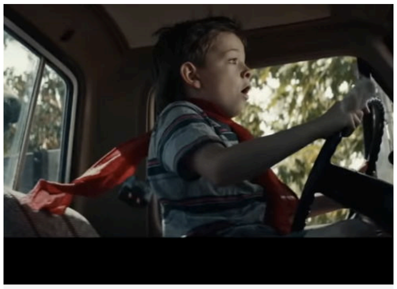
January 7, 2020 – Driving Together Always!

Very special! Just as I had edited the section of the c. d. and me having wished to receive signs from the Whites and have described the sudden “**white page**” … guess what? It happened again, and this time I took a screenshot! (I was doing an editing job … and bam! White! Froze!)


Word File Edit View Insert Format Font Tools Table Window Help
puk_Webtext_Tiroler Zugspitz Arena_Biken_EN_neu.docx
120%
Archive

Never in between has it happened, ***only*** the two times that I’ve written about the Whites and how I wanted to “hear from them” …! There!

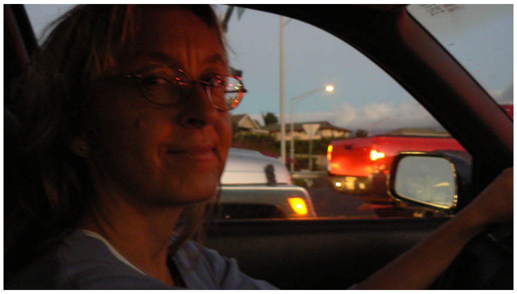
Watched a movie trailer “*Mistakes Were Made*”, and there is a **ice bear** being the best friend of a little boy … whenever I see or hear “ice bear” it reminds me of my grandmother Maria, who asked me to get her a toy ice bear when she was at an old aged home.



: MISTAKES WERE MADE Trailer (2020) Disney+ Movie

Now! Sometimes my thoughts are really jumping, and my “intuition” – the stuff I do without thinking about it – very often just takes me and runs with me.

So **looking through photos** I came across a picture of ***me looking at*** … well, **Bob!**

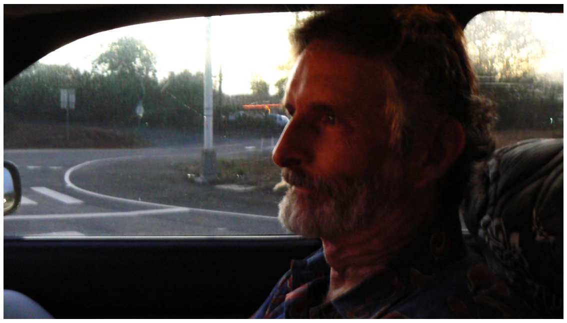


Yes, Bob took the picture of me driving! Why that? How come I just came across this? I swear I had no recollection of even having this photograph … and I didn't look for it.

Fact is: Often, when I'm now driving, here in Austria, *I look over "at him"* … I'm talking with Bob, of course, as if he was on the driver's seat, and many times have I said ***"I wish I could just see you sit here"***, and at other times I have asked him to let me know if he is really there … so this old picture just popped up … and my face suddenly turned hot and red, wow, such an energy-flash, because of my sudden insight: I realized that the reason why I just dug out that old photo, of which I had no idea that it existed, is, ***that Bob is telling me that he is in fact there, in the passenger's seat!*** *He is looking at me!*

The last time I did see Bob sit there, at the passenger's seat in real life was in early September 2018, in the white Toyota Echo that we had bought, and he looked nothing like the man he had been anymore … so finding this picture is a kind of "message" in itself! It gives me the **"reverse shot", in video-speak, of myself talking to Bob** … the way I've been looking at him, in the past days and weeks!

And now – wait for it! I suddenly recalled the day, it was Christmas 2011, and we went to do a shoot for a jewelry store … and guess what? I found the actual reverse shot from 2011:



Yes.

Bob is sitting on the passenger's seat. And I see him now. Just the way I desired it so much.

(Note/edit: I actually found the picture of Bob several days after I had found the photo of me, but I combine the two incidents for clarity.)

Again … I didn't remember I had a picture like that … it fell into my hands when I was half-heartedly browsing my pictures, because most of them I can't open, it would undo me. Now, somehow, though, very deep in my memory, I kind of "recall" now … more a feeling than an actual memory … that I asked him back then, to take a picture of me.

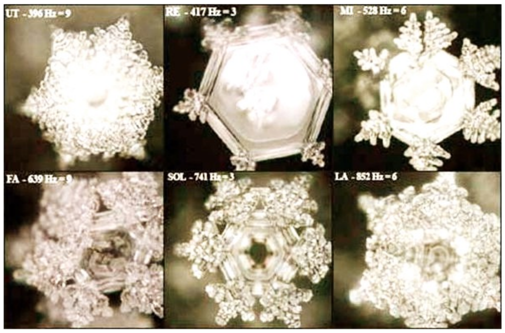
I do remember that day of shooting, too …

… because I received a gift that day, from the owner of the jewelry store for who we were filming and photographing: **a whale-shaped ring with little Opal pieces.**

It was a strenuous shoot, taking video and photographs of all the displays … Bob and I were sweating … we were working closely, and I remember that feeling of being with him very vividly. And after all was done, I looked into the case next to the door, and the owner was next to me, and she noticed my interest. She simply took the **ring** *and gave it to me as a gift.* About two years ago a piece broke out of the ring, so I stopped wearing it. But I love it dearly.

Again, it was a night where Bob and I were very close. The jewelers have since closed their business. *Can it be, that Bob reminded me of it, just tonight?* I wouldn’t be surprised if 2020 would turn out to be several notches up in terms of inter-realm-couple-life. I’d love that, Stoneman, I would.

Right after the “POV-Bob”-photo discovery … I ate some bread and shared the wonderful smell and taste with Bob and actually tried to project the experience out there for *anyone* to enjoy the energy. I know that I’m supposed to know myself as “wide” and “high” and “just consciousness” to better reach into that realm … and then I grabbed my glass of water, and suddenly it hit me: **Water**!



What if water is the optimal medium to project thoughts or energies into the “beyond”? Water retains and transports and maybe reflects energetic impressions, and it can be seen through Masaru Emoto’s work (as featured in my book “We Creators”) …

So what **water** is the medium to connect with the disca? And I mean drinking it and projecting thoughts through it … or something like that?

So I took a gulp and “hurled” the impression out there … and I’m going to try it again with definite thoughts in one sip … how about that?

What if they can also ***impress their thoughts onto or into water,*** and when I drink it, I can “read” it? That’s crazy … but worth a try. Also … the **messages in the clouds** seem to play right into this idea! I keep thinking how there were special “kahuna”, experts of reading clouds in ancient Hawaii … I’ve always been fascinated by them.

Oh! Something else just came to my awareness: This morning, I had seen an article about "***Grander***-Wasser" … I had dealt with that years ago (also for my book), and I only know that it also deals with the energetic input in the water and it's ability to transport energetic messages.

As I sipped some water, I realized that maybe the drinking is not the means of choice … water has been used for sprinkling, and it was always a clerical means of sanctity … but has anyone ever thought that *it actually* ***does carry messages,*** *and that sprinkling does spread them in a very special energetic way?* Doing energy work using water seems kind of logical and doable … should I touch the bottle of water my mother is using and put love and healing into it? I should.

(Note/edit: Also, I added the story of the "blessed water" of "Mother ***Filomena****" into an earlier part of this c. d.! Filomena was somebody who really returned "from the dead", I'd say, bring brain-dead and recovering … I met her already in 2002 … but that's a whole other story. Wow, it all comes together suddenly. What if Filomena is greeting me this way?)*

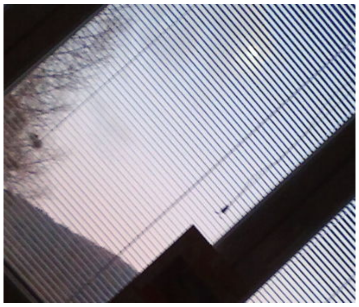
January 8, 2020 **– Ghost in Disguise**

Day started weird … no jobs from the agency, and although I really shouldn't have and knew I should work on the c. d. edit, I was totally drawn to a very stupid **movie** called "**Last Christmas**". I watched a little bit and got pissed off, because the *male character "Tom"* seemed just so *strange*, and everything was so exaggerated. So I went to "movie spoilers" to read how it would go and end … and it turns out, that the weird guy **Tom is** – drumroll! – **a spirit! A ghost! A dead guy!** Whose *heart* got transplanted into the female character …

Now how in the world would *I possibly pick a movie I knew nothing about with* ***a dead person appearing in it "alive"?***

The movie even has the dumbest pun ever in it's title, as it refers to the George Michael song "Last Christmas I gave you my heart" … and that's literal in the movie. Heart-transplant … get it? So I really "had" to see it, I guess, because there is a ***ghost*** in it. And I've been thinking about how invisible people could be "made" or "make themselves" visible …

During a walk in the area I discovered a **stone** with the initials **"R. St."** (yup, like Robert Stone), and then the **moon** totally grinned at me …



January 8, 2020

Something very unusual just happened … During editing this c. d., I've come across my dreaming of **Sabine Sch.** several times, and once of her father (the banker), too, with who I had no contact in real life, ever. And today I talked with my mother on the phone, while hiking with Jacqui, and she told me "*Oh, you know who I met at the story, today? Frau Sch.!"* The mother of Sabine Sch.! I was very baffled, the same kind of quietness spread inside of me and around me that I always feel when "something" is "shifting" or "happening". So my mother had met the mother of that woman who had appeared in my dreams several times!

What are the odds? My mother said that she was surprised, too, she hadn't seen that woman for decades! Of course not, why would she?

(Christine, me, Sabine, Anita, 1983)

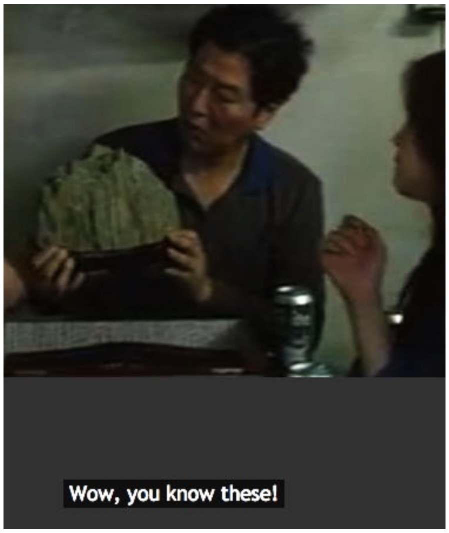
January 8, 2020 – **The Big Stones All Over**

Okay! There we have it (quoting Bob).

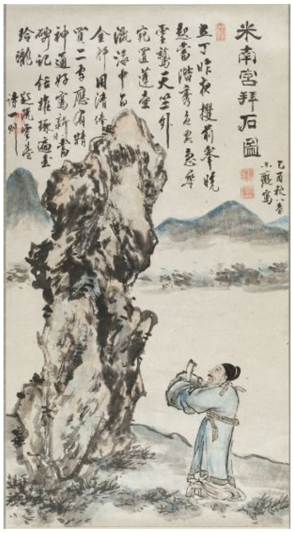
Guess what, while eating dinner, I thought I check what movies are on vioozhd org, and there has been "**Parasite**" for a while. I was actually appalled but the poster and the title. I've read that it's supposedly good, but it's a Korean (!) movie in Korean language with subtitles.

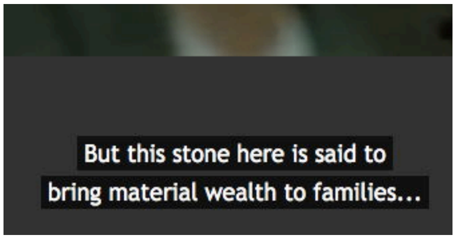
So I thought, okay, I'll check what's "good" about it. And guess what?

Close to the beginning, *a guy brings a* **green stone** (!) to the family, a green freaking stone (!) as a ***gift***, *and it supposedly brings luck and wealth!* And traditionally it's called a "scholar's rock", or "**viewing stone**" or "Suseok" … Hey!

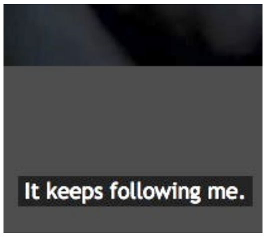


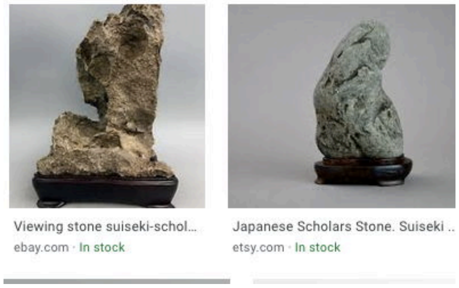
Wow, you know these!





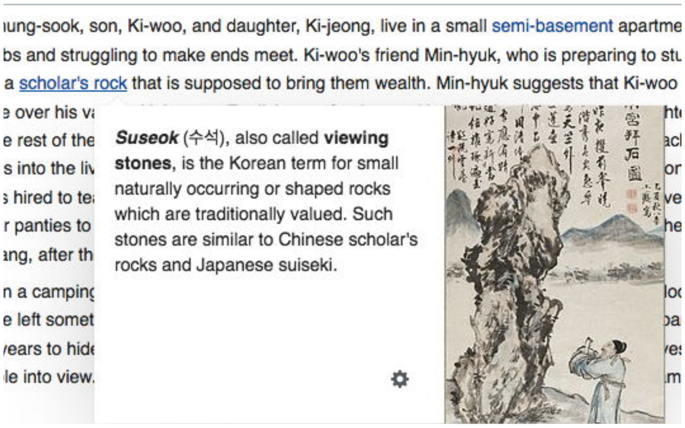
But this stone here is said to
bring material wealth to families…


It keeps following me.


Viewing stone suiseki-schol...
ebay.com · In stock

Japanese Scholars Stone. Suiseki ..
etsy.com · In stock

Maybe that’s the answer to the question I’ve been asking Bob and that I’ve emphasized this afternoon during my walk with Jacqui (*where we discovered an entirely new route, called “St. Kollmann”* …) about *how I could “see him”?* So then I discover a green stone that’s called “**viewing stone**” in this movie?!

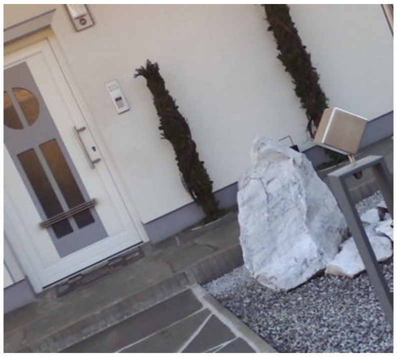

ung-sook, son, Ki-woo, and daughter, Ki-jeong, live in a small semi-basement apartme
bs and struggling to make ends meet. Ki-woo's friend Min-hyuk, who is preparing to stu
a scholar's rock that is supposed to bring them wealth. Min-hyuk suggests that Ki-woo

Suseok (수석), also called **viewing stones**, is the Korean term for small naturally occurring or shaped rocks which are traditionally valued. Such stones are similar to Chinese scholar's rocks and Japanese suiseki.

There is so much expressed in that! It’s really baffling. And I’ve experienced a lot of baffling stuff recently! So is he in a “teaching” position right now? The “viewing” part of the “**viewing stone**”, does that mean that he is watching me? (“Suseok“ are called viewing stones, the Korean term for small naturally occurring or shaped rocks which are traditionally value.)

I’ve mentioned how desperately I regret to never have visited the Olivine rocks of Kahakuloa with Bob!? Now, but the fact that this is a ***green stone***, isn’t the only baffling one …

Well now, there is a green stone … *again* in my life! The clue that the movie had “something for me” was already that the first shot is – **socks**. And I had just watched “*Bob loves Abishola*”, where “Bob” is “a socks salesman”, and I got so much reminded of **my Bob’s love for socks**, white socks. And there are **white socks** in the movie! Right before the **green good luck stone**!

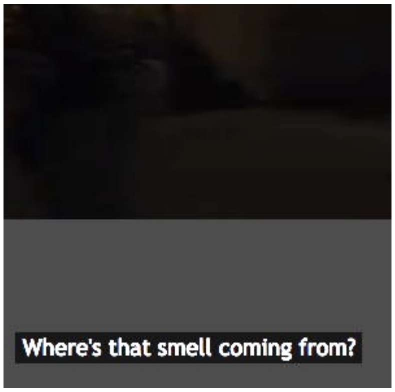


Okay, I just ***got*** something, and I’ve noticed it today, again, walking the neighborhood with Jacqui: Nearly every **garden** has a large specially shaped **stone** or several stones, … and I’ve been thinking about how beautiful some of those are. I’ve never seen a community with so many stones, and I’m talking all over the place! And now stones came up in my life distinctly, as “Korean viewing stones”.

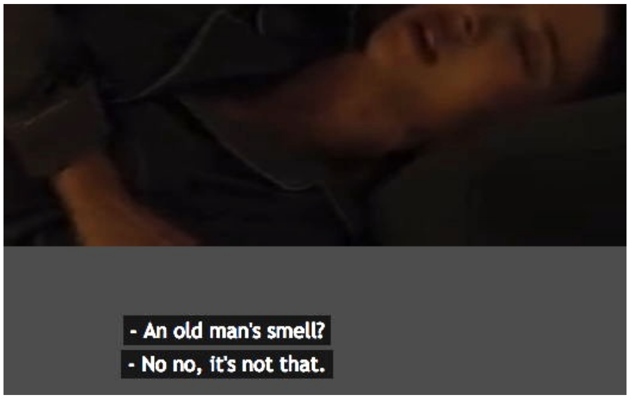
Okay, there is one more aspect to the film: the ***bad smell of one of the characters,*** *“Kim”*. It was a big problem for Bob when he had the liquid oozing tumor that it **stank**. And he was so embarrassed. We’d later make fun of the **tumor**, who *oozed* one day more, the other day less … we observed it, talked with it, I wiped it so often … it really smelled very bad.

I mean, what are the odds? A film where a big green stone is carried around, and the main characters has a bad smell to him! About a year ago I had to do with my own bad smelling urine (and I compared the smell with the *stink of Bob’s tumor)* …

So, in the movie … as the husband and the wife talk about the **bad smell of that man**, Kim, the driver, *they are lying on the bed next to each other*… just like Bob and I on our last evening. And Bob’s tumor would always smell so so so fucking bad …

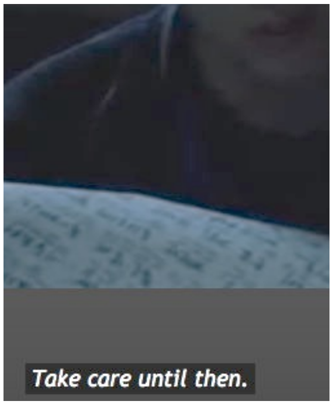


Where’s that smell coming from?



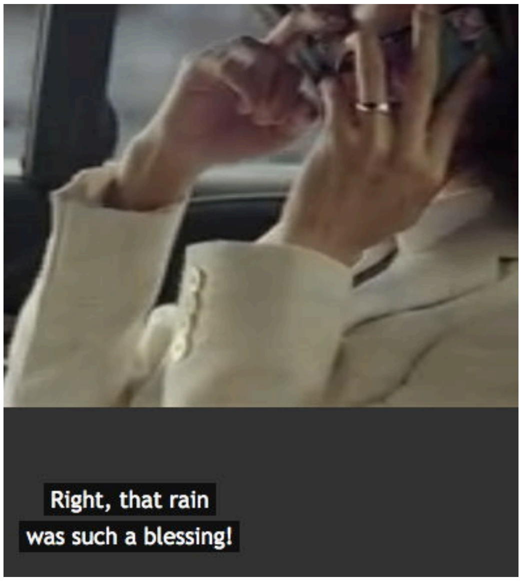
- An old man’s smell?
- No no, it’s not that.

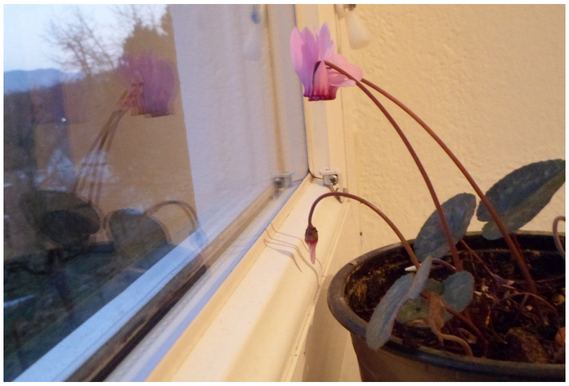
In the end, a “son” began to communicate with his “dad” who lived *invisibly* (!) in the basement of the house of the man he had killed, and they communicated via some kind of Morse-code, … so it was about *someone living close-by, hidden, but being invisible.* And one day, knows the son, he’ll be with his father again.



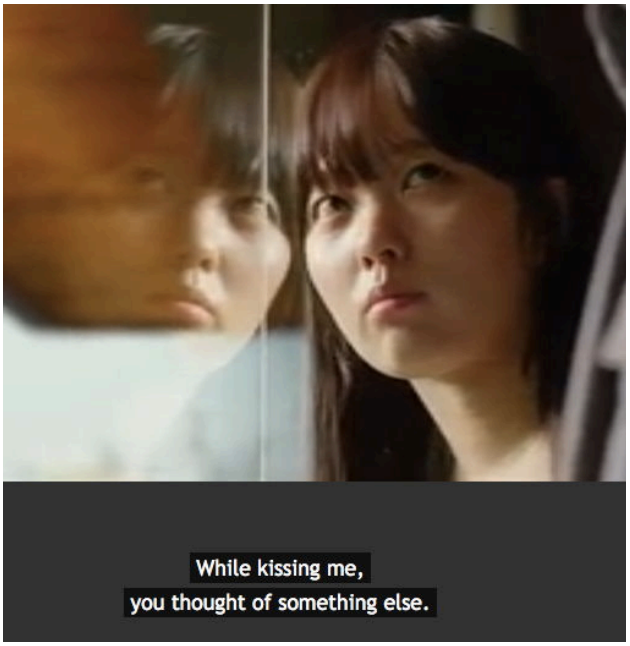
Take care until then.

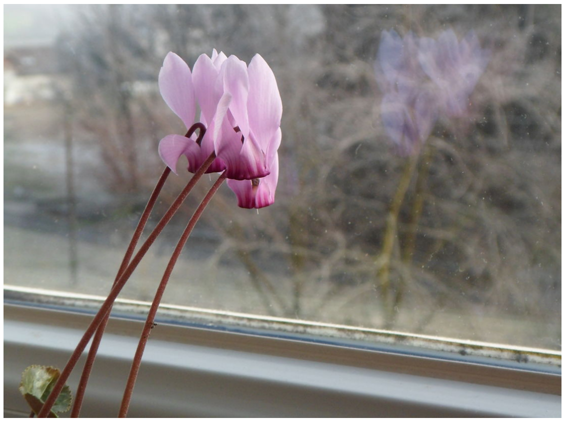
Also, there is a scene of the hidden man – the one who was previously hidden in the basement – eats a **banana**. Remember my banana-story from two days ago? Plus … in the movie there is the mentioning of **“rain” being “a blessing”** … and in my edit of part 1 I’ve gone over the meaning of “**ua**”, a drizzling rain, in Hawaii thought to bee a “blessing from heaven”.


Right, that rain
was such a blessing!

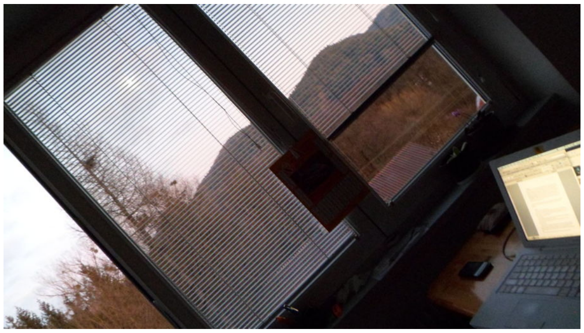


Plus … I’ve been taking photographs of my **Cyclamen** flowers (hederifolium) I got from the forest and that started to bloom, *mirror* images in the window … and now look at this picture, from the movie “Parasite” …


While kissing me,
you thought of something else.



Plus … there is the **moon** right **in front of my window**, every afternoon now!



January 8, 2020

As I kept working on editing this c. d. I googled for an image of a Hawaiian "imu" (earth oven), and what I got was a bird of prey, a hawk, in a wooden board, called a "pig board" …

I also have a thought right now, since the Hawaiian word for "hawk" is "Io" in Hawaiian. And my name is "Jo".

January 9, 2020 **– The Invisible Gates**

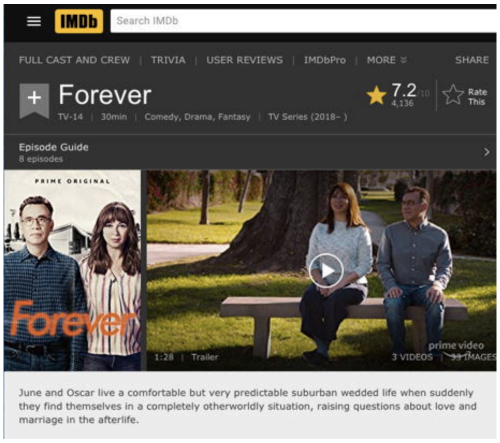
I had an interesting experience this morning … where Jacqui and I live today, there are two parallel roads, and I always thought it would be great if there was a vertical connection between them, because that would make quick walks so much earlier and more fun (because of a building site that we always have to pass and that I'd like to avoid). So I'd been checking out the area, but couldn't find any connecting pathway. And today the lady who owns the "house of the sun" opposite from where I live and who runs a child-daycare-center there, was on her way with six kids, on the path were I walk with Jacqui in the morning. I've never met her there … so we chatted, and then she explained to me the "insider" pathway between the two roads! Now I know **what gate to pass to cross vertically**! *I'd been walking by* there several times but hadn't realized that it's actually a public walkway, but it has a gate, just that the official signage is past that gateway! So had I looked more closely …

How strange … reminds me of the **"kahuna"-story of Kapa'a** … (as described in "We Creators") where I wanted to research the work of a certain "kahuna", and one day I got lost in the little town of Kapa'a, and I ended up in a certain place facing the mountain called "Sleeping Giant" (and later I wrote a screenplay about the human energetic powers and named it after that mountain) … where I felt kind of "stuck", but then I gave up my search. The year after that, I ended up being invited by that very "kahuna's" wife for a visit (I was supposed to join their group of students, but I refused, which pretty much caused the wife's wrath, in the long run, which she expressed to me quite clearly, years later), I returned to Kapa'a again – and it turned out that the year before *I had turned around exactly (!) in front of that "kahuna's"* ***door***; It means, I had found him, without realizing it.

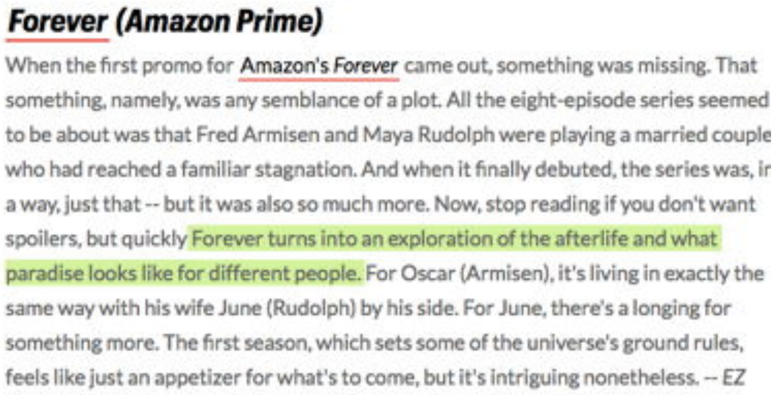
January 9, 2020

Ended up on a website stating the most underrated TV-shows of 2019, and I ended up at “**Forever**” … about how people experience the afterlife differently and individually. Yup, “the afterlife”. But see, this title is on the nose, and I looked into it because of that, but there isn’t much in it that attracts me or feels important. Except: It’s made very clear that t***he afterlife is a continuation of this life.***

Is that the point I’m supposed to really “get”?



June and Oscar live a comfortable but very predictable suburban wedded life when suddenly they find themselves in a completely otherworldly situation, raising questions about love and marriage in the afterlife.



Forever (Amazon Prime)

When the first promo for Amazon's *Forever* came out, something was missing. That something, namely, was any semblance of a plot. All the eight-episode series seemed to be about was that Fred Armisen and Maya Rudolph were playing a married couple who had reached a familiar stagnation. And when it finally debuted, the series was, in a way, just that -- but it was also so much more. Now, stop reading if you don't want spoilers, but quickly Forever turns into an exploration of the afterlife and what paradise looks like for different people. For Oscar (Armisen), it's living in exactly the same way with his wife June (Rudolph) by his side. For June, there's a longing for something more. The first season, which sets some of the universe's ground rules, feels like just an appetizer for what's to come, but it's intriguing nonetheless. -- EZ

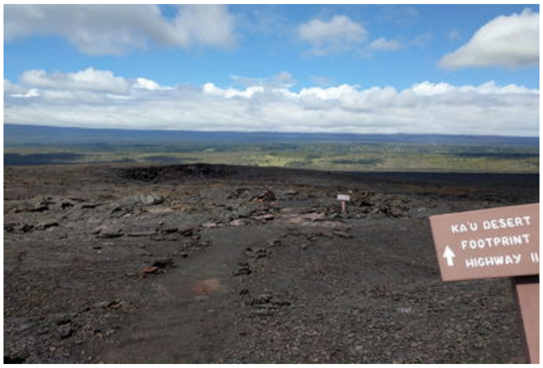
January 10, 2020

I woke up, just diving out of an incredible **dream** with five “discarnates”: Bob, Sigi, Peter, Omi and Andreas U. (a boy who I used to go to school with when we were young teenagers; As far as I know he took his own life in his early adulthood).

I really didn’t want to wake up, I wanted to dream on, as I just had entered a new stage in the dream … but I had to wake up. Also, realizing that it was probably later than I had thought and that my dog really needed out already.

Lying awake, I suddenly saw a **male** (but female looking) **face *smiling at me***, it appeared out of nowhere, was just there, very tanned, blond, nobody I knew (*maybe little bit like the young man on the terrace in Norway, on August 7, 2001, an hour before my dog died and who kept appearing on my car, when I was driving away from Kimba’s death-spot, days later? But that only occurred to me while I’m writing the dream down, right now.*)

And then – again, out of nowhere, with no relation that I’m aware of – I suddenly saw a **place on the Big Island Hawaii** in the Ka’u desert, where centuries ago many warriors were poisoned by fumes from the lava-ground …



In real life, I was there in about 2006, with Bob, while filming for our documentary, and the story and the place has always fascinated me. I have no idea how this showed up, I’ve never thought about this again, for so many years, and my dream was not related to Hawaii, at all. But I have always found that place special, and now, that I think about it … very special, actually. I remember being there … (*oh, geez, I should get my own film out for screenshots)* … it was about thousands of warriors falling dead without a battle, just because the volcano spit out those fumes that poisoned them …

So in the **dream**, somehow I was in **Vienna**, and mostly in a part in the outskirts, next to a very big property, with houses in which were rentals, and in my dream I knew that I had lived there once but then had moved to Hawaii.

Somehow Bob was there, and then he left, but that was unclear. I only knew that somehow I was back to “me”, to my time before … well, the “***before***” was a question in the dream, “before” what? And then **Sigi** showed up! I don’t know where he came from, but it was his younger self, and I realized in my dream how much I had actually loved Sigi in real life, and after waking up I also had that strong feeling that I had always suppressed my love for Sigi, that didn’t just stop only because he moved away and got involved with another woman and always denied my existence after I had saved him one more time and after my life was pretty much ruined … This *ruinous time of my life with Sigi*, with all the emotional damage I brought into my relationship with Bob … And I realize this now, *and somehow I did realize that in the dream, too.*

Sigi and I had lived in one of those **rentals**, I recalled in the dream on the number “**44/81**”, with “81” being the door …

And as I went there, it was *nearly empty*, because everyone was moving out, and I realized that it was because of Bob being gone. But in the apartment I found my brother Peter who was in a close friendship, maybe even a relationship with Andreas U., in real life a school comrade I had liked very much, very fragile, very petit. So my brother Peter and Andreas where there, *but they also were about to move out …*

And I said or thought that I might as well move back in there now that there was space! And then Sigi showed up … the timeline is very garbled, because in my memory the events keep flashing back and forth.

And there was my grandmother Maria, too, kind of just moving around, observing.

And most weirdly – I had a **baby**! But like in other dreams, it was so small and fragile and I was totally not equipped to care for it, it was like a “**bean**”, even like an embryo, and in a way not even like a human baby, but … maybe a bear … So I grabbed it, and I thought it was mine, and I needed to feed it, but I didn’t have any milk. And suddenly I realized it was ***not mine***, but I had to care for it. I was so desperate, and I needed babyfood. And as soon as the baby’s mouth touched my clothing (a sweat shirt, I think), it began to suck. It then sucked on my hand, and I thought, wow, *it’s really alive, I can rescue it* … and somehow I got a piece of jeans-cloth soaked with milk and gave it to the baby to suck on it, which it did. I also didn’t have anything proper to wrap the baby in, and I held it in some kind of rough cloth … I was so desperate for finding the proper means to care for that baby.

(Note/edit: Is that baby Bob and Sigi at the same time?)

And the Bob and Sigi figures were always somehow around …

But then the Sigi-figure came towards me, and ***I knew, in my dream, that he was dead***, but he smiled at me and greeted me, and I remembered again how much I had loved him in real life, it was like that feeling was unearthed, freed, unhinged now …

And in the dream I thought that only later had the Bob-story started, and that I had fallen in love with Bob from the first instant I laid eyes on him, and that it had also been a very unfulfilled and even unreturned love.

(In real life I have yesterday discovered a picture of Bob and me, and I flashed back to those days how distant Bob often was and how uncomfortable in my presence … and I also realized that only when he got older, was he softer … And exactly in the years that I was *not* with Bob, he would have been the nicest, and we could have made the relationship really work.)

So I fell back in love with Sigi, in my dream, and at some point we ended up on a top of a very *steep muddy hill*, but the mud was solid and even kind of icy, and again, like in other dreams, I began to "slalom" down the hill, only with my shoes! Sigi was to my left, a bit behind me, and I said to him how much I'd like to ski, but that this worked too …

The ***baby***-plot was "cut in", and I saw that the baby was *weak and shrinking*, and then a huge ***ice bear*** (!) showed up, huge, and it grabbed the baby, but it was so tiny that it was barely a bean in his mouth. *And although it was a wild bear, I simply pried his mouth open with my hands, only to see, that the baby wasn't even in there …*

And I found it lying somewhere, but I realized that it was dead.

And then I cried, but I said to Sigi and to my grandmother, who was around, somehow, that now that I can't go back to Hawaii and don't have a baby, I could continue where I had been … and Sigi actually went with me to our old apartment, and I asked him if he'd move back in with me.

In my dream I knew that he was with some other person, but he considered. And the both of us looked over to the property and the ***big mash fence*** and ***the loosely closed gate***, and we remembered *how often we had gone through that in our past, long ago …*

And then I entered, and then I found my brother Peter and Andreas, who were kind of surprised to see me. But it was clear that they wouldn't stay in that apartment, that was more like a room with a kitchenette and a bathroom in a motel complex and foggy or dusty, and I saw that a lot of my original stuff was still in there. The atmosphere was very heavy will all that had happened there. Suddenly I realized that I would in fact stay in there and that I move in right away. *I had come home. The others were giving way.* On the other hand I was so heartbroken and thought to myself that it would never again be like it was, especially not with Sigi, and how could I even expect to live there? Promptly I was aware that I needed a job, and all of a sudden **my former boss** who was also the **owner** of that apartment house complex, was there, *at a desk, and I was supposed to talk to him …*

Which I did … and somehow I got "stuck" in some kind of door or peeping hole, and I saw two Asian people kiss, from close, like a part of a commercial or movie scene, and I said that this was disgusting, as their mouths were so dry and they looked so disgusting from close up …

And then I was **back with Sigi on that muddy hill slope** … and I began to ***slalom*** down with my shoes, kind of boots, actually, and I got faster and faster, and Sigi followed me. Sometime during that part or before it, I found myself **nude**, and I snuggled up with **Bob** … ***who was really Sigi*** … and I was so in love and so longing for the past with them, but really it was just one of them, and I said to them *"I'm an old woman now, and what you knew as juicy and firm is now cellulite"* … and *in the dream I was aware* that I was referring to my real life persona. I think I was close to having sex with one of them, but don't remember that clearly. It was more longing and love than sensual feelings … and then I wasn't nude anymore, eventually. I had some kind of backpack, I think, and I wore jeans.

I told Sigi that he *should **not** slalom down that slope like me*, I only wanted to *demonstrate* it, because he wasn't trained. But he did it anyway and was even faster than me, and he passed by me, and we got so fast that it was nearly impossible to stop, and the slope went steeper, and I ***started to be worried as I knew we'd crash***. And there were kind of furrows or gaps we had to cross … and I started to brake sideways, and Sigi in front of me fell and crashed on his butt and the left side of his back. And so I stopped next to him (which was suddenly very easily possible for me, to slow down), and he was hurt and said that it was my fault. We were in some kind of **remote forest** area, and I helped him up and said he could still do what he was going to do, and he'd be better …

Somehow I was **alone**, then, again, at that **apartment complex**, and I thought to myself that there was no point in trying to start out again where I had already been … but the **nostalgia** made me so sad, and *I felt so drawn to that place.*

I think I tried to check what had become of that baby, but I didn't find it anymore, and the ice bear and all other people were gone, too.

So just before waking up, I was wondering what I should do …

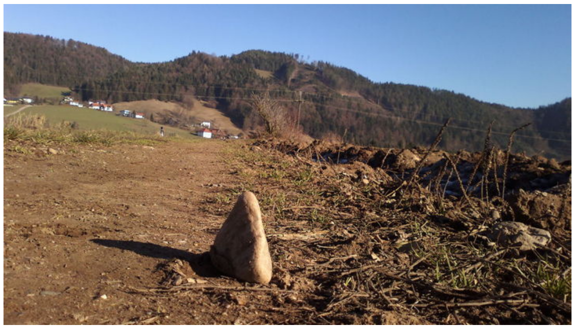
*(Note/edit: Even now, months later, I remember that there was a **very high fence** that surrounded that property, and there was a **gate**, but I knew I could pass it, but somehow it required a certain knowledge of how to walk around it to get through the fence towards the apartments; And the entire property was very*

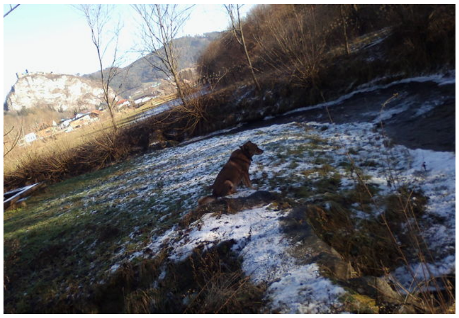
***dusty**, but wide, with a huge empty yard and high green but dust covered **fir trees** in the background; and there was some kind of descent behind the apartments, and somehow there were many **roses**, like in patches, but not very clear.)*

And then, half awake, I saw that **smiling face of the blond man** *(who had not been in the dream)*, and the place on the Big Island Hawaii where all those warriors had died ….

January 10, 2020 **– Triangular Way Pointers?**

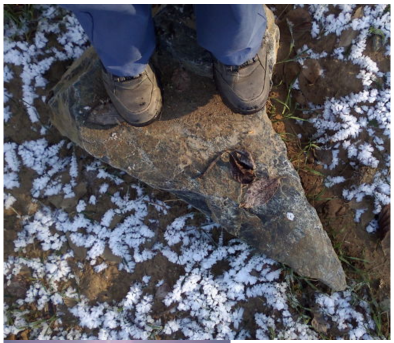
Took a walk with Jacqui and changed my route spontaneously … A small **pointed stone** was standing on my path ….

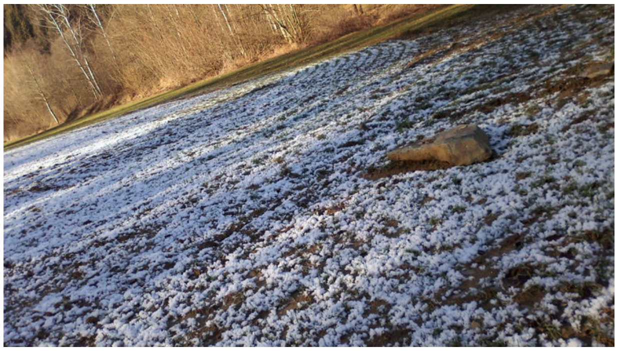


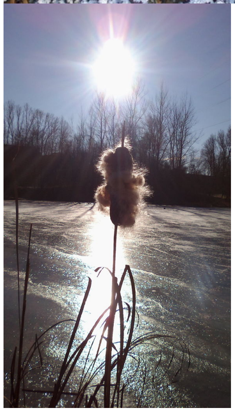


That way I ended up at the "**quiet oasis**" again – and this time, when I saw the **little stone bridge** with new eyes, as I realized that I had never crossed it.

So I did … and on the other side I found a **big field with another single pointed big stone** in it! It pointed across a very huge field, and there was no other stone around, anywhere!



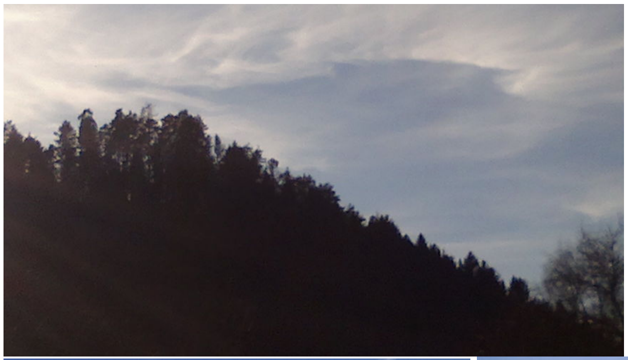


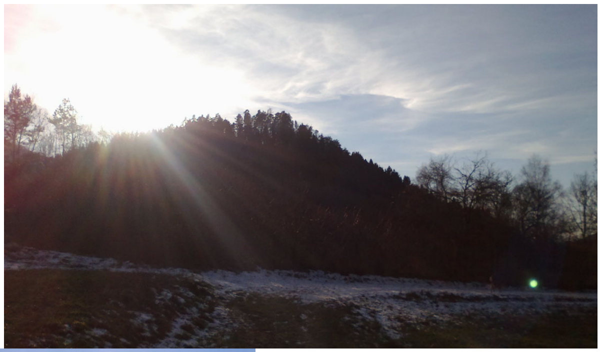


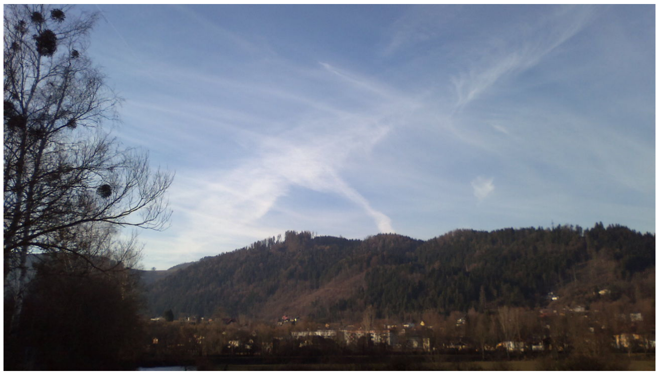
And as I walked on, I ended up at the most **amazing seeding reed, like wool,** so affluent, so rich, so beautiful … and as I looked out, I suddenly realized that there are so many of them … and it all seemed to point at my dealing with the Discarnates …

And Jacqui sat down with his "**toes in the sand**" … that's the song Bob and I loved, and that's the theme ***of the last picture of him, ever, his toes in the sand of Maui*** … on the beach where he and I had been in September 2018…

The weirdest **cloud** formations today … and, while driving, around 1 p.m. twice a small rainbow cloud just above me … the rainbow spectrum inside a cloud! Very strange!



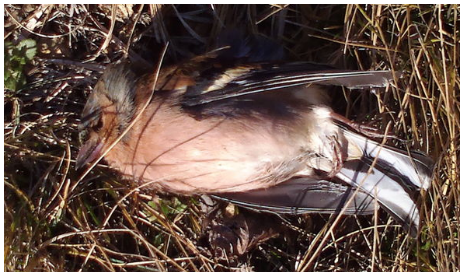




And a **cloud** like a giant leg …

One sentence I heard in that pilot film of the TV-series “*Forever*”, that I watched, instead of the one that I was actually looking for … the immortal man says ***“It’s not about what we do in life, it’s about moments.”***

It’s totally true … you can live for years without a special “moment”, but just a few moments feel so rich that they can kind of fill your time and life. And you can always go back there to draw from their power … (That thought is a little fuzzy, but I feel that it has significance.)



And that’s when I flashed back to the Big Island spot, where all those warriors had died in an instant, painlessly. How fascinating. Why did this come up today? It’s like the *Ulupo* scenario, that suddenly was on my mind, but this one doesn’t relate to Bob, somehow. I feel “alone” there when I recall the spot in that Ka’u desert … like when I visited there in real life.

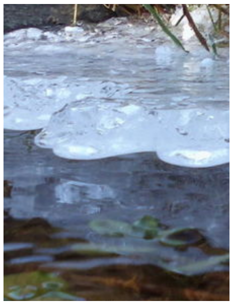
While walking the Griffen field, I saw the scenario from the point of view of a person, and I thought, wow, did I die there before? And although I thought to myself “I might just be making this up now”, I also said out loud “I was a warrior, but I was a woman then”. And then this went away again.

Just *a few minutes later I found a* **dead bird**, and it lay there so peacefully … I kind of wondered what he had died of and whether he’d seen it coming. (Then, also … why aren’t there bird’s corpses all over the place? Birds die, where do they go? I remember this question from my younger years, too …) But how odd, thinking about those dead warriors, and right after, an actual corpse …

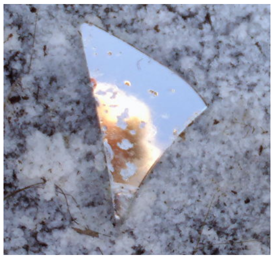
So it was a very very intense walk this afternoon.

Also, I felt pain in my heart, like often. And I remembered how I sometimes have real problems getting up, when I’m sitting, which is strange, because I’m quite sportive and youthful.

I also saw an ice **formation** in the creek that flows under that stone bridge (yup, that name!), and it was green plants caught under the ice … and it’s a barrier between the flowing water and the air … what a wonderful image for what I’m dealing with, every day and night.

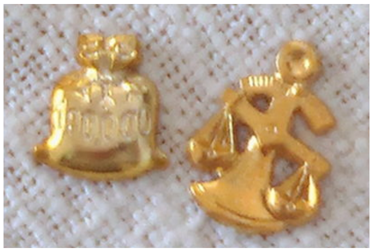
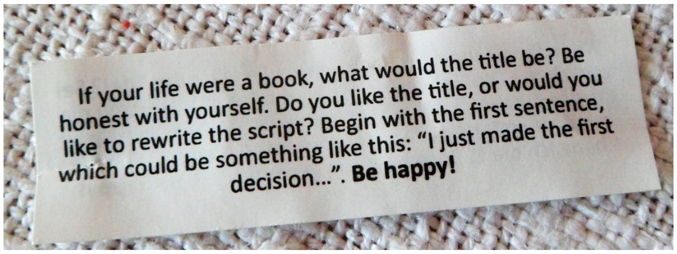


Also, I found, half hidden in the frost crystals, under a bench, a **piece of a mirror**. That mirror shard showed up after I had decided to pick up and dispose of the garbage other people had left on that beautiful spot, which makes me really angry. I had reckless people, I want to smash and punish them, I do. So I said to myself, "Okay, I guess I must help get rid of the garbage". Whatever that means …



I also pondered upon me dreaming of Sabine Sch. and her father and my mother then meeting her mother in real life … I realize that the family Sch. had always been some kind of ideal to my mind, in my childhood and teenagehood, as long as I went to the same class with Sabine. They were wealthy, and they seemed to have such a great life. I remembered that Sabine also had a brother, Stefan. And I had to think of that boy Andreas in my dream, with my brother Peter. I can see Andreas' freckled face as if it was yesterday, he had such a sweet laugh … okay, yesterday I came across a photo-folder "Freckles & Milo", the two dogs of Bob's parents that he had photographed for me … in winter 2018.

I also came across the good luck charms I have received by a vendor as gifts before New Years … yes, a scales … Bob was a "**Libra**" …

If your life were a book, what would the title be? Be honest with yourself. Do you like the title, or would you like to rewrite the script? Begin with the first sentence, which could be something like this: "I just made the first decision…". **Be happy!**

… and this is good luck text I found in a **fortune cookie** I got from Edith, my father’s wife.

January 10, 2020 **– Garlic! Y’ello?**

Okay, I went back to the TV-series “Forever” (about a couple in the afterlife), but I didn’t realize that *I had found the wrong one*, with the same title, about an immortal doctor and a police woman. He is Henry Morgan, an immortal, and her name is “**Jo**”. Yes, like me. “Jo”. A detective.

Both stories are very significant as the tell me how interested humans (called “Currents” in the newer “Forever”) are in the fate of the dead (“Formers”).

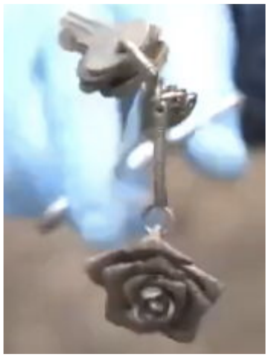
“Way too much **garlic**!” says the character Abraham in the older “*Forever*” (about the immortal man) right after he was shown as a baby with a tattooed number on his arm and the same number on his arm (452289) now that he’s in his mid 70s, approximately (and the adoptive son of the immortal mid-30s old).

And: I can barely breathe *because I just made Tzatziki* **with way too much garlic** (even wrote my mother a text-message about it).

Even the way the character “Dr. Henry Morgan” says “Yes, hello?” on the phone, is exactly like Bob did it: “***Y’ello?***” (I know, millions do it, but Bob did it too, ***and this is done by a character who is immortal***! Get it? Also his name is “Morgan”, and Bob and I loved to watch “Dexter Morgan” in the series “Dexter” …

The series I tried to watch yesterday had a main character called “Dex”, what was it called? About a female ex-military … Geez, can’t recall the name. But I had to stop watching after two episodes, just don’t like it.

I actually like this series “*Forever*” (from 2014, cancelled after one season); 22 episodes. Just saying. Okay, the doc’s assistant character just said **“*But wait, there is more*!”** and Bob said that all the time, when I told him about something and he thought it was all, and then I’d continue with “But also …”



And mind you, ***me using too much garlic or garlic at all, is the first time in two years!*** I only bought garlic yesterday again.

(And I found that the cast of "Forever" is about the nicest cast I've seen, ever, that's my impression, not sure why; well, I know why, I want them to be in "RoC").

Maybe I'll have to contact the makers of that series … So much to do, so little time for me left.

(*Note/edit: Subsequently, I encountered* ***roses****, in the following days, for example this red one, on a random page I googled, related to movies … The key chain will be relevant shortly.*)

January 10, 2020 – Helleborus & the Immortal

Okay … skipping most of the series "*Forever*" … here is something absolutely breathtaking:

The immortal character "Henry Morgan", in a flashback, moves from England to America and ends up in a small apartment with his wife, Abigail. And as a special sign of dedication he pulls out a **flower** in a pot, that he had brought for her from home: A **Helleborus** Orientalis.

Now … the reason why I left Bob for Europe was that I was getting medication that couldn't be gotten in the US, complementary cancer treatment, Mistletoe and Christmas Rose, **Helleborus** niger. (**Crackling**! *Right as I wrote that, next to me, in the window. The only and first crackling all evening!)*

So **Helleborus** of all plants in that movie … in episode 21? The plant that I sent Bob from Europe, to the US? And the female main character's name is "**Jo**", who is unaware of his immortality?

See, "time" doesn't exist in the "Afterlife" … I'm utterly and totally … floored.

I remember sitting on Bob's bed on one of our last evenings and *reading him about Helleborus and how it's so helpful against cancer …* What are the odds, to suddenly **find this plant in this movie about an immortal man?**

Also,

I had given my mother a **Helleborus niger plant** before Christmas, as I grew up with them, called "snow roses", "Schneerosen". My grandmother Johanna would always go to the "Rosental", "Valley of Roses" and pick them in spring, it was a big deal tradition. Odd, how these things fit together … I've been thinking of both my grandmothers so much, recently …

ANZA, CALIFORNIA

In the other “Forever” TV-series, about that couple in the afterlife, together, the place where all the immortals, the “Formers” live, is **Riverside**. And that’s where Bob’s remains are now, in **Anza, Riverside**, where is parents live.

And then: As the character Henry finds the grave of his lost love, Abigail, he bends down and touches her **skull**, the scenario is exactly like with **Henry Opukaha’ia** … the center of my Hawaii documentary, and I have a picture of his remains being found … this is all just beyond “coincidence”. I’ve actually asked Bob, a few days ago, ***if he has met all those people yet, from our documentary*** … and I’ve said (!) to “Henry Opukaha’ia” that it would be great to meet him.

January 10, 2020

Towards the end of the season, in episode 22, the main character Dr. Henry Morgan stands behind a table with the **bones of Abigail** spread out in front of him … and it becomes so clear that the human body is really but a **machine**.

And:

They got separated! For many years! Like 25 years! But a letter then proved that Abigail thought she was meant to be together with Henry again, and he had no idea, and she was in such good spirits about the great life they’d have together, after all.

Well, that does sound like my and Bob’s story … and I’m sure like millions of stories worldwide.

January 11, 2020

Upon waking up – insight about the network of things. I tracked back how I got into this situation that I’m in … wow, there are a few distinct events that “cause” everything.

Later, at breakfast, I got to think that sometimes, ***when we do not hinder a person's death*** (like I wasn't with Bob in time to save him), *that that's actually the help we are giving.* The person is ready to move onto the next level. And saving someone's body means to extend a soul's stay in the mortal realm … and that's not necessarily a good thing. I don't think that everything is "predestined", because we are given "free will" to change our fate. That's how we're able to mess up, as "minds". So that the soul can't evolve perfectly, after all.

So I'm backtracking from here, me being in Griffen in my little apartment, writing this contact diary, mourning the loss of Bob and trying to make sense of my existence.
Bob's death
life with Bob, years of love and work and emotional turmoil and disastrous decisions
met Bob because Yolanda introduced us
Yolanda was a friend of a friend of H.'s
H. brought me to that friend because of my paintings that I wanted to sell
I was on Maui because H. brought me after my dog Kimba had died
Kimba had died because I had made a mistake
I met H. on Kauai at hula-workshop
I was on Kauai because of research for my book about Hawaiian spirituality and the power of thought
I researched for my book "We Creators of the World) because of Serge King's work and my urge to find out why my brother had died
Discovered Serge King's work looking for a cure for my brother Peter who had cancer
I was interested in spiritual and energetic matters due to disastrous relationship with Sigi
Began to work in the fields of journalism and creative concepting for advertising, because I had the need put my mind to use
I moved to Vienna, to work there, started to paint, kept painting for years, which was my only comfort in disastrous family-situation and Sigi being a drug addict
Peter had cancer after a difficult childhood and a disastrous marriage
Relationship with Rudi, pregnancy, abortion because Rudi didn't stand to me and so much tragedy and violence in my family
Disastrous childhood because my parents were no match
Felt drawn to nature and magic from childhood, always had dreams of sharks and the ocean …
Me as a young child saw a mysterious woman in a brightly lit hole the floor of my parents' bedroom, and she always wanted me to come down to them …
Horrible early childhood, tragedies and fights in the family
Me as a young child I talked with plants, animals and spirits, and they answered.

… and one could go deeply into details here, but it's clear: The network that is "fate" goes way back, and everything one does or experiences, all of the people involved, "form" "***mankind***" – but not only in our mortal appearance, but everything that's actually behind that, the energetic entities we really are. Clearly, my mortal trauma experiences were never dealt with properly … and given my insight now much pain and trouble that has caused me, my realization of how fucked up mankind is, weighs quite heavily on what should be "motivation".

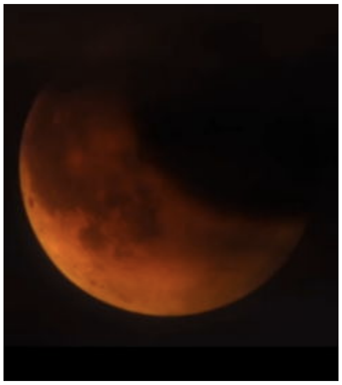
But I start to understand how those people with near-death-experiences keep saying that in an instant they realized that *"all is the way it's supposed to be" …* not that it's wonderful and okay the way things turn out, but given free will and impetus it's "okay", because it all goes it's natural course of cause and effect. That said: If there was a huge mighty powerful impetus sometime in the past, so mighty, that it keeps working to manifest for centuries, maybe even millennia, well, then, that impetus will keep "ruling" individuals to make sure for the envisioned events to occur in the future.

It's interesting how I suddenly got prompted to "see" that in a wake state.

January 11, 2020

Hey! Just watched a trailer, only because it was on top of the list on the YouTube-page, for a movie called ***“Extra Ordinary*”** and it’s a spoof on … wait for it! ***Ghosts and contacting them and associating with them! Ghosts! The undead!*** Yes! Seriously! It’s about ectoplasm and seances and mediums and stuff! Yey! *(Note/edit: You may think now I was looking for something like that, but no, I don’t. I go to “Rotten Tomatoes” and just click on titles. Or I click on titles if they show up somewhere for some reason. That’s all. I **never** “google” film contents in order to find certain films. Never. Ever.)*

EXTRA ORDINARY Trailer (2020) Will Forte, Comedy, Fantasy Movie

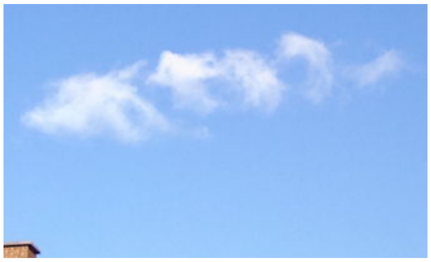


Actually, I did not watch “Extra Ordinary”. I don’t feel the slightest urge.

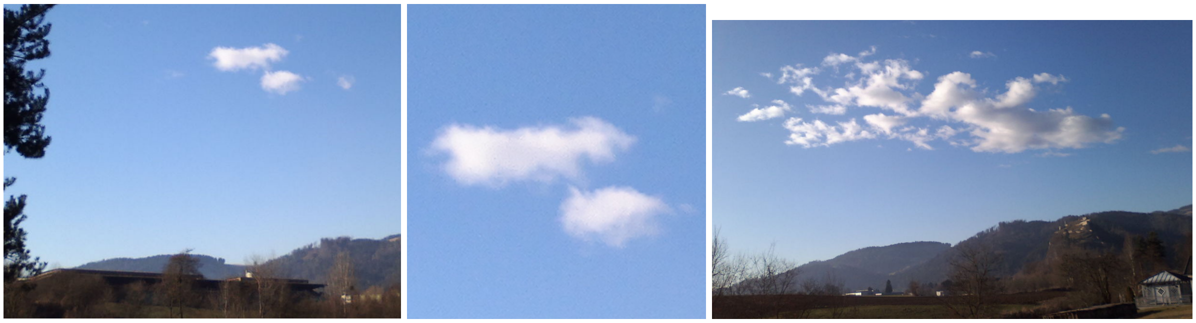
January 11, 2020

Okay. I managed to get on a system level through a **Mac-Clean-Up procedure**, and at some point I felt so much at ease with it, that I had the impression that Bob was right in my head. He was the tech-wiz on the Mac, and I had no idea what to do at all, before I had to do it today and try to figure out why my laptop kept crashing and was excruciatingly slow at times. Well, maybe I figured it out, we’ll see. *I asked Bob for a “**high-five**” …*

Then I went with Jacqui our new route, to “St. Kollmann”, and on the way, first, I asked again for a “**high-five**”, then I found **a six-pointed blue tile shard** on the ground … and at first I thought it had five points, but no. So the thought occurred to me “well, can’t do a high-five right now, so it’s a **low-six**, that must do for now”. I’m not saying that’s not my private own thought, but it was interesting that it popped up, and it’s the kind of exchange Bob and I would have.



I got to say that the **clouds** over the castle today did a whole big “messaging thing”, at least, that’s what my impression was. Did they want to form ***numbers***? I see a “4” and a “2” at least. And two of them seemed to approach each other and then **touch** ever-so-slightly.



Then, I found a wrapped up **black spoon**. I mean, at first, I was just surprised, but I’m aware that it must mean something. And I had discussed with Bob so often recently the meds I had sent him … the “***Helleborus***” … oh! Did he acknowledge the “Helleborus”-theme in the movie about the immortal guy?

Last night, when the “Helleborus” had come up in the movie, I was aware, once again that the “**Helleborus niger**”, “black Helleborus” was one of the meds Bob had taken (alternating with Mistletoe, in a dose and way as appropriate for late stage tumor patients, because Bob did not have metastases) …

So, a **black spoon** (wrapped up, actually)? Does it refer to what one does with a spoon, stir or give medicine?! Was it just a greeting, a confirmation that he sees what I see?

As I walked under a bridge, a **bright blue plastic bag** was hanging there. I’d seen it before, on my previous, first walk in that area, a few days ago. It seemed somehow significant. Under that huge bridge over which the cars were racing. But of course I’m telling myself that not every piece of garbage is of significance (except for being garbage).

And then, a little later, I found the head of a **green toy dragon**. Now, I’m a dragon.

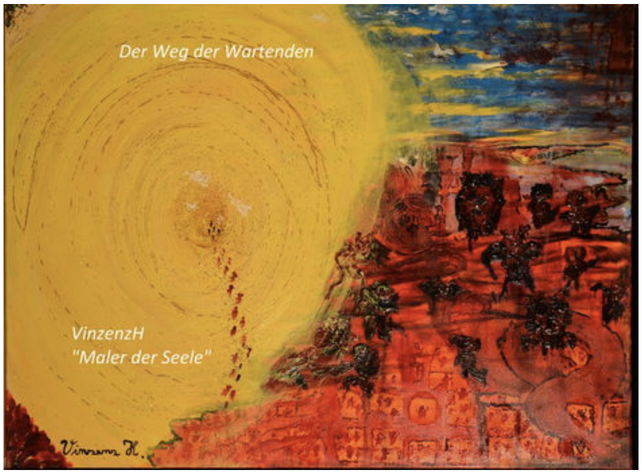
January 11, 2020 – The Plumeria Greeting

Watched a near-death-experience report (Noemi Sch.) today … those testimonials give me the only firm hold I can grab, anywhere, … and there is a ***flower*** *that opens up* … and that is exactly a theme that was very significant for the way Bob and I were working together on commercials. He’d often say that this and that wouldn’t work, and I’d prove to him that it would. We filmed an opening Plumeria-flower petal for a jewelry-commercial … and I used a trick to make that happen.

Geez, did I flash back when I saw that opening flower in that near-death-video!

I tried to find the original imagery of that commercial Bob and I did, and for that I had to go to Bob’s youtube.com/mauifilms, and it nearly killed me seeing how much effort Bob had put into his work, the many many videos … and I happened upon ***videos of Bob himself***, talking about projects, even “Taylor Camp”, and the “Trauma-to-Peace”-project that I ended up editing in 2014 … it’s unbelievable, that all that is just the legacy of a dead man.

In another near-death-report of **Vinzenz** H., this man shared about how he received the “order” to paint his experiences, and he had no idea of how to paint back then. But he did, and his paintings are about the most clear and beautiful I could have imagined regarding the travels into the “beyond” …



(Vinzenz Hensle, “The Path of the Ones Waiting”)

January 11, 2020

Of course, a movie that I just stumbled across speaks to me, totally, about a young girl who can **influence the clouds** … yes, I kid you not. It’s called “*Weathering with you*”.

there were so many people
longing for the blue sky.

Weathering With You [Official Subtitled Trailer, GKIDS]
4,296,331 views • Jul 23, 2019

202K
1K
SHARE
SA

Today, when I took a walk, I somehow **thought about my German language exam in 1983**, and that I was very good and that I wrote about “**Siddharta**” from Hermann Hesse. And just now, as I’m listening to another **near-death-report**, the woman (Ingrid W.) said, that the man who she met during her near-death-experience *looked like* **Hermann Hesse**, *and that **Siddharta** was her most important piece of literature, ever.*

I mean … what are the odds? Nobody ever talks about Siddharta, or thinks about that piece of literature, I don’t, except for today, and *today* I saw that woman talk about it! And when I look at Hermann Hesse, I see … Stewart White.

January 12, 2020 (Sunday) – Synchronicity Multiplied Time-Traveling

I had the strangest **dream** tonight, where I was in some kind of village in the mountains with a group like a travel group or some other group, and a **storm** was coming or some other kind of deadly threat … and I was running around in that village, close to a huge rock wall that bordered at the ocean, with steep cliffs, and a gloomy strange atmosphere … as the place was abandoned like some kind of ghost-town or even some movie set … and I found a place like the women’s shelter in Vienna, where I used to go all the time and some empty apartment. It felt like one I used to live in, *but in another dream* … and there was that **tall man** that was a mix between Sigi and Bob … and he was around and helped me … (but I don’t remember with what)

And the *I had to find the other people to get them into the shelter*, and he would go somewhere else in the meantime … and we separated, but we were to unite … and I was walking alone through those streets of that abandoned village that seemed to be bigger than I had thought, more like a city, and it was kind of strange and dangerous and dusky …

And then I woke up because someone rang my door bell! In real life! Jacqui and I jumped out of bed … and it kept ringing, but outside! So I was confused, what to do, and because there was a mix up with the doorbells when they were in stalled a couple of months ago, I thought someone was ringing at my neighbor's, but it wouldn't stop. So I walked out to open the front door … and my young neighbor girl tumbled inside, couldn't even speak, that's how drunk she was.

Jacqui woofed at her, and he and I went back to my apartment, and she somehow managed to open her door. I kept thinking how dangerous that was, driving like that, and she always parks right next to me … what if she'd crash into my car. And it went on and on in my mind, but instead of just going outside to check, I kept fretting around the dangers and my being pissed off … *and then I dreamed on!*

The **same dream** as before! How is that even possible?

I was back with **Bob-Sigi**, and we were optimistic, but there was **no storm** anymore and no need for shelter, but it still was the same area, but we were kind of at the foot of the mountain behind which that village was, but on the other side, a little more north from where we were now.

There was some steep slope towards some other village, or maybe there was just a house high up, too … and I needed to get there, as I had stuff to do there, but I didn't get to, there was some event going on. Strangely I knew that I had to hide, and on the other hand I was supposed to take care of something … and somehow I *got served some **beer** …*

*(**Note/edit:** JESUS CHRIST! **What just happened?!** It's now April 12, 2020, also Sunday, about 10.30 p.m., and I **had just drunk a beer!** And that's special because the last beer I had drunk with Bob a few days before I left him forever! And the way I got that beer a few days ago was special, as I only meant to grab a cardboard – wow, the cardboard again!? – but there was one single can of beer inside. And I put it away to the others, but then grabbed it and took it with! I never ever drink beer! But just now, a few minutes earlier, I said to Bob **"Do you want to share a beer with me?"** And then I took it out of the fridge and drank half of it! I forgot to share right away! I apologized and shared the immediate feeling of having just drunk a cold beer … and then I sat down to keep editing this contact diary, and there I read the dream about the beer! This is the second time today that something I have just lived through appears in a report of a dream from months ago!)*

So … in my dream **some local men**, who were on my side, gave be some beer. **It was a glass full of beer, and it tasted incredibly good …**

(Note/edit: Exactly like just now … I had poured the beer from the can into a wine glass! Okay, I've got about half left, I'm going to take a picture now!)

And I had Bob-Sigi try it, and he liked it. And then I was suddenly naked, and I was about to take that **half-empty beer glass** and to with it to where I knew was Bob-Sigi's and my shelter … And I knew I could get there. But I was **naked** *because something had happened to me …*

*(Note/edit: This gets even more incredible! Just **earlier I had taken nude pictures** of me because I want do document what happens to my body! I can hardly believe that this his happening …!)*

(On with the dream) … and as I walked, I realized that I had **a big chunk of a diaper-kind-of-thing between my legs***, and Bob pointed out to it.*

*(Note/edit: So and now it's getting just … mind-blowing. I **did** have a **"diaper kind of thing" between my legs** earlier, and it's still April 12, 2020 that I'm writing those edit-notes! … a **scarf** of mine, because after many weeks I did feel like masturbating, but only superficial style, just rubbing, as I had thought of Tantra-techniques, and I reached a very quick and strong orgasm and I projected the energy to Bob. I kid you not. I fucking kid you not.)*

In my dream … The man, *he wasn't really exactly Bob, but I know it was him* … and there was something blue about him, a shirt, maybe … and I apologized and said that I just had my menstruation.

And I put on some kind of pants, but as I walked around and between people I was aware that one could totally see that diaper in my underwear, because it was kind of dangling, because my underwear wasn't tight … ***so I turned around with the beer glass***, and I don't know what I meant to do, but suddenly a black (African) very handsome guy on a big fat **motorcycle** came down a mountain path, and on the backseat was *M., my neighbor (… who had just come home drunk! So I was including my **real life** in that **dream** and **the future**, as I'd do things that my dream describes **three months later**?!)* And I stopped them and made her get off the motorcycle, and she wanted my beer, and I said no (but it's possible that I offered her my beer) … and she said something about being young and therefore being entitled to do that kind of stuff, and I said on the contrary, because I was double her age I was entitled to tell her what not to do.

Somehow, Bob was also involved again, then … but it wasn't clear anymore, and I woke up … because my freakin' landlady was washing laundry on a Sunday at 8 am. (In real life!)

(Note/edit: Wow. I'm really shaken up by these insights. Tripple plotline of a dream I had three months ago to the day.)

So, I was very appalled and worried by that drunk neighbor of mine … But I was glad to see in the morning, when I walked the dog, that her car wasn't there … so she had walked in the dark and the cold from her boyfriend's to the house we share, and she hadn't used her car. Good.

January 12, 2010 **– HIFI as High-Five**

Went for a walk with Jacqui before driving to Velden … and the **man with the blue jacket** went ahead of us, along the creek … the one I had seen several times, always right after intense conversations with Bob …

And I found a **red-brown rose**, brown because of frozen and withered!

And that's significant because when I took a screen shot of the **rose key chain** in the TV-series "*Forever*" I thought that the rose would "come back". And right at the beginning of the path where I walk along the creek, *there was a rose* …

So Jacqui and I went around the Forest lake … where I saw a **tree**, whose bark had, for some reason, decided to **grow over a sign** … and trees "normally" don't do that.

Then I visited my mother … she was okay, but not totally, I could feel that she was kind of weak, but also alert. But the sad thing is that it's really hard to talk about something with her. I always find something, but it would never occur to her to talk on her own … She did accept the two Protein Shakes I brought her … I can only hope that she'll hold out long.

So then I got the "high five" from Bob that I asked for! As I drove back to Griffen, from Velden, a **car with the license plate** number "**HIFI 4**" passed by! Just read it out loud – you'll get the "high five" too!

And right after that car followed to with very significant "BS" .. to them … And after that some "JO …" drove by and a "BS …" too, yes, the beginning of the number.

I just read what my problem with my left hand is (that had very little force in my ring finger and pinkie for weeks now), it's most likely: Ulnarisrinnen-Syndrom, a damage through pressure on some part of the lower arm or wrist … And I'm pressing that arm on the edge of my keyboard all the time, there is even a permanent indent in my left lower arm. So there. No brain problem.

January 13, 2020, Monday **– Narrow Escape?**

Amazingly vivid and desperate **dream** – about Bob! I woke up with a different kind of "memory" of my time on Maui, it had to do with the atmospheric feeling there, regarding the weather, literally, the smells when it rained or was sunny and the temperatures, and also inside the house and with Bob. I remembered myself (!), in a way, more, than the situation or the place, it was about recalling my feeling of self, and my loneliness and my despair about how things were going or were not going with Bob.

I must say that last night, after visiting my mother, I was very aware how things have gotten worse, in a way, with her. *(Edited for privacy)*

And maybe that's why I had that dream … and in that dream I was **screaming** and **yelling** at **Bob** *for not doing what he had promised to do* … and he still wouldn't. I sat down too late to write down this dream, now I have almost forgotten it, but it was about a production … and *he simply disappeared on me* … there was a **big city** and a **car** or a **train**, *and he took off* … and I had to … oh yes, I remember now! I tried to call him, but he wouldn't respond. And I took his car and took care of something for him, I did some research, or I retrieved information, that had to do with *another car* and with a gas station, and Bob was supposed to be there, … and on the phone he wouldn't talk to me.

*But there was my friend **H.*** (the one who had brought me to Maui), and he would talk to her on the phone, and she directed me to that certain place, where I could film something important, but somehow I needed Bob for it. And interestingly Bob was also "mixed" with "R.", my first boyfriend, the father of my unborn children who had betrayed my trust so badly (in real life) in my your adult years … and I screamed and yelled with frustration, I was so desperate and I also realized that I wasn't able to force him into anything. I wanted him to come back and work with me, but he even refused to answer his phone.

Not sure that H. could really talk to him … There was also something about a well or a spring or some other watersource … and it was very intense. In real life H. had also very much disappointed me … and that I have also been pondering in the last days, how most people have utterly disappointed me and made my life so hard … very few who haven't …

*(Note/edit: And here it comes – **H.** and I have had contact in the last days, because I had found her new email online and had written to her!)*

So that dream was so frustrating and so angry, but it kind of ties into this feeling of "self" that I had, waking up … yes, I was on Maui alone, most of the time, even though I lived in Bob's house. Bob wasn't there a lot of the time, physically or mentally. Yes, I stood true to my "kuleana,' and yes I grieve the loss of my home there and of the feeling of being there … I realize that Bob had also given my thoughts a home, in a way. And I loved him, no matter what. And I hated him, too.

Yesterday, when I felt that my pinkie and my ring finger recovered, after I had read up on what the problem could be and had applied Arnica-ointment, I realized that I cannot allow others to determine my path too much. It will be over for me soon enough, and I must follow through, with whatever it is.

In fact, there is literally nobody who would take care of me if something happened to me. That's how I ended up. I was always there for everyone, but that's exactly the reason why I don't have anyone now, I was the helper and there to assist others, that's how they saw me. Bob only started to see me as a partner in exactly in the years that I was not with him.

Yesterday, when driving on the **highway**, *something strange happened.*

I drove behind a **van** with a foreign license plate, I think Italian, but not sure, and it drove in a speed that was too fast for me to surpass, but just a little too slow, too. So instead of overtaking, I kept driving behind that van, for a long time, about fifteen minutes. Many other cars passed by, speedily, and I thought, good, I’m not racing, it was dark and cold and the highway looked wet, could have been icy … at some point I thought that it’s really important to keep a distance from the other vehicles. And I got very angry about those cars who would surpass me and then cut back onto my lane right in front of me … like, so closely, that they can’t possibly have had me in their rear mirror yet.

So I kept driving after that van … and at some point I thought again about keeping my distance. The van kept driving totally constantly, always the same speed.

And at one point I looked back, and there were lots of cars coming very speedily behind us, after us … and just after taking that peek into the rear mirror, the **van** in front of me suddenly slowed down, then (!) **gave a right-turn-flash-sign** … and in an instant I thought “That’s weird, there is no exit” … ***and it slowed down fast and drove to the emergency lane right in front of me!***

Had I not been at a certain distance, *I might have crashed into it*, because the van slowed down dramatically *first* and only *then* gave the sign and drove to the emergency lane. And I had to (!) **swerve** towards the over-taking-lane to not hit the van’s back, **but there was a car passing by me just that moment** … ***and I squeezed myself (my car) between that one and the van …***

I realized a moment later what a dangerous situation that actually had been … and I remembered that all through that ride I kept thinking “Wow, I have to keep an eye on all of them” …

The experience proved to me that so so so many people are out there so entirely thoughtless and reckless and dumb. So dumb! Impossibly dumb!

But well … ***I had a certain kind of awareness … and that saved me, probably.***

Most important lesson, though: ***Don’t project your wishful thinking on strangers!*** Because: I was very baffled, and still am, that the very van that I felt “safe with”, because it had been driving so steadily, ***had suddenly turned into a life-threatening danger*** – for me, my dog and all the other racing drivers around us, and for the people in the van, too.

That was an amazing experience.

Trust noone, Dani, totally and only always trust yourself!

Alrighty, then. Point taken. Message received, mahalo.

January 13, 2020 – **High Five & Stone in Pink**

Took a walk with Jacqui - talk about “high five”! From a clean **“200” cloud, five stripes** *developed*, exactly above a **pair of gloves** that were lying on the path!

I had asked Bob to give me “**high five**” … distinctly. I had held out my hands for it, several times. Yes, jokingly, but then, not really.

So there I got it … after yesterday’s “**HiFi4**”! The stripes developed exactly above me and followed me around until I took my own hand and gave the **sky a “high five”!**

Also there was the rainbow **flare**, too … that I had seen from the car the other day, and other **amazing cloud formations** …

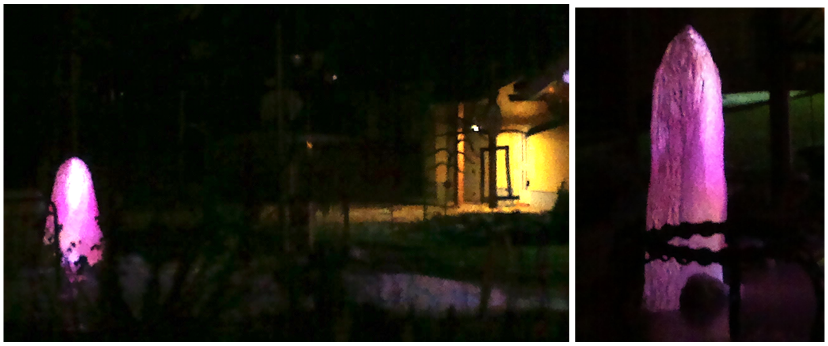
Sometimes I think I’m really supposed to read the clouds like a handwriting … And sometimes the **reversed images** of formations are so clear …

Also … getting close to home, a **paper rose** "crossed my path", and I was immediately reminded of the rose-key-chain from the movie and the brown rose from yesterday …

Close to "home" … yeah, right. I do like my apartment, but I feel less and less at home here.

Also, later, thinking about that, I realized something new: *Discarnates can only give us signs like "cloud formations" when they can see what we see.* And doesn't that mean that they must be close to us while we recognize the messages in the clouds, so that they can "look" with us and keep doing what they do? Discarnates are pure energy, and they can certainly influence matter. So they can influence clouds … and of course they have different ways of perception than we have. That said … to shape clouds from their realm may still depend on seeing what we see in our realm … so … get, what I'm saying?

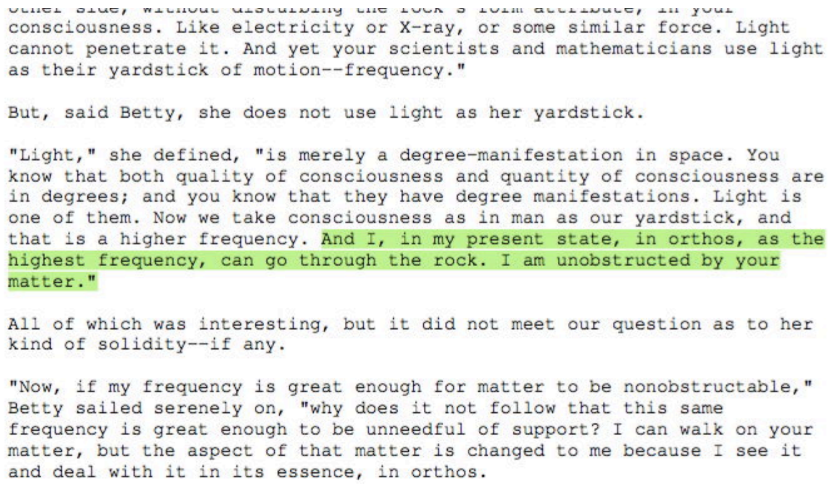
In the evening, I took Jacqui for a walk … and normally, those walks are very short, as Jacqui is easily spooked, and we must go past a swamp … and a street light has been out for a while, just opposite the swamp area. But this time I felt really drawn further, all the way to the frozen bed … and in that alley, there are no lanterns at all … but I saw some light there and turned into that small road … and there it was**: the big stone! Lit!** *It looked almost transparent, just breath-taking!* Talk about "viewing stone" like in the movie "Parasite" (that actually just got an Oscar nomination, not sure that's deserved, but who cares, really …)



Talk about **a stone as a phallic symbol** … it's very special, given Bob's and my special situation … But wait, there is more.

I … **"saw" Bob in that stone**. It felt as if it had *called* me over there …and in a way, the sight of the brightly lit stone reminded me of the New Year's Eve evening … with the **wonderful pink clouds, connecting, separating** … and the **fireworks** ….

Was Bob telling me that he saw the **fireworks**, too? That he did have something to do with the **spectacle** the **clouds** put on … appearing, doubling, approaching each other, connecting, separating …



other side, without disturbing the rock's form attribute, in your
consciousness. Like electricity or X-ray, or some similar force. Light
cannot penetrate it. And yet your scientists and mathematicians use light
as their yardstick of motion--frequency."

But, said Betty, she does not use light as her yardstick.

"Light," she defined, "is merely a degree-manifestation in space. You
know that both quality of consciousness and quantity of consciousness are
in degrees; and you know that they have degree manifestations. Light is
one of them. Now we take consciousness as in man as our yardstick, and
that is a higher frequency. And I, in my present state, in orthos, as the
highest frequency, can go through the rock. I am unobstructed by your
matter."

All of which was interesting, but it did not meet our question as to her
kind of solidity--if any.

"Now, if my frequency is great enough for matter to be nonobstructable,"
Betty sailed serenely on, "why does it not follow that this same
frequency is great enough to be unneedful of support? I can walk on your
matter, but the aspect of that matter is changed to me because I see it
and deal with it in its essence, in orthos.

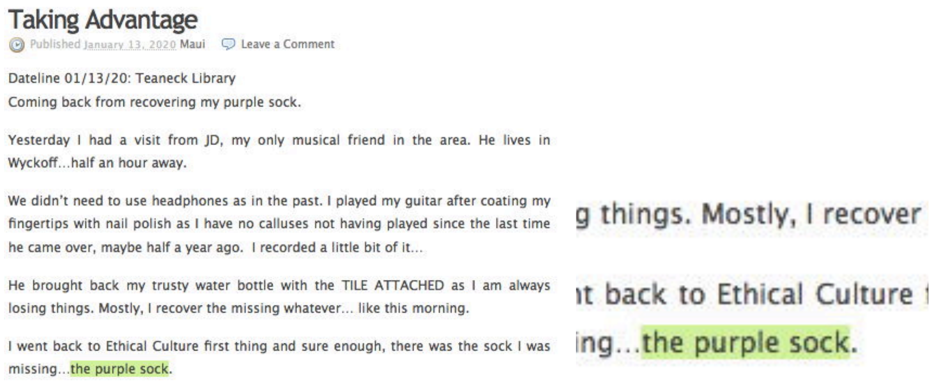
Of course, it’s just me interpreting, and *the artist who lives there and who lit the stone* sure has his or her motives … but as we know, there is no linear “time” and no “linear course of events” in the beyond. (*Note/edit: Geez, no shit! January 12 and April 12, 2020 are definitely aligned in … well, in me!*) And we live in the beyond too, we, the mortals … I normally don’t walk down there in the night … but I felt drawn.

It was like Bob looking at me, there … here, is also a highly interesting excerpt from “The Unobstructed Universe” …

And there is something else, about the “high-five” and the “roses” … I’m photo-editing the contact diary right now … and my finds actually match what I’m reading for example, the finding of **five** (!) **roses** on May 5, 2019!

January 14, 2020

Just so strange, to discover another something from *Peter Rosen*, that totally relates to Bob and me and what we’re doing: *He had lost a sock* (!), **a purple sock** and has found it at some cultural center again! Get this: *I have just put away a single* **sock** that I have gotten from Bob, as a keepsake, *yesterday*, ***because I’ve lost the second one!*** And that same day Peter posted in his blog about the single sock that he had found! Don’t you think that’s uncanny?



Taking Advantage

Published January 13, 2020 Maui Leave a Comment

Dateline 01/13/20: Teaneck Library
Coming back from recovering my purple sock.

Yesterday I had a visit from JD, my only musical friend in the area. He lives in Wyckoff…half an hour away.

We didn’t need to use headphones as in the past. I played my guitar after coating my fingertips with nail polish as I have no calluses not having played since the last time he came over, maybe half a year ago. I recorded a little bit of it…

He brought back my trusty water bottle with the TILE ATTACHED as I am always losing things. Mostly, I recover the missing whatever… like this morning.

I went back to Ethical Culture first thing and sure enough, there was the sock I was missing…the purple sock.

g things. Mostly, I recover
it back to Ethical Culture
ing…the purple sock.

Bob knows I’ve written about him and his socks and how those movies played on his foible … and then I lost one of his socks (no idea where it went), and then Peter loses a sock and finds it again … and all in a few days!)!

Taking a walk with Jacqui, I was actually stunned by the beautiful **ice-products of nature** … that reminded my how “the world” is not as we think it is. I mean … look at this ….

… and before it was just water and air.

The **water** on the ground and in the sky seem to “speak” to me … can you see that? In my book “We Creators of the World” I dealt with that, in relation to human thoughts and other energetic traits, extensively … I just know, that I’m supposed to ***understand***.

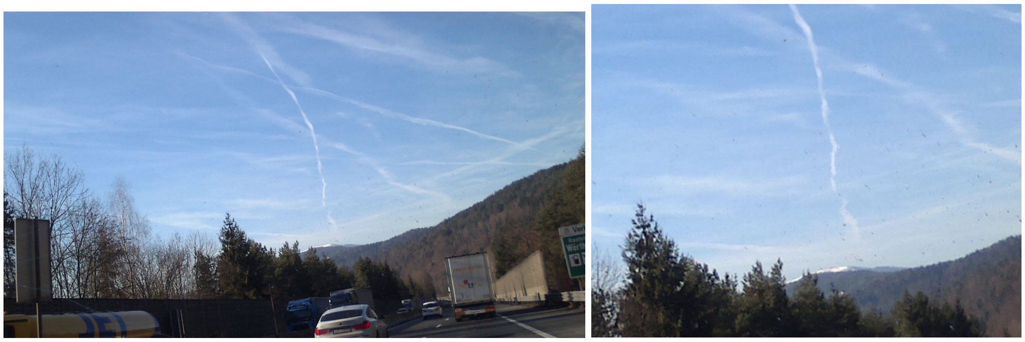
And ever again, I find something that seems like a little … I don't know, playful **gift**: Doesn't this just look like two worlds … **as above, so below**, or "not quite yet" … but my senses have been "sharpened" by my shifting attention for the things of life …

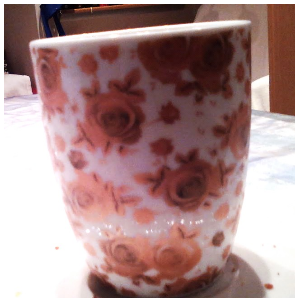
Today I contacted Franz **Dschulnigg**, the maker of the many near-death-testimony-videos under the label "**Empirische Jenseitsforschung**". What those people have said, has inspired me immensely, I got to say. So I told him about Stewart and Betty and my work and sent him pdfs of their books and others …

I'll continue to do that with other folks too … (*Note/edit: Franz D. answered politely that he doesn't have time to read … well, that's very disappointing. I don't understand how people who supposedly are all into the afterlife say they don't have the time to read the literature that will explain to them how the "beyond" works. I don't believe in their "calling" at all.)*

January 15, 2020

Driving to Velden to visit my mother, I noticed what seemed like a **sky line** pointing directly to the mountain top that's visible from where my mother lives; my brother Peter used to live on the slope of that mountain "Gerlitze".

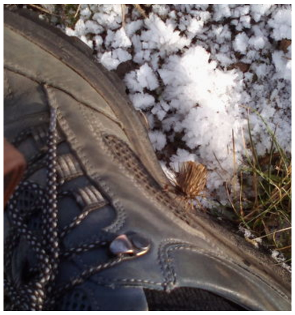




I also visited my father, to walk his and Edith’s dog “Sandy” (as Edith is at the hospital for bowel surgery, scars after her cancer surgery a few years back). My father today served me coffee … in a lovely **cup** printed with big brown-red **roses**!

Visit at my mother’s was strange, as I smelled vomit in her kitchen. I didn’t dare to ask.

Finding out that it immediately disappoints me when I don’t get responses from people when I share them the info about Stewart’s and Betty’s work and my work. I shouldn’t. It’s only a learning for me. Just look at those **ice roses** I encountered today! Remember – ***the rose-theme is on?***



I also just realized that those people who had **near-death-experiences** aren’t remotely in the same space like someone longs to be with a loved one who had died … that’s an entirely different category of dealing with “the beyond”.

And I think that many people who had such near-death-experiences and then talk about how they received some *“job to do in this life”* and then they become *life-counselors,* that they are pretty full of themselves. What qualifies them as counselors about how other people have to live their lives? They can comfort the grieving only in regard to what their experiences signifies – that the extinction of the personal body or “shell” is just that, but life goes on. They are just people and have to figure out how to live out the rest of their lives meaningfully. It’s arrogant of them to think that they are suddenly “wise”. I’ve contacted many of those speakers in the near-death-experiences videos, and only three ever responded, and only one of them was willing to try and read the works I pointed out … but I never heard back from her. The medium I. O. can’t speak English, but she did respond too. No others! So that makes me doubt their true intentions about “sharing their experiences”. They want to get something out of it. I don’t blame them. But wise they aren’t.

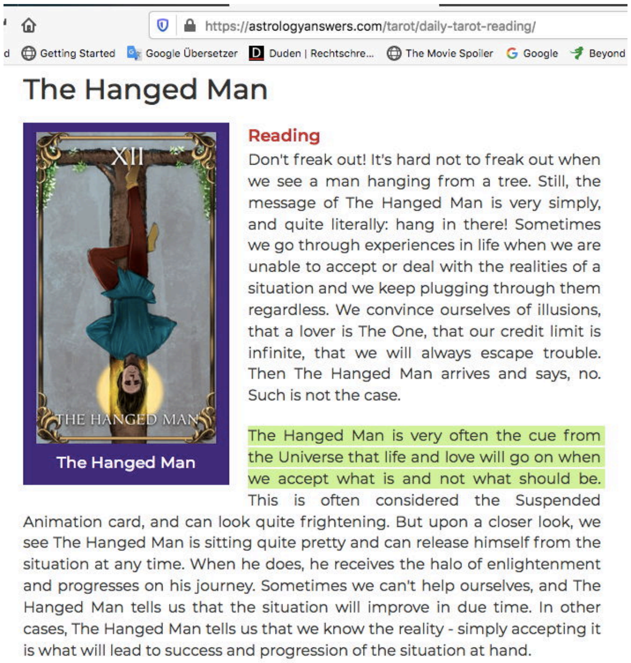
I had out-of-body-experiences, I was “pulled” out of my body … but did that make me “wise”? Certainly not! I’m doing very earthly things in regard to learning and making sense of life. They start to paint and teach Yoga and be all “elated” … and frankly, that disappoints me and pisses me off. I want to meet those who are like … well, me. Interested in the project “**the bridge**” and able and willing to really read the White’s work and everything related, willing to truly learn and understand, … or better yet, knowing those works already. I hope and pray that I will come across at least one person like that.

January 16, 2020 – Suicide, Roses & Eternity

Incredibly intense **dream** of Bob … he was there, in Hawaii, with me, but I was losing him, I knew he'd be going, and I screamed at him that if he would leave now, we would never be together again or go back to Hawaii … I was so desperate, and it was all in vain.

I woke up with a very painful feeling of longing for Bob and my life with him and that I'm kind of the "slave" of my relatives (and screw everyone who say that it's my choice, because obviously I won't just abandon my parents, so no, it's not a "choice" … *edited for privacy*).

Very suitingly I checked my horoscope (the one I've subscribed to) this morning, and, yup, there is the "Hanged Man" as a **Tarot-card**, and it entirely speaks to me.



The Hanged Man

Reading

Don't freak out! It's hard not to freak out when we see a man hanging from a tree. Still, the message of The Hanged Man is very simply, and quite literally: hang in there! Sometimes we go through experiences in life when we are unable to accept or deal with the realities of a situation and we keep plugging through them regardless. We convince ourselves of illusions, that a lover is The One, that our credit limit is infinite, that we will always escape trouble. Then The Hanged Man arrives and says, no. Such is not the case.

The Hanged Man is very often the cue from the Universe that life and love will go on when we accept what is and not what should be. This is often considered the Suspended Animation card, and can look quite frightening. But upon a closer look, we see The Hanged Man is sitting quite pretty and can release himself from the situation at any time. When he does, he receives the halo of enlightenment and progresses on his journey. Sometimes we can't help ourselves, and The Hanged Man tells us that the situation will improve in due time. In other cases, The Hanged Man tells us that we know the reality - simply accepting it is what will lead to success and progression of the situation at hand.

Also, last night I watched a "**Dracula**"-movie … and there were scenes of a man that looked like I had imagined **Bob as he had lied down for his last sleep** …

… and then a **man-turning-vampire** reminded me how *it’s all about life-force* … and I got reminded of my own best-script-winner movie *“Soroyan Hunter”* and how it really is one of the precious franchises of the future. Also, in the “**Dracula**”-movie, Dracula himself says to the guy who he sucked empty and who turned into a vampire too, and who killed himself to protect his one love from himself … that “***Suicide doesn’t work*** …” (along the lines of “Otherwise all my victims would be able to kill themselves”) … This also kept ringing in my head, strangely.

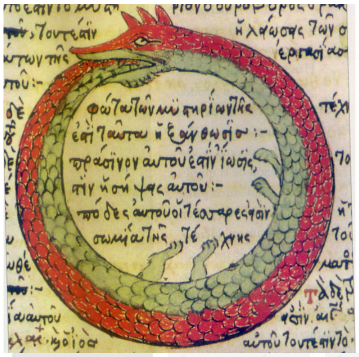
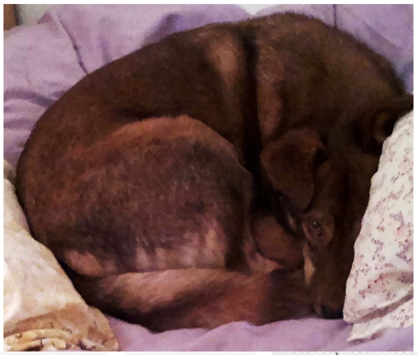
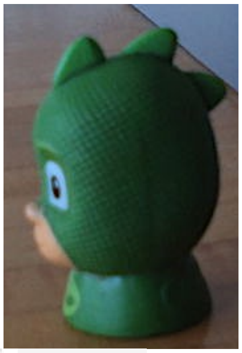
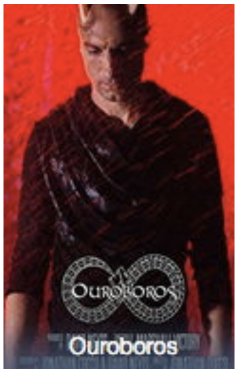
Also, I watched little bit of the BBC-sitcom “*Doll & Em*”, about a Hollywood-actress and her assistant, who was played by Dolly Wells, who played the amazing “nun” in the above mentioned Dracula … and the buffering took forever, and I ended up not really watching …

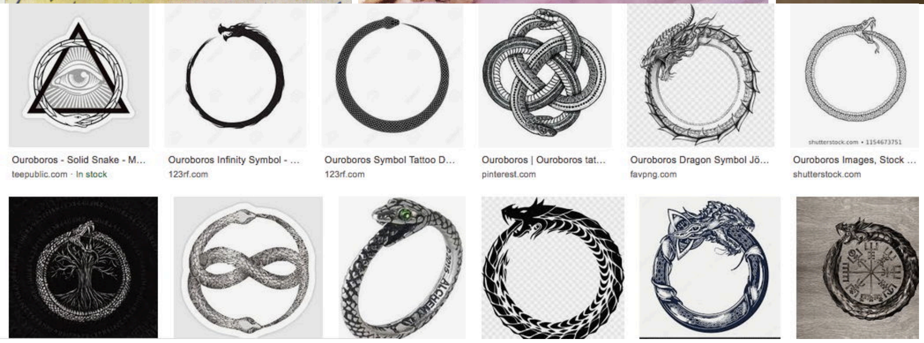
… but I came across the one scene that moved me, “Doll” with the *exact same* **roses like the one rose** that I had seen along with the “Helleborus”-plants in the series “*Forever*”, as a **key-chain** …

I just notice those things, that later keep coming up, and people will call this “selective perception”, which it is*. But: There is a reason, why we suddenly notice something*, like the key-chain in “*Forever*”, and then all the other roses … Just now, I remember the **key-chain** Bob and I had for the key for the house, a **pink salamander**, a “mo’o” … I start to understand that since the “here” and the “beyond” are pretty much the same, only experienced from different “perspectives”, everything we do here and the smallest thing we notice can have special relevance. Call it “selective perception” alright. So then it’s “selective” for the individual – for individual reasons (but I’m sure that you wouldn’t get to see what I got to see because that stuff simply is not around, so look all you like, it won’t be there for you!).

About “selective perception” … in a **TV-crime-series** that I zapped through, briefly, I don’t remember which one it was, either “All Rise” or “Stumptown”, a woman mentioned “**Ouroboros**” … *and the word simply cut through everything that was said in that series*, I noticed it, while I only watched with half an eye and an ear while working on editing pictures for this c. d. It struck me because I had only once ever read about those dragon-creatures, and that was for my own Hawaii-series “Native of Owhyhee” when I was looking for examples for *“mo’o”, “dragons”* in other cultures. And later last night, while I was just randomly browsing through TV-series (I do it as some kind of preparation for dealing with an agent about my work, because they always want to know what kind of show one is familiar with …) I saw **a movie poster “Ouroboros”** … I guess I’ll have to check that film out.

Okay … just googled it, and an “Ouroboros” is a snail or dragon eating it’s own tail … and it’s very much a symbol of “eternity”, in a way. **“The end is at the same time the beginning.”** Is that why I “picked it up” so strongly? So that I now reacted to my impression and looked it up and received, that way, some kind of … well, “message”? I don’t think that one gets *pointed at such an ancient, mythical magical* ***symbol*** for nothing.

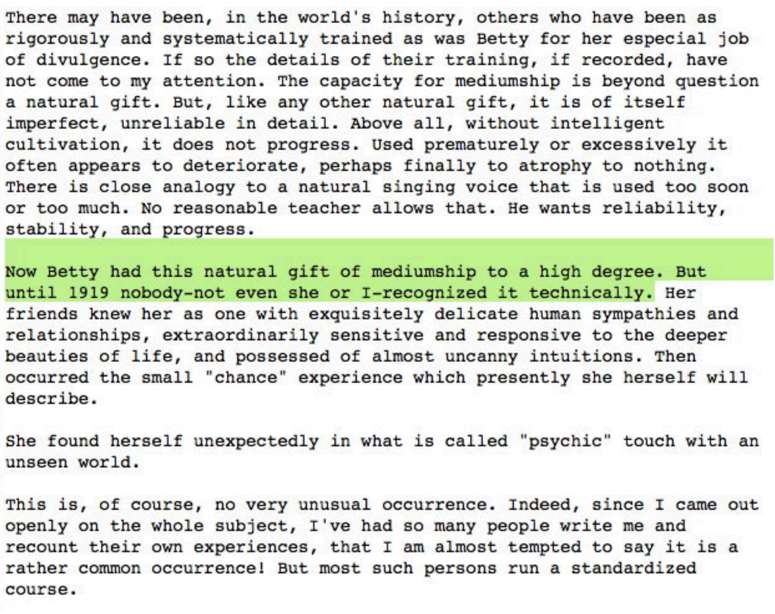

Ouroboros - Solid Snake - M… teepublic.com · In stock
Ouroboros Infinity Symbol - … 123rf.com
Ouroboros Symbol Tattoo D… 123rf.com
Ouroboros | Ouroboros tat… pinterest.com
Ouroboros Dragon Symbol Jö… favpng.com
Ouroboros Images, Stock … shutterstock.com

(Note/edit: I should probably photograph all the ***rings*** *and* ***pendants*** *I’ve* ***found*** *over the years that feature* ***snakes biting their tails and eternity-symbols*** *… but for that I’d have to dig through my stuff, and right now I simply can’t get myself to do that.)*

January 16, 2020 **– “Since 1919”**

Okay. No “coincidence” that I noticed the “*Ouroboros*” in a random line in a TV-crime-series! And now what? Is that the ongoing communication that I so much desire? Are “they” testing as of how much I’m willing and able to recognize “communications”?

Well, recently I noticed a writing on car that passed by me reading “**SINCE 1919**”, and of course I stumbled across it again, in Stewart White’s writings … 1919 was the year that he and Betty started their work with the “Invisibles”, and of course I thought that “1919” had a meaning when I saw it “drive by me”.



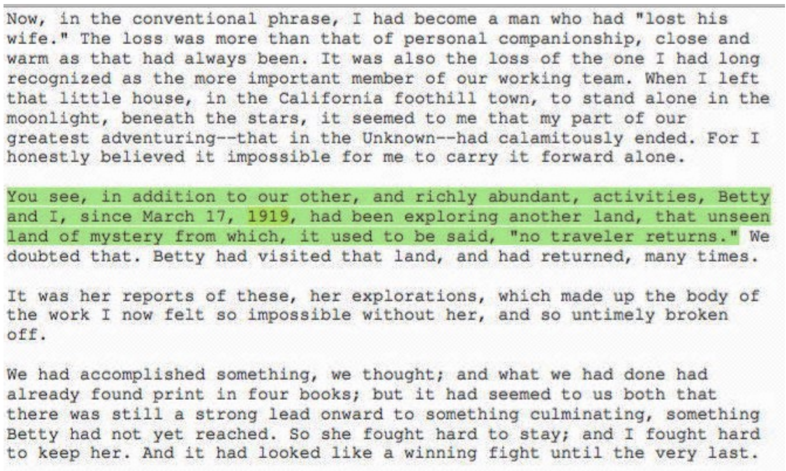
There may have been, in the world's history, others who have been as rigorously and systematically trained as was Betty for her especial job of divulgence. If so the details of their training, if recorded, have not come to my attention. The capacity for mediumship is beyond question a natural gift. But, like any other natural gift, it is of itself imperfect, unreliable in detail. Above all, without intelligent cultivation, it does not progress. Used prematurely or excessively it often appears to deteriorate, perhaps finally to atrophy to nothing. There is close analogy to a natural singing voice that is used too soon or too much. No reasonable teacher allows that. He wants reliability, stability, and progress.

Now Betty had this natural gift of mediumship to a high degree. But until 1919 nobody-not even she or I-recognized it technically. Her friends knew her as one with exquisitely delicate human sympathies and relationships, extraordinarily sensitive and responsive to the deeper beauties of life, and possessed of almost uncanny intuitions. Then occurred the small "chance" experience which presently she herself will describe.

She found herself unexpectedly in what is called "psychic" touch with an unseen world.

This is, of course, no very unusual occurrence. Indeed, since I came out openly on the whole subject, I've had so many people write me and recount their own experiences, that I am almost tempted to say it is a rather common occurrence! But most such persons run a standardized course.

(“The Road I Know”)



Now, in the conventional phrase, I had become a man who had "lost his wife." The loss was more than that of personal companionship, close and warm as that had always been. It was also the loss of the one I had long recognized as the more important member of our working team. When I left that little house, in the California foothill town, to stand alone in the moonlight, beneath the stars, it seemed to me that my part of our greatest adventuring--that in the Unknown--had calamitously ended. For I honestly believed it impossible for me to carry it forward alone.

You see, in addition to our other, and richly abundant, activities, Betty and I, since March 17, 1919, had been exploring another land, that unseen land of mystery from which, it used to be said, "no traveler returns." We doubted that. Betty had visited that land, and had returned, many times.

It was her reports of these, her explorations, which made up the body of the work I now felt so impossible without her, and so untimely broken off.

We had accomplished something, we thought; and what we had done had already found print in four books; but it had seemed to us both that there was still a strong lead onward to something culminating, something Betty had not yet reached. So she fought hard to stay; and I fought hard to keep her. And it had looked like a winning fight until the very last.

(“The Unobstructed Universe”)

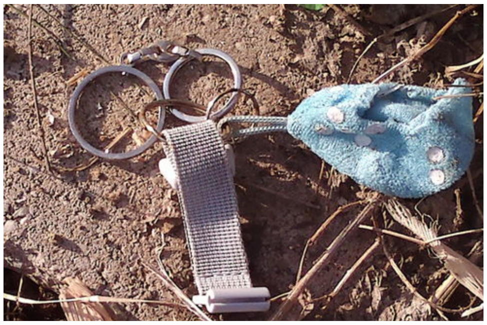
Well, looks like just a year ago there was an ***anniversary*** for them and for the project “The Bridge”! **March 17, 1919**. What did I do a hundred years later?

There.

Okay – I was in rural Upper Austria, at the bio-farm of the people where the daughter of the house had sung a ***Hawaiian song*** to me, and *on* **March 17, 2019** Jacqui and I took a many hours long hike, my dog almost jumped down a reservoir wall, and only because of my intuition I could keep him from it … and we got entirely lost in the wilderness, but ended up at magical stones and a butterfly that followed us around … it was a very special day, yes, it was. How did I find back onto the path? *Recalling the basics, most importantly the position of the sun and my logic.* And I ended up ***not far from where I had started***, to my surprise …

January 16, 2020 – **Rings!**

Amazingly, today I found on a field path **four rings**, attached to each other (yup, it does remind of the “Ouroboros” “rings”) …



“The end is at the same time the beginning.” Got it. And I found another **glove**. Bob is “giving me five” some more. A transparent, plastic one. I had urgently needed such a plastic glove when dealing with the mold in my mother’s home … thanks. A little late, but then, where you are, there is no time …

High five! Definitely!

Also … I met the man again, who told me where St. Kollmann’s trail is … and today I realized that the first thing I had thought about him was, that he looks like a **vampire** (with very distinctly vampire looking teeth, “fangs”, almost, but I think they are false teeth) … and then “Dracula” last night with that intensely Bob-looking guy …

January 16, 2020 – **The Dying Woman, the Stone & Our Story**

Okay. Got me in tears … this:

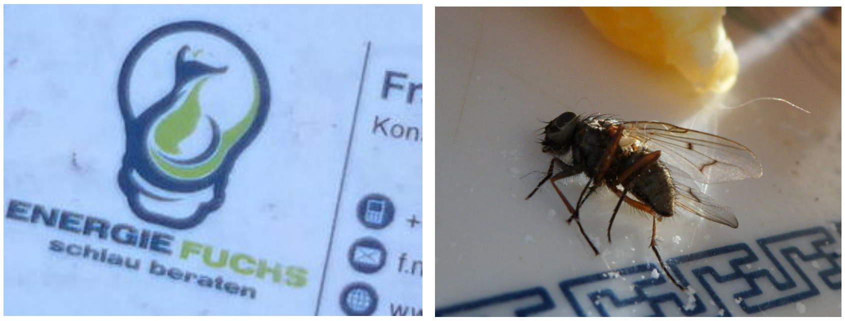
To distract myself I started watching the TV-series “*Truth Be Told*” (because I like Octavia Spencer)… while editing pics for this c. d. And there is a scene when a *very old woman dies***,** and her family members touch her to say goodbye to her … I gazed at the scenes, like mesmerized … as I hadn’t been given to do that with Bob, be with him when he left his body behind … and so many times have I thought about it (can it be that this is why I “got to” see this scene?) …

Now – wait for it: A **song** played along with it, and the guy sings:
“**Maybe you were the ocean, when I was just a stone …**”

“See the sky is no man's land
A darkened plume to stay
Hope here needs a humble hand
Not a fox found in your place
No man is an island, this I know
But can't you see?
Maybe you were the ocean when I was just a stone …”

(“Black Flies” by Ben Howard)

And here **is the “fox”** ***I “found”*** a few days ago and just had to take a picture of it … on a business card, that reads “Energie Fuchs”, meaning *“Energy Fox”* …



And remember the dead **fly** from a few days ago? The song goes on:

*“**Black flies** on the windowsill*
That we are / That we are / That we are to hold
Comfort came against my will
And every story must grow old

Still I'll be a traveler
A gypsy's reins to face
But the road is wearier
With that fool found in your place

No man is an island, this I know
But can't you see?
Maybe you were the ocean when I was just a stone …”

What are the fucking odds that I'd find this …?

I've been asking Bob what he is doing in the beyond, I've been asking him often … So is *"Still I'll be a traveler …"*an **answer?** And since I know I'll be a traveler again, is he telling me that we are, in fact, doing **our projects together?** *This song is expressing pretty much everything I've been documenting recently!*

"Black flies on the windowsill
That we are
That we are
That we are to know
Winter stole summer's thrill
And the ***river's cracked and cold*** *…"*

So Bob is telling me that he's seeing what I'm seeing, these days …

And yes: **"Comfort came against my will"** … somehow. Because I've got calling and it will help me pass the time until my graduation.

This kind of "message" fits exactly to my **desperate dream** of tonight … and is it supposed to comfort me, to reflect back to me what I "picked up" and saw? I was already wondering why this … I've seen it so many times and didn't click it on, but just now was the ***right time.***

"**See the sky is no man's land …"** the song goes … so this means, the sky is the place for everyone, but not for "man" in our physical form … and I'll keep looking at it, to find the messages that are meant for me.

And one more thing … One of the first images in that TV-series first episode, is a giant wonderful big …

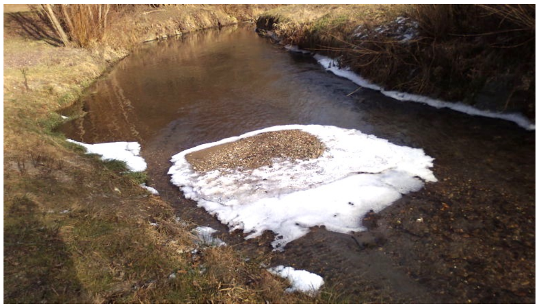
… **bridge**.

January 17, 2020 **– The Unicorn & the Realization**

Amazingly clear **dream** of Bob … *he was just Bob, totally real and calm and happy, smiling, looking at me directly and openly* … and in my dream I thought "wow, that's the real thing, that's what I really longed for" …

But I woke up with a feeling of impending doom, relating to my mother. But I keep thinking of the "Hanged Man" tarot card and how I'm supposed to "hang in there". Also, I've been disciplining my thoughts realizing that any "dead" mortal is a graduated discarnate. And it has begun to comfort me that after their deaths, my parents will find themselves well and happy and they'll finally realize who I am and "see me". Okay. This doesn't change that I'm simply mortal, and that my mind needs much more training to come to terms with this fate … in which I miss Bob so much that I keep losing my will of mortal life ever again … but then I grab a hold of it, ever again, too. Today the realization that he isn't a mortal anymore, is very hard to bear.

I took a walk with Jacqui and went to the "quiet oasis" … and the song "**Islands in the Stream**" came to my mind strongly … and there I saw it: the island in the stream that I was standing in front of! It totally blends to the "island" in the song I had just "found".



Okay, I realized something today. I was supposed to watch ***the TV-series "The Unicorn".*** Remember? Months back … the "unicorn" was everywhere, and I saw it on that very TV-series' poster? *But it took me until today to actually click it on*. It's about people who mourn their spouses or partners … and the guy, Wade, does have what I don't have, which is people who care and want to cheer me up.

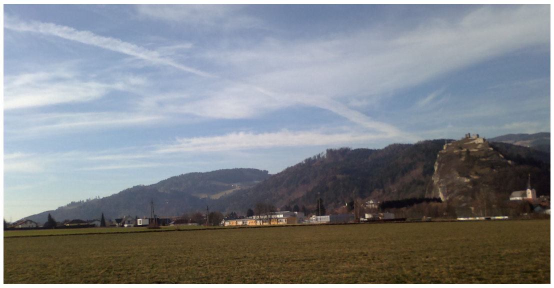
His friends, though, ***don't get him and his ordeal at all***, and they accuse him of anger problems and all kinds of other stuff, until at a meeting of grieving people the widows tell him that they are totally angry at those people who have their partners and tell them "I know exactly how you feel" *because shit they do! Of course nobody who has ever experienced that kind of loss can relate!* Oh it's so fucking true! ***What a relief*** to see that play out, that the guy finally tells all his "wise" judgmental friends to go fuck themselves!

I actually found myself smiling (!) watching that series! ***Me! Smiling!***

And that right after a walk with J where I had asked Bob again, literally: "*Show yourself to me! I need to see me! Can't you come right up to me and …*" And again a person with the same **blue color jacket** that Bob had at our last outings came directly towards me, with her dog, out or nowhere! I think it was a woman! But I was stunned shitless, again!

And the **clouds**! Amazing! As if they were writing “DJ” and then “BJ” …

… and there were two **huge parallel stripes right above me** … and they drifted together along with me! And they merged at some point, over my head! It seemed so telling!



Look at the **"*sky arrow*"!** It's points at the Schlossberg!

Then, at home I finally talked with my mother on the phone … and we chatted for 43 minutes. She really talked, asking questions, answering mine properly … Finally, I shared with her that I'm not fine and that I'm mourning and think that Bob's death happened just yesterday. And to my total surprise – she talked with me about that too! She listened! *And then: I could tell from the way she reacted that she is still dealing with her losses every day.* She said "You know what you must do? ***Just think – that's life.***" And she is right. It's life. It's our human disposition to deal with all that. Just that in a more evolved state we'd know how to deal with "life" optimally.

It was very nice talking with her, we really connected. I felt actually happy. She sounded so nice … and I shared about my father and Edith and how miserable they are, and my mother said that she is so happy that she herself is so well (and she has no idea how bad off she was a few months ago) … she has forgotten about it and no awareness of it. That shows me that she is not as well as she thinks … but she told me she keeps taking the mental elixir every day, and I'll bring her more, next time.

So it was … well, okay for today.

And *TV-series "The Unicorn"* actually is written and done in a way that I like it. And I don't like a lot of TV-series. I barely ever watch a whole one.

"You happily married people can kiss my ass!" says Wade, the widower. My words, bro. So the guy "Wade" was urged by his friends to try dating after ***one*** (!) year after his wife's death … and I thought, "Yeah, right". He did meet a lovely woman. But then, turns out he wasn't ready and started crying at a very intense memory of her.

And I shared chips and Acidophilus milk with Bob after watching that. ***I'm sure that the discarnates are mourning, too – if*** they have chosen and are able to *stick around with us incarnates* more closely than those who don't have that kind of connection with the mortals. So it may be just the right thing to do to ***"feed" those discarnates who are close to our "realm" with energetic "gifts"*** from enjoying food or nature or an orgasm or any kind of energetic "event" that then can be projected towards "them" … This may help them to "hang on", and for us to "reach" them we need to have very clear memories of them or the ability to "feel the closeness with them". We have to be able to "play them" or "play *them*", be them in a way to connect as closely as possible. I think that's what the human ability to forge a very close bond of mortal love with other mortals is for, to then use that distinct feel of them when they are in the beyond to keep up the relationship and from that way ***"the bridge".***

I think … that this is a fact. Feeling a bubbling sensation in my gut area right now, like euphoria. Can't prove that I'm right, but … well, you've read all the previous, so you be the judge.

Is that why I kept finding and seeing "***unicorns***"? Because this TV-series was to help me find clarity?

*(Note/edit: The day before yesterday, April 11, 2020, I "found" another "**unicorn**", a picture, dangling from the mirror of the car that was parked next to me with it's **windows open** … that's the day when I experienced at Forest lake what I had dreamed about months before … and when I found **the painted stones** …)*

Then I felt drawn to the ***TV-series “The Good Doctor”***, and I watched one episode … just to remind myself of how we are *machines*, really … interestingly, *in that random episode*, one of the first scenes is two people walking with – a **unicorn**!

January 18, 2020 **– The Tumor, the Unicorn & the TRUTH**

As you know … Bob had a huge tumor. It has been a traumatic memory, recalling dealing with “Bobo”, that’s how we named “him”, the tumor, yes. It was an ever changing stinking liquid oozing fist sized growth on Bob’s body … *(oh, I wish I could show you the pictures …)* Touching that tumor was like touching an “alien” on a human’s body … so those “Alien”-movie where an alien grows in side a mortal, that’s pretty much the best depiction of a tumor you can get.

Today, first thing after the Jacqui-morning-walk I made coffee and had *the urge* to watch just one more episode of the TV-series *“**The good doctor**”* (about the autistic surgeon Dr. Shawn Murphy, which I had started to watch last night). And there it was … a huge tumor was being extracted. It felt good to see a huge **tumor** being extracted …

*(Note/edit: **But**! I had no idea that this was only a preparation of what I was going to see a few days later …)*

So this morning I went for the random pick, and I checked into season 3 of “*The Good Doctor”* and picked “***Moonshot**”*. I’ve begun to get a kick out of picking a random movie or TV-series-episode, something that just shows up on my screen on it’s own, without me googling anything … because the “messages” I’ve been getting that way, *have been very … actually satisfying.*

*(Note/edit: Here is something **strange**: As I’m revising this c. d. months later, at first, I can’t remember most of those episodes or movies, or I can’t remember “on my own” that I’ve watched them, series or movies, doesn’t matter. Only when I read about them, I go “Oh, yeah! I saw that, forgot all about it!” And I have a very good memory. It feels like watching those episodes is a part of my life that has a different “energy” or “place” than the mortal every-day-stuff that I do … or whatever it is, just now, I can’t for the life of me recall what “Moonshot” is about …)*

As I started watching "Moonshot", one of the first scenes is *two people kissing*, and the woman is holding a **unicorn**! The episode deals with a **tumor**, too, as the patient refuses to have it treated, because **she wants to fly to the moon** (and surgery would keep her from doing that, somehow). *(Note/edit: Remember, this episode was a random pick*!) And there is young female surgeon with **trembling fingers** … that's interesting, as I've been observing my own fingers, the left side pinkie and ring finger have been tingling or numb and trembling …

… so here is a major insight, that I'm just putting out there:

What if we have been developing recording features like **photography** and **videography** to keep the dead alive, as we film and photograph them and record their voices, ***to have their "essence" present*** when they are in the subtle realm, the beyond? It helps us to remember them – so that we can connect with them, in terms of forming "the bridge"?

When the body is gone, we can relate to the now – ***crackling*** *(window next to me)*! – discarnate humans better, because not all humans have a very good emotional memory. Maybe we developed those **technical aids** just because only few mortals are able develop the kind of relationships in mortal life with another person that then will be required to keep up the connection when they are discarnates! **Our philosophical development has turned away from staying connected with the dead!** And yet, we are more fascinated with death than ever before! We entertain ourselves watching people die! And yet … we have never developed the conscious concepts of "life after death" and how we must and should keep our relationships up with "the dead" – as they are not gone, they exist in their energetic essence – but very few people realize this!

Talk about "free will" and how it shaped the evolution of mortal man! Not good!

We are all one, discarnates and incarnates alike – just in our incarnates-societies we don't "get" that. *Science has turned away from this basic natural understanding of human existence!*

And we've been developing technical tools to still help us along the way towards the "bridge", but instead, said "free will" feature of us incarnates has lead even further away from living with the acknowledgement of "the bridge": All the tech-stuff is **not** used for mankind's evolution in terms of making Earth the ***perfect*** borning-place for individualization, *but on the contrary!* The tech-stuff has lead people away from their spiritual-energetic self-realization and with that from the understanding that existence doesn't end with the physical death.

The discarnates are probably – as shared by them in those wonderful books I've been quoting – really **trying hard to get incarnates to "get it"!** And it does matter! Because if Earth ceases to be a good place for human mortals to develop, a big step in our energetic development is hindered: *Our time with a material body serves the **individualization** of aspects of the soul. **It's the evolution of formerly undefined energetic beings into individuals with special abilities.*** And if Earth can't be used for that anymore …

And no. This is not a Sci-Fi-movie. This is reality.

The evolution of mankind is all about establishing "the bridge" as a normal feature in human existence to further human evolution in all realms. For what ultimate goal? I know the goal – when I'm not in mortal confines of consciousness by way of the mind, but right now I can't explain it. (Whoops … this just came out.)

"That's how great things happen, how they always happen … somebody taking a chance." It's all about overcoming fear … says the character in "*Moonshot*" who is supposed to go to the moon. I want to "go to the moon", too, because Bob is my moon.

Just as I'm writing this I'm watching "***The Good Doctor"*** … and it's comforting to be reminded of the material aspect of our existence … but also how humans think they are ***"saving lives"*** when they are only "extending the functioning of their material shell for a while longer".

“Success and happiness aren’t the same thing. You need to decide what makes you happy …” Just said by a doctor.

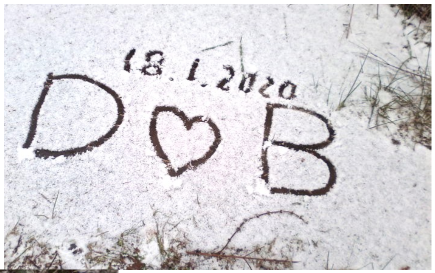
It’s snowing. Today. Just today right here in Griffen. No snow anywhere around.

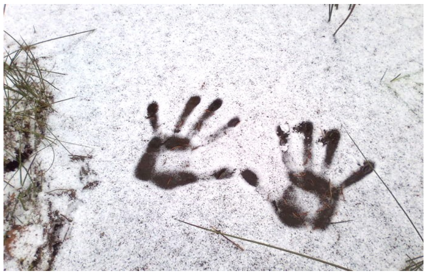
My mother and I have been talking how much we’d like some snow. Looks like there is only one day in January with snow! Thank you, whoever needs to be thanked for!

January 18, 2020

Went for a walk with Jacqui, along a **new forest path** … the power lines are always humming, and they fascinate me …

… and all that abandoned stuff kind of touched me. Someone has made that, used that. Now it’s dumped in the forest. And then I had the urge to **leave a material and yet energetic greeting for Bob** … because **water** and **ice**, to me, are an expressions of the energetic realm …

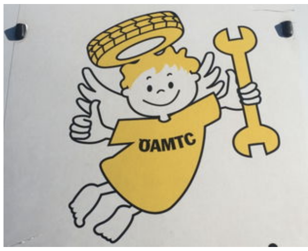




January 18, 2020 **– Red Corals & Angel**

Okay, something else just happened … that leaves me very … well, quiet inside. I’ve been thinking about a *necklace of red corals* that I received during a shoot with Bob from the wife of a famous Maui man, Pundy Yokouchi, many years ago (maybe in 2004?) … and I’d given it to Elisabeth many years ago as a birthday present. I had a reason for giving it away, maybe I just didn’t want “clutter”, or I don’t know … but those days are so alive right now, in me. And I’ve been thinking about asking Elisabeth to give it back to me.

So after writing about this amazing “The good doctor” episode, I went to the bathroom, where I had put *an Automobile magazine* … and I opened a random magazine, to see a woman with a **necklace made of red corals**.



Now get this: Two days ago I found a **angel sticker** *of just that Automobile club* on the road. I picked it up, it was very wet, and I put it into my pocket … didn’t photograph it, and I think I lost it. But I found it online … so today I found the corals-message in the magazine of that Automobile club …

Okay, watching *“The Good Doctor”* … a man comes to his **dying wife** in this episode, after they hadn’t seen each other for years, and he had always thought that she didn’t care about him …

She was so happy to see him … oh, well, now I’m in tears. *He watched her take her last breath.* And I watched her take her last breath, because I never got to do that with Bob. So that woman had spent all her life with her work, neglecting the man, who then came, when it was too late, and it was too late for her to show him how much she’d cared about him. ***This story really is a mirror of what Bob and I went through*** … as he was desperately ill he realized that he’d spent all his life with his work, made many wrong decisions in terms of his own emotional wellbeing … and he’d gone through years of ignoring and rejecting me, when he had actually longed for being with me.

Wow, mankind rally needs to *wake up in terms of their own disposition* (and I want to facilitate that with “Regents of Clouds” and the two sequel trilogies, “Creators of Stones” and “Masters of Choices”) ... I hope, I’m supposed to.

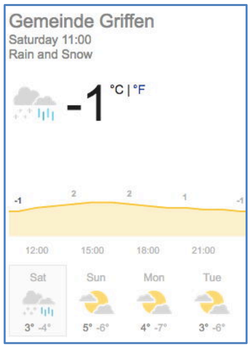
Seeing that woman close her eyes and take her last breath, kind of reminded me again how much of a fucking ***betrayal*** it feels like, when a person dies who one wanted to spend one’s life with and who was more important than any other person in the world.

The insight I had yesterday totally fits here: We have developed means to “capture the essence” of our loved ones through images and audio recordings and even film, so that when they die, those of us who feel drawn to the project “the bridge” will have tools to “keep them alive” – in our so limited mortal mechanisms of dealing with the energetic facts of existence!

That’s what Bob wanted me to see today? He wanted to me to know that he knows what I’m thinking, and he is confirming that we are “… ***in this together”****, as he said, just hours before I was leaving his bedside ..?*

And: In the end of the episode two people (the main character and autistic doctor and his love interest, a nurse) ***lie on the bed together*** … just like Bob and I did in the end, when he said the thing about being in this together. Awkwardly, shyly. And then the **unicorn** is shown.

It’s **snowing** more now. Look at this patient from the TV-series, a Bob look-alike again.



Gemeinde Griffen
Saturday 11:00
Rain and Snow

-1 °C | °F

Sat	Sun	Mon	Tue
3° -4°	5° -6°	4° -7°	3° -6°

January 18, 2020

Also, I realized that the **Cyclamen** I got from the forest have a ***very intense sweet smell***! I must emphasize this, because it’s strange: I would ***not*** have expected the flowers to smell at all. But for some reason I took a sniff today, and – ***wow***! What a wonderful fragrance! I’ve always been wondering how much our sense of smell connects us with the “beyond”.

So I shared the fragrance with Bob … A tiny little bit of snowing during our afternoon walk and Jacqui and I took a new route …

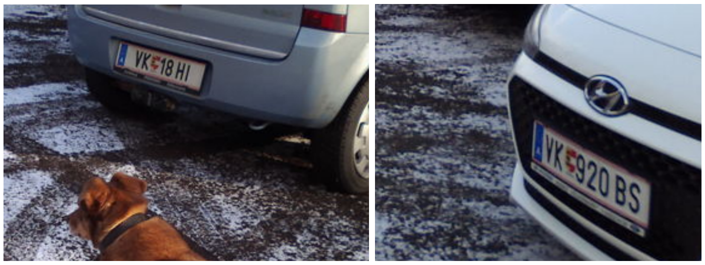
I had to think of H. strongly and also about how I just can't accept that people simply don't communicate with me when I reach out. And that was a big problem for Bob, too. I remember him complaining so often that people don't get back to him in time or don't answer questions, even when it's about projects they hired him to do for them. Like Elisabeth, she knew about Bob's death and never once asked me how I was in the past year. I'll totally ask for my coral necklace back.

I miss Bob so much.

Oh yes, I saw a very cool **car license plate** today: "VK **910 DJ".**

January 19, 2020, Sunday

Woke up in a very gloomy mood, with a very bad feeling, still drove to see my mother … before that, on the Schlossberg parking lot, an the interesting "Hawaii"-related car license plate awaited me "**VK 18 HI**"… and the other one, again, too …

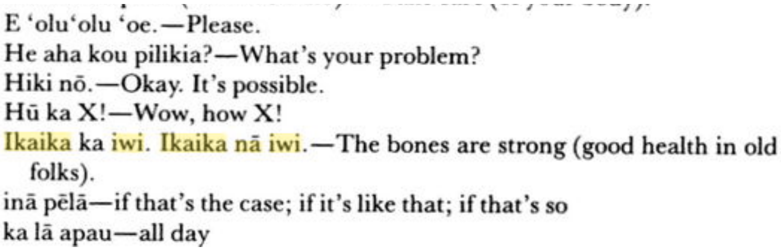


… and again, the one with the "920 BS".

And interestingly, I got to chat with my **mother** about the **afterlife** and held her a speech about … well, about what I've been writing about here, and she *listened*. Maybe she was a bit spooked, but she was interested, and she shared that she also has been dealing with thoughts about how "Sebastian" (the love of her life who died in a car crash in the 1980s) had been on her mind and in her dreams a lot …

Very interestingly, she said a **Hawaiian** sentence that I had taught her long time ago, to help her heal her broken leg: "Ika ika ka iwi, ikaika na iwi!" *("The bones are strong.")* Wow! I was so stunned that she remembered!

It's from a Hawaiian language book that I have ("Ka Lei Ha'Aheo: Beginning Hawaiian", by Alberta Pualani Hopkins) … and I did learn Hawaiian back in the day …



E ʻoluʻolu ʻoe.—Please.
He aha kou pilikia?—What's your problem?
Hiki nō.—Okay. It's possible.
Hū ka X!—Wow, how X!
Ikaika ka iwi. Ikaika nā iwi.—The bones are strong (good health in old folks).
inā pēlā—if that's the case; if it's like that; if that's so
ka lā apau—all day

Then I visited my father and Edith, to take Beagle Sandy for a walk with Jacqui … and I encountered another interesting **car license plate** message, "**22 SM**" …

… as well as another **glove** and even the kind of **white chairs** that I'd been thinking about so often, recently: I had brought them to Bob on the day we first met, in May 2002, and *we'd sat on the remaining* *ones during our last weeks together* … and I will forever hear the sound they made when being pulled across the wooden planks of the lanai …

And then I had an actually quite lively chat with my father … and he told me that he had heard that the energetic substance of a mortal *"returns to Jupiter after death*" … I hadn't heard about that, but I didn't expect him to actually even want to chat about the afterlife. He talked about it quite seriously and mentioned that he'd be 80 soon, implying that it was time for him to think about the afterlife … and I was very touched by him expressing his feelings, in a way. I was glad I had brought him the nutrition bottles, and today an Arnica-ointment for his joints.

So it was all good, inspite of my gloomy thoughts …

Also interestingly … on the way to my mother, on the highway, I saw a car license plate number that reminded me of my **uncle Karli,** who has died many years ago, *he was found dead in his car in a reservoir lake* … and I totally recalled the license plate number that my uncle used to have on his orange VW beetle, **K 83420**. I hadn't thought of him … in like, I don't know, ever. And then my mother told me that she had been thinking of him, too, as **today** is his **birthday**!

January 20, 2020 **– Dying In November**

So today is January, the "20 20 20" day … meaning a kind of "**222**" day …

… and I was thinking to myself, well, it's a special day, but I'm here in Griffen, not planning on doing much today … one walk in the forest with Jacqui, perhaps an evening walk … *so what "special" could possibly happen "from Bob's side"?*

This time I was looking for something funny to watch, because editing the photos for this c. d. and put them into the text is kind of a strenuous task. So I chose "***Fleabag***" from 2016, because it's supposed to be funny, … only to discover that it's about *a young woman whose best friend had died* and she is grieving heavily.

Well, I watched two episodes, didn't like them. Read a review … and there is a second season from last year. I read about the relationship of a "*priest*" and "*Fleabag*" (actually I have written a script and actually a whole series about a woman who'll end up with a priest who changes her life entirely years and many seasons before that …) in a review, and I wanted to check out just that priest-angle.

So I started episode 4 of season 2, and "*Fleabag*" and the very cute priest are walking along a street and start talking about the **afterlife**! And the priest says that he thinks it's something wonderful. Then he takes her to a special place, like a **library**, where very few people are sitting. Once Bob were to a similar library, at Yale in New Haven, when we filmed an interview for our "Native of Owhyhee" series … and it was an intense experience there for us. So I thought about that … while "Fleabag" and the priest are sitting in that library, just silently. "Fleabag" turns to the camera and shares that the point of sitting in that library is, that *if spirit moves the people to speak, they must get up and share with everyone.*

In the background sits a **tall white haired man** … My heart skipped a beat when I saw him, as from afar *he looked like Bob!*

… and he gets up and he says …

"**I think**" … *and the way he says it, it sounds absolutely and utterly like Bob,* and he looks like Bob, just with longer hair, and white hair, and he had a white beard when he passed … so that "Bob" goes on saying "(I think) … **I'll go home in November. I think**."

He thinks he'll die in November. ***In November***. ***Like Bob did.*** And he stands there, tall, slim, like Bob and says that. I was very … quiet. And then all I could do was jump at writing this down. It's the 222 day. And I've cried a lot already today.

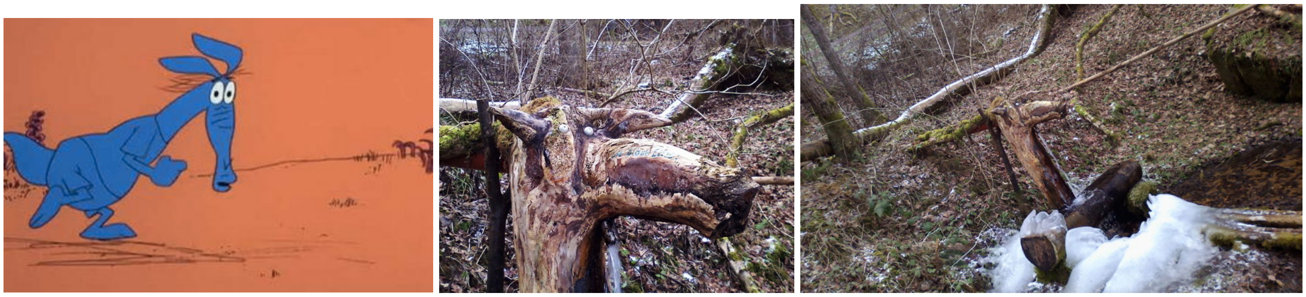
And I'm crying again. No shit you "went home" in November, Bob.

Way to say hi. Way to remind me. Mahalo.

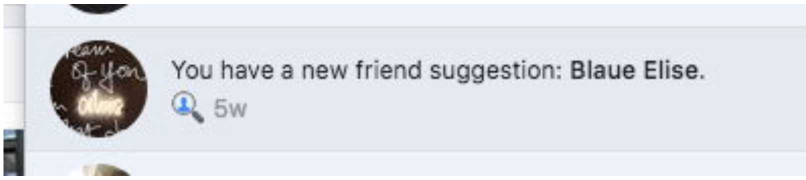
I must tell that it's a style element of the show that "Fleabag" keeps looking at the camera and sharing her thoughts … wow, almost just like I've been talking to the "Invisibles" all the time …

January 20, 2020 – The Blue Cartoon

"**Blaue Elise**" ("Blue Elise") … that's a cartoon character from my childhood, an ant-eater (Vermilingua), and in English it's known as "Aardvark". I was surprised, today, to find that figure in the forest where I live – as a wooden sculpture that's mostly naturally shaped and resembles the "Blue Elise" … a water spout at a creek, with some interesting ice formations around it.



Later, I did something that I pretty much never do, I checked my Facebook account. The reason was that I had written to H., and I wanted to see if she had maybe responded via Facebook messenger. I only have an account with flowers, pretty much anonymous in public, I only use if for connecting, very rarely, though. So I noticed that H. had not responded to me, but I saw a **friends-suggestion named “Blaue Elise”** on the list! Never in half a century I had to do with “Blue Elise”, and then twice in a day?



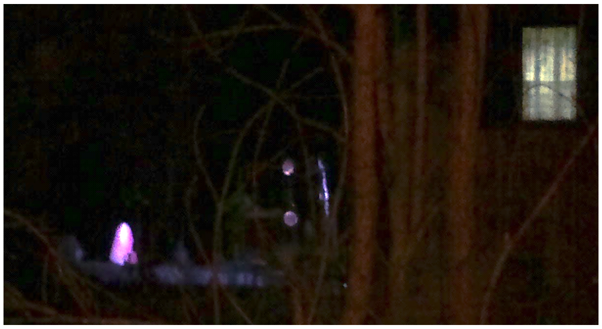
You have a new friend suggestion: **Blaue Elise.**

5w

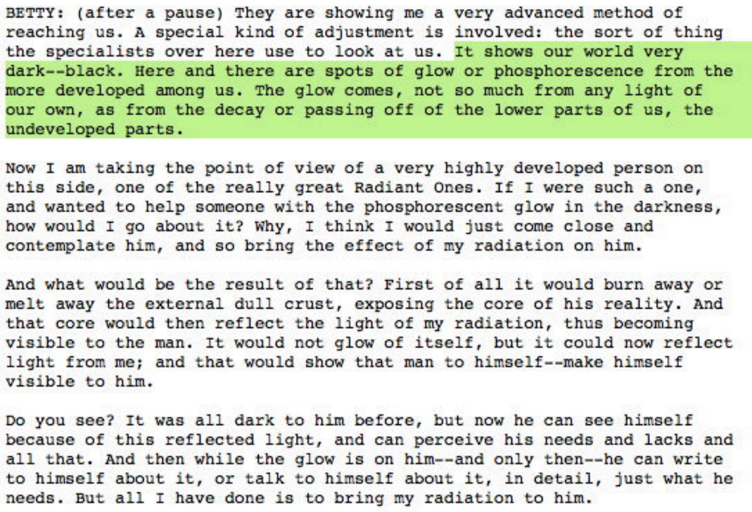
Actually, I did not check who “Blaue Elise” is. I’m not in the market for “friendship”.

January 21, 2020 – A Message in the Stone

This evening, I finally went back to the **strangely lit “stone”** … by that artist neighbor of mine … and as I looked at it, *I saw it yet again differently.* In my mind, a message came on …



Now, read this **excerpt** from *“Across the Unknown”* (quoting the “Invisibles”, and you’ll see what I mean ….



BETTY: (after a pause) They are showing me a very advanced method of reaching us. A special kind of adjustment is involved: the sort of thing the specialists over here use to look at us. It shows our world very dark--black. Here and there are spots of glow or phosphorescence from the more developed among us. The glow comes, not so much from any light of our own, as from the decay or passing off of the lower parts of us, the undeveloped parts.

Now I am taking the point of view of a very highly developed person on this side, one of the really great Radiant Ones. If I were such a one, and wanted to help someone with the phosphorescent glow in the darkness, how would I go about it? Why, I think I would just come close and contemplate him, and so bring the effect of my radiation on him.

And what would be the result of that? First of all it would burn away or melt away the external dull crust, exposing the core of his reality. And that core would then reflect the light of my radiation, thus becoming visible to the man. It would not glow of itself, but it could now reflect light from me; and that would show that man to himself--make himself visible to him.

Do you see? It was all dark to him before, but now he can see himself because of this reflected light, and can perceive his needs and lacks and all that. And then while the glow is on him--and only then--he can write to himself about it, or talk to himself about it, in detail, just what he needs. But all I have done is to bring my radiation to him.

So is Bob telling me just what is written there? That “***now he can see himself because of this reflected light*** …” and so on?

Is that a hint of ***what I’ll have to do***, in terms of working on myself, my spirit?

In the TV-series *“**The Good Doctor**”* … that I was so drawn to keep watching and picked a random episode again … and a character, actually a cancer patient, says “**Somebody’s gonna do it**” … and I was shocked. That was Bob’s saying after his favorite song, “Toes in the Sand”, sung by his friend Steve Zuwala. He said that a thousand times: *“Somebody’s gonna do it, it might as well be me.”* It was a running gag, at times, that we’d use this sentence wherever it fit …

And this morning a **car** with the license plate number **“VK 808 BX”** drove into my neighborhood and parked there. The word “***BOB”/”808***” and at the same time the Hawaii area code … close to me? Is it supposed to comfort me, or is it Bob just saying “I’m right here”?

I feel hot flashes, maybe hormones, and my left hand sometimes feels very weak …

It feels like I’m back in August 2018, trying to save Bob. *(Edited for privacy … flashing back was triggered a lot in those days, including something I had suppressed until now, … Bob calling me from the hospital telling me that the doctor had told him that he’d need a full surgery, his penis and balls being cut off, and if he survives, there would need to be some reconstructive surgery ... Bob cried … but the tumor was regressing ... just his mind never recovered, and this shock broke it some more. I can’t express what I wish for that doctor to experience …)*

Talked on the phone with my mother, and she does show signs of *dementia* again, she keeps saying the same things … I don’t know what I shall wish for. I feel so … broken.

January 21, 2020 – Now, that’s a Tumor!

The bummer – and as horrible as it is, I can hear Bob say in his typical funny-sarcastic way: “Now *that’s* a tumor!” Because: In the episode 17, “Breakdown”, of “***The Good Doctor***”, a patient comes with an **enormous tumor**, *that thing is heavier than himself* … Of course, one immediately asks: “How could one have let it come to that?” And that’s exactly the question I’ve been asking Bob over and over, in his mortal state and in his discarnate one … “How in the world could you have let it come to that?”

… and a doctor says *"It's impossible to remove the tumor without causing you to bleed to death."*

And it was like Bob was telling me about how in the night before I had arrived he had bled "a pint of blood" and "I'm only glad I didn't pass out". Well. I had to learn, in the next days, about the development of tumors and how they grow their own blood supply … oh had I known that it was a tumor months before, Bob would still be alive. I didn't ask for a photograph of his condition, because I didn't want to intrude in Bob's sacred privacy. Something held me back. I was afraid of what I was going to see … but what I saw in that TV-series episode, was a kind of … *very sarcastic reflection* of what I've also been writing in this contact diary, that showing Bob's tumor here would change the life of every reader …

This TV-scenario is like Bob looking over my shoulder as I was watching the giant tumor, chuckling and saying, "Now, Dani, *that's* a tumor!" But it also confirmed a lot of medical aspects that we'd been dealing with … He wouldn't survive surgery in his condition or a hospital bacterium. So he made me promise to help him, which I did. He was getting so much better. Then in a state of confusion he went to the hospital … and that was it. But it doesn't have to be like that … there can be the right doctors at the right time – if the patient is meant to recover.

The cause of Bob's death was not the tumor.

January 22, 2020 – **The Candy Wrappings**

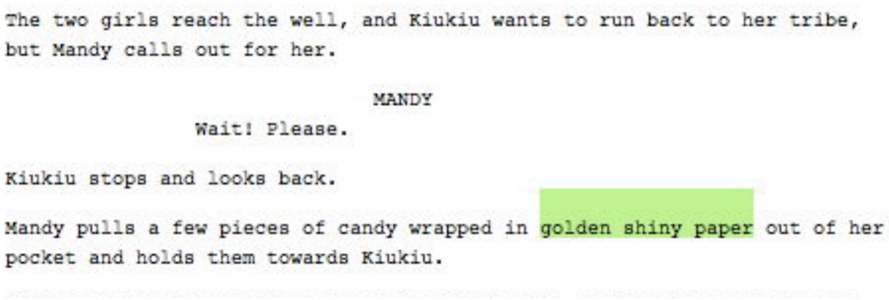
Well, something interesting, on the 22222 day (… 01 22 2020 or in German 22 01 2020)

I've been seeing **golden wrapping paper for candy** all over the place, walking with Jacqui in Griffen … I only thought of it as "dirt on the road", but I did feel a strange *tingling* about it being all over the place … Yet, I wasn't clear why.

The medium Dr. A. had told me "from Bob" that I should "*get back to the basics*". This has been going around on my mind.

I had contacted Serge King because of Stewart White's writings, and he had told me that he had read "The Betty Book" many years ago and has read "The Unobstructed Universe" (and wouldn't contradict anything in there!), and recently I felt urged to remind him that he should really read "Across the Unknown" … and he responded kindly, he would, but he has just now finished his own biographical book "Yovo-Yovo", of which he sent me a pre-publishing copy. So "Yovo-Yovo" means "*Whitey-Whitey*" … what he was called in **African** countries working there (in a Catholic relief program). Turns out, this book is about his seven years in Africa, from 1964 on, when I was born. ***It got me right back to my own Africa days*** …

And now I remembered the ***Africa-trilogy*** I've written in 2009/2011/2016 … "***Curly Fish***" … and as I opened the script today, because I first wanted to send Serge only and excerpt, but then ended up sending him the pdf of all three parts, I came across – "**golden wrapping paper for candy**", *a major factor in the story!*



The two girls reach the well, and Kiukiu wants to run back to her tribe, but Mandy calls out for her.

MANDY

Wait! Please.

Kiukiu stops and looks back.

Mandy pulls a few pieces of candy wrapped in golden shiny paper out of her pocket and holds them towards Kiukiu.

Omas Beste
Butterscotch Sweets
Omas Beste

I had forgotten about it. That’s why the golden wrapping paper has attracted me so much?
The gold-wrapped candy in the film script is “*Dutch Caramels*”, what I found is “**Butterscotch**”.

January 22, 2020 **– Sage Candy**

Oh-kay!

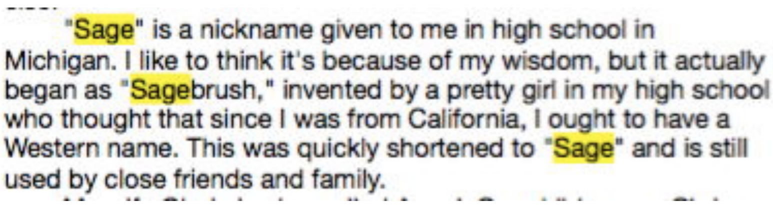
I took a walk with Jacqui, along our new forest path … right after writing the above… and I got very upset at some point, feeling strangely impatient, *telling Bob and “them” how they better show me that they are truly working with me* … as I’m still mortal and I have needs! So I gave them a **rant**. I totally flashed back to Maui, while walking on a huge field, and it seemed so unbelievable that Bob isn’t a mortal person anymore … actually then my rant really went on. I need to know whether or not I’m on the right path! What if I make everything up in my mind, and it’s all “coincidence”?

I found a **different candy wrapping paper**, and because it’s kind of unusual to find candy wrapping paper at all, I took a picture, it lying on the ground.

SALVITA
SALBEI
ZUCKERFREI

I didn’t bother to look closely what was written on it, only saw “sugarfree” and went on. Then, more ranting … I told the “invisibles” that they maybe have forgotten how it was to be mortal, but if I’m supposed to stand true to my promise of “Regents of Clouds”, then Bob must prove to me somehow that he his, too!

And as I walked on, back towards the car, I saw **another candy wrapping paper of the same kind** on the ground, looking fresher … I kind of was upset because why would people simply drop a candy wrapping paper … but this time I picked it up, and it was “**Salbei**”, which is – “**Sage**”.

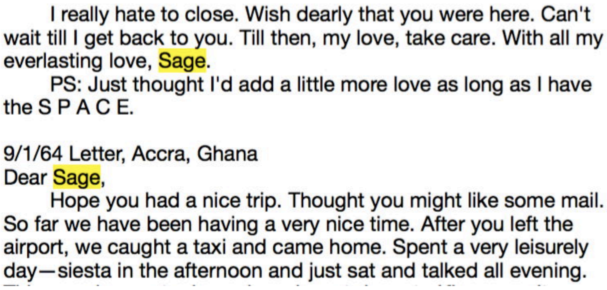


"Sage" is a nickname given to me in high school in Michigan. I like to think it's because of my wisdom, but it actually began as "Sagebrush," invented by a pretty girl in my high school who thought that since I was from California, I ought to have a Western name. This was quickly shortened to "Sage" and is still used by close friends and family.

Now, I’ve *never* found a sage-candy-wrapping-paper exactly on the day that I’ve been reading about “**Sage**” and from “Sage” *which is the name **Serge** King had among his friends and family!* And I had just read it in his pre-print book!

What are the odds? None.

But what does that mean? That Bob is telling me that he sees what I see and is aware what I’m doing? And that it was good of me to connect with Serge again … and hadn’t he sent me his pre-published manuscript of this life in Africa, and hadn’t I read in it yesterday for the first time that his name is also “Sage”, his wife calls him that … the “sage”-candy-wrapping-paper would not have made sense.



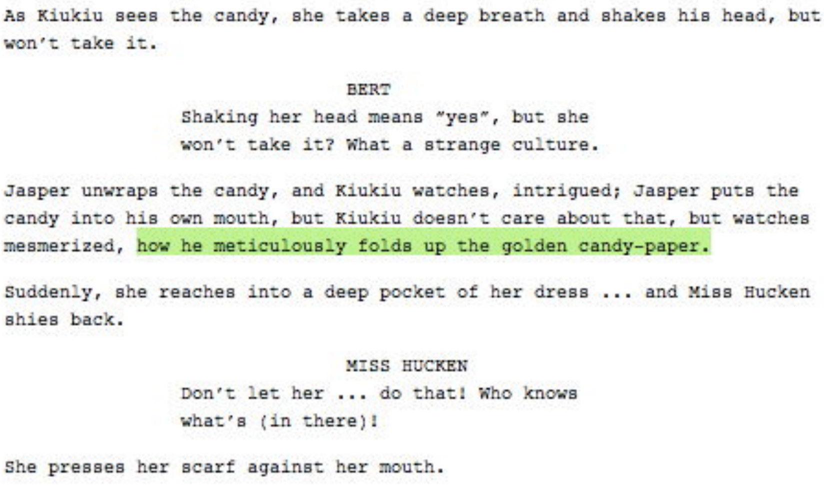
I really hate to close. Wish dearly that you were here. Can't wait till I get back to you. Till then, my love, take care. With all my everlasting love, Sage.

PS: Just thought I'd add a little more love as long as I have the S P A C E.

9/1/64 Letter, Accra, Ghana
Dear Sage,

Hope you had a nice trip. Thought you might like some mail. So far we have been having a very nice time. After you left the airport, we caught a taxi and came home. Spent a very leisurely day—siesta in the afternoon and just sat and talked all evening.

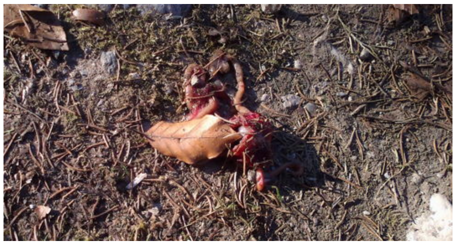
And, again, in “**Curly Fish**”, my Africa-trilogy, **candy-wrapping-paper** is a huge plot-asset. I’ve been thinking recently that it can’t be that all my scripts were written for nothing?



```
As Kiukiu sees the candy, she takes a deep breath and shakes his head, but
won’t take it.

                                 BERT
                Shaking her head means “yes”, but she
                won’t take it? What a strange culture.

Jasper unwraps the candy, and Kiukiu watches, intrigued; Jasper puts the
candy into his own mouth, but Kiukiu doesn’t care about that, but watches
mesmerized, how he meticulously folds up the golden candy-paper.

Suddenly, she reaches into a deep pocket of her dress ... and Miss Hucken
shies back.

                              MISS HUCKEN
                Don’t let her ... do that! Who knows
                what’s (in there)!

She presses her scarf against her mouth.
```

It was baffling. I got to admit. I turned around and said to *them* “Well, that’s kind of … proof-ish kind of thing, well done, I give you that”.

Okay, I also found a very gross “**raw thing”**, a piece of an animal’s body … and while this is yuck, I do realize that it’s a message of sorts. Why? I’ve been seeing lots of that kind of stuff – watching ***“The Good Doctor”*** with all the gross surgery imagery … blood and medical gore, so me finding this …



… tells me, that Bob is telling me ***“I see what you see!”*** Because never have I found anything like this, on any of my paths before, actually. I did touch this thing with a stick, and saw (right before getting ready to vomit) that something hard is inside, like a snail or a shell, or maybe it’s only a frozen piece of that thing ... I won’t explore further. I appreciate the gesture, Bob. (***Crackling***, just now, the first today, and I only minutes ago started working on this c. d.!)

Also … about my **dreams** … I’ve been having intense dreams … and I’m kind of surprised, that I don’t remember them as clearly as I’m used to. Not even when I wake up … they are already “gone” then. Which is new to me. Tonight, for example, something adventurous happened, and I remember a tall and tanned and blond-ish man … could be Bob, but I don’t remember what we did, only that something was “accomplished”, that’s how it feels. Odd, in a way.

January 23, 2020

(Edited for privacy … I met a nice woman who is dog-sitting her son’s young dog, and I happened to get to know her son at a gas station a few weeks ago, and we talked about alternative medicine regarding cancer, and I told her Bob’s story and sent her the information I have.)

Then …

I couldn’t help but watch more of “***The Good Doctor***” … more people dying, more catastrophes, more blood and medical gore … and sure enough, in episode 11, “Dr. Park” explains to his son why he wasn’t ever emotionally available, his father had told him:

“**Be like stone, never cry**”.

Well, Bob Stone has cried a lot, he shared with me, in the last year of his life …

THE FUTURE
IS FEMALE

And the gross yucky **bowely thing** (that I found on the path) came right back to me, too (yes, bowel surgery) … in the same episode with the “**Be like stone …”!**

January 23, 2020

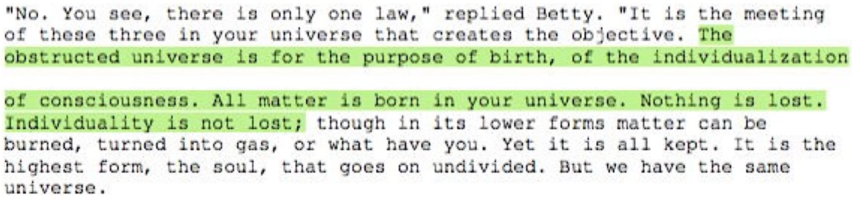
I watched more episodes of *“The Good Doctor”* … and I ended up seeing a “**mechanical heart**” in a patient … geez, I couldn’t have gotten a clearer image demonstrating to me to what extent a human body is really truly a **machine**.

Me feeling so drawn to a TV-series about surgeons, when I normally can’t even stand seeing anything bloody … perhaps is an aspect of my “spiritual learning” about the truth of the human body being really a

“pod” … because the way those people handle the organs and dig into the body at the operations, wow, that’s just like dealing with a bag of soft fruits …

I just flashed back to the first weeks after Bob’s death, when I had devoured books written by surgeons, like Dr. Sherwin B. Nuland about the functioning of the body … or “Being Mortal” by Dr. Atul Gawande … or even the book “When Breath Becomes Air” by the surgeon Dr. Paul Kalanithi who described his own dying of cancer … and yesterday, talking with that woman about people in late stages of cancer, I realized once more, that it takes the proper attitude to even try to heal oneself.

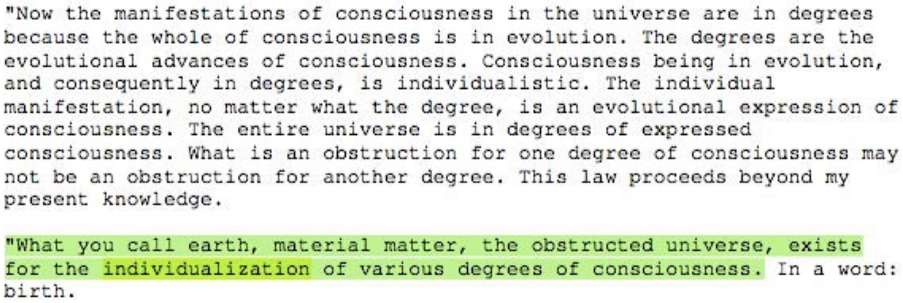
Life in the material realm as mortals is meant **to serve the soul.** And figuring out how to keep the physical shell intact and functioning properly, is part of the “*individualization process*” that consciousness goes through in order to evolve.



"No. You see, there is only one law," replied Betty. "It is the meeting of these three in your universe that creates the objective. The obstructed universe is for the purpose of birth, of the individualization

of consciousness. All matter is born in your universe. Nothing is lost. Individuality is not lost; though in its lower forms matter can be burned, turned into gas, or what have you. Yet it is all kept. It is the highest form, the soul, that goes on undivided. But we have the same universe.

Betty, Stewart, Joan, Darby, Richard, Margaret and all the folks of their time have done immeasurably precious work in the regard of making this clear to the mortal mankind …

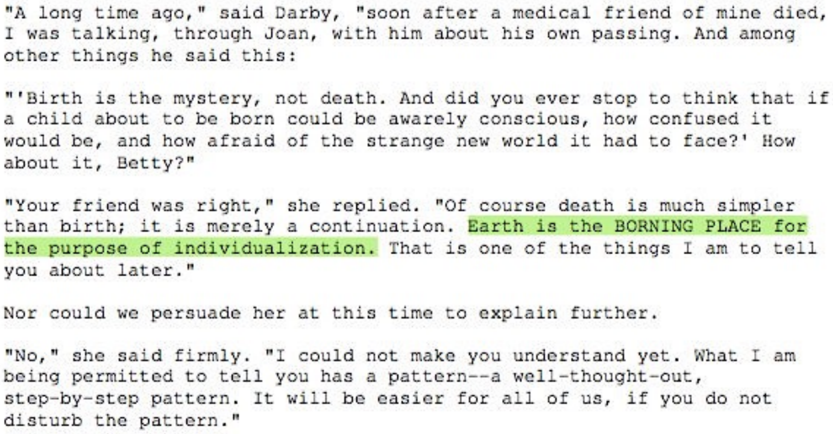


"Now the manifestations of consciousness in the universe are in degrees because the whole of consciousness is in evolution. The degrees are the evolutional advances of consciousness. Consciousness being in evolution, and consequently in degrees, is individualistic. The individual manifestation, no matter what the degree, is an evolutional expression of consciousness. The entire universe is in degrees of expressed consciousness. What is an obstruction for one degree of consciousness may not be an obstruction for another degree. This law proceeds beyond my present knowledge.

"What you call earth, material matter, the obstructed universe, exists for the individualization of various degrees of consciousness. In a word: birth.

But too few people ever picked up the thread … and I myself have been realizing recently how ignorant even people are, who deal with “the beyond” …

There is only one person who’d have appreciated the subject and with who I could have discussed it to no end: **Bob**.



"A long time ago," said Darby, "soon after a medical friend of mine died, I was talking, through Joan, with him about his own passing. And among other things he said this:

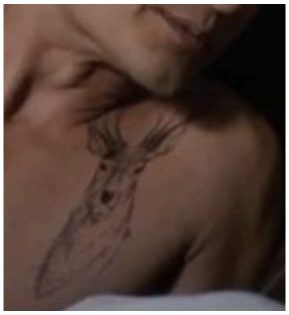
"'Birth is the mystery, not death. And did you ever stop to think that if a child about to be born could be awarely conscious, how confused it would be, and how afraid of the strange new world it had to face?' How about it, Betty?"

"Your friend was right," she replied. "Of course death is much simpler than birth; it is merely a continuation. Earth is the BORNING PLACE for the purpose of individualization. That is one of the things I am to tell you about later."

Nor could we persuade her at this time to explain further.

"No," she said firmly. "I could not make you understand yet. What I am being permitted to tell you has a pattern--a well-thought-out, step-by-step pattern. It will be easier for all of us, if you do not disturb the pattern."

Plus … I discovered a **rose** image of the kind I’ve seen around after the key chain in the movie … on a wall of the hospital set of *“The Good Doctor”.* And: I’ve finally seen the tattoo that “Dr. Mendelez” has, and that’s always a bit visible … it’s a *deer buck.*

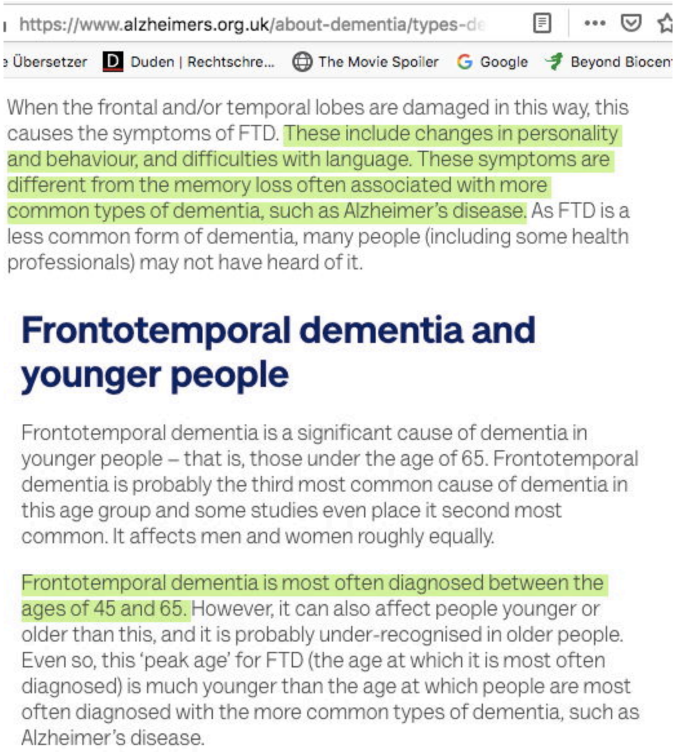


January 24, 2020 – **Brain Farts Reloaded**

Again, during the night, I had extreme pain in my right back, in the **kidneys** area. But somehow, I could still get back to sleep. This morning, I realized I wanted to get information for my mother for biorhythm-matters, as she can’t sleep around 2 a.m. Turns out it’s the high-phase of the liver, so detox.

So as I was online, I saw a note about **Terry Jones** of Monty Pythons having died …

… and there I got a very interesting hint, he had suffered from “frontotemporal dementia”. And that’s what Bob had. I read up on it. I’m pretty sure of it now.



When the frontal and/or temporal lobes are damaged in this way, this causes the symptoms of FTD. These include changes in personality and behaviour, and difficulties with language. These symptoms are different from the memory loss often associated with more common types of dementia, such as Alzheimer’s disease. As FTD is a less common form of dementia, many people (including some health professionals) may not have heard of it.

Frontotemporal dementia and younger people

Frontotemporal dementia is a significant cause of dementia in younger people – that is, those under the age of 65. Frontotemporal dementia is probably the third most common cause of dementia in this age group and some studies even place it second most common. It affects men and women roughly equally.

Frontotemporal dementia is most often diagnosed between the ages of 45 and 65. However, it can also affect people younger or older than this, and it is probably under-recognised in older people. Even so, this ‘peak age’ for FTD (the age at which it is most often diagnosed) is much younger than the age at which people are most often diagnosed with the more common types of dementia, such as Alzheimer’s disease.

Bob had all the symptoms of this brain illness, ever since I knew him … and so that’s why he ignored his tumor-growth and made all the wrong decisions?

Instead of calling him on his strange behavior and taking it serious when he talked about his despair about his “brain-farts”, and he’s always done that, and instead of speaking up when I noticed that he was too aggressive and too judgmental along with his inability to express himself, and his shortness of breath with anger, he simply couldn't help himself … I stayed quiet. I didn't want him to feel criticized or inadequate. But maybe he had been mentally impaired for a while? And one can die of the consequences of such a condition …

When I met Bob, I saw and knew that his behavior and reaction to many things was a little off. He was a genius and smart and sweet and sexy… but he was strange, too. He took a long time, sometimes, to be able to express something verbally, took a long time to find the word he wanted to say. I noticed that early on in talks especially with clients. But I thought, well, that's his way of speaking. He didn't speak like that privately. So I thought those were simply personality traits … He'd misplace things all the time. He'd stare and glare and not say a word for long periods of time. He'd go crazy looking for stuff. He was unable to name files properly so that he'd find them later. I often watch him "organize" his video files, and I knew the way he did that he'd have trouble finding them later.

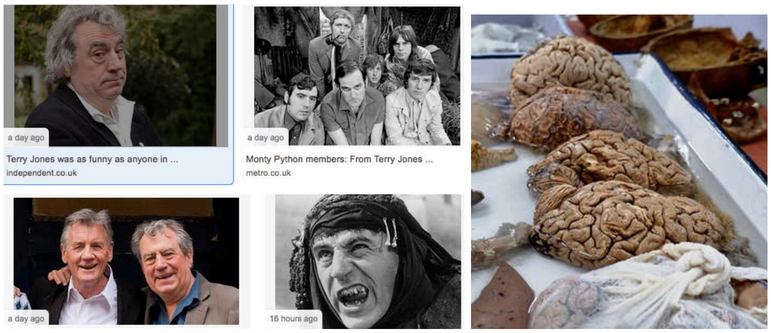
In later years, he moaned and sniffled a lot and would swear he didn't. He'd blow up at me in anger many times and then apologies explaining that he didn't know what had gotten into him. Later, he'd admit to be unable to focus and accomplish complex editing tasks, and that's when I started to jump in, as early as in 2003. And it culminated in 2014 in a project that was a disaster for him and that I actually edited and directed for him … and I still didn't think it was a real actual condition he had, I always thought that it was just his never-ending work on "Taylor Camp" (12 years!) that drove him crazy and stressed him out. And it did.

I so so so regret not having reacted when he told me about that one night, when he talked on stage at a screening, and he wouldn't stop talking and lost track of time, and he had to be escorted off stage by a "friend" … I remember my heart sinking when he told me that on the phone. He was surprised himself, and embarrassed, in hindsight … and I thought that something was wrong with him. I couldn't say to him "Bob, please have yourself checked by a doctor." Our relationship was precarious enough.

And I knew one thing: Bob was always the first to research online the best supplements for all kinds of needs. I always had supplements for mental support at home.

And when I suspected that Bob virtually "forgot about me", some times, and that he made rash decisions ignoring what he had agreed to do with me and actually never following up on things we talked on the phone about … and a year later he still hadn't done what he had promised … maybe that was all due to his physical condition, called "frontotemporal dementia".

Wow. Does that help me? Not really, apart from the informational value and the fact that I think that I was "meant" to discover this, based on the death of **Terry Jones**.


a day ago
Terry Jones was as funny as anyone in ...
independent.co.uk
a day ago
Monty Python members: From Terry Jones ...
metro.co.uk
a day ago
16 hours ago

I think that our most important organ, the **brain**, is very prone to malfunctioning … for a gazillion of causes*. And all those causes are good for one aim:* to **stop the body from functioning. To free the soul**. Now, if the mortal is smart and energetically strong enough to repair his own body or find the proper means to get it healed, then the soul relaxes and uses the body some more. But everything else is meant to simply get rid of the "pod". The soul has other stuff to do than waste time in a useless mortal "story".

I guess, that’s what “human nature” is, too, *the brain not functioning “perfectly”*, so that most of us have “*condition*” … and that condition, that’s based on physical mal-functioning, makes part of our **personality**.

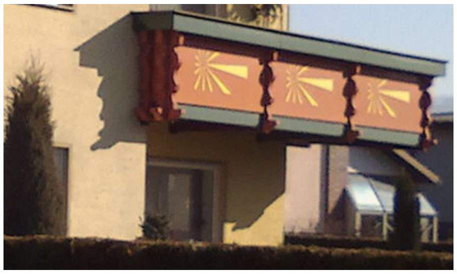
I read “rest in peace” for Terry Jones. But I know that there isn’t any “resting” in the sense of “lying down in one’s grave and being quiet”. Life goes on for Terry Jones. In a way I’m a bit jealous.

Just yesterday I discovered a random picture, online, of a man in a Hawaii shirt, who “**shakas**” in the slightly clumsy way Bob had always done it … It’s significant, because I’d always observe Bob do it and laugh, and he’d often try openly and say “I just don’t seem to get it right.”

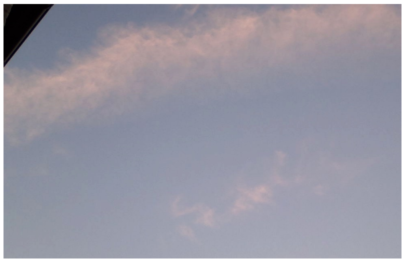
… it truly feels a greeting from **Bob** (as I was googling something entirely different, and that picture just showed up) … And look at the license plate number that crossed my path: **222 DS**!

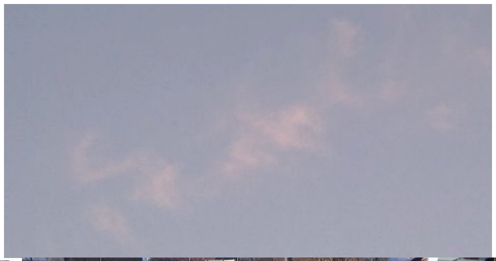
January 24, 2020

Walking with Jacqui, found a **mistletoe** twig …



…, a **house with three suns** and **clouds** that looked like forming a **word** in the sky …





BIO
CRACKLE
RAKETE

And: a scrap of paper reading “big **crackle** rocket” … and that after I wrote about “crackling”. Mind you: *No* other paper garbage or pieces anywhere around! Just that!

I felt so drawn to *“The Good Doctor”* again, although I had promised myself to watch something else … I even tried, but the movie “**Honey Boy**” wouldn’t start. So I clicked on season 1 of “The Good Doctor”, episode 14, and there it was: Dr. Andrews says to his wife: “**We’re a team, babe, we’re in this together**”. Yes, this can be heard all the time in movies. But I’ve been asking Bob *to give me the answer* to my question whether or not he is “with me still” and if we’re working together! And later, said Dr. Andrews:

“I met a couple today who’d lost their way. But they loved each other. By the time they realized that, it was too late.”

January 25, 2020 **– Bobby On My Path & the Year We Met!**

I drove to Velden … saw car license plate numbers “**217 BD**” (my birth day, Bob and Dani) and also “222” on the truck I followed … and several more I can’t remember.

I felt so sad and so much longing for Bob, and I was scared about the dramatic things I’d maybe see, at my mother’s and my father’s … so I took Jacqui to the **Forestlake** for a hike around before the visits. Of course I was thinking about Bob and talking to him, how I really *need communication* from him …

And right after the first ascend in the forest, arriving at the path around the lake, I came across a center point with the year “**2002**” on it. ***That’s the year I met Bob*** … and just a few meters further, on the same path: A candy wrapping paper that reads “**Bobby Caramel**” … now … as you know, candy wrapping paper has been having big value to me … and then combined with “**Bobby**” … my Bobby. And ***no*** other paper, no garbage, nothing around …

BOBBY
CARAMEL

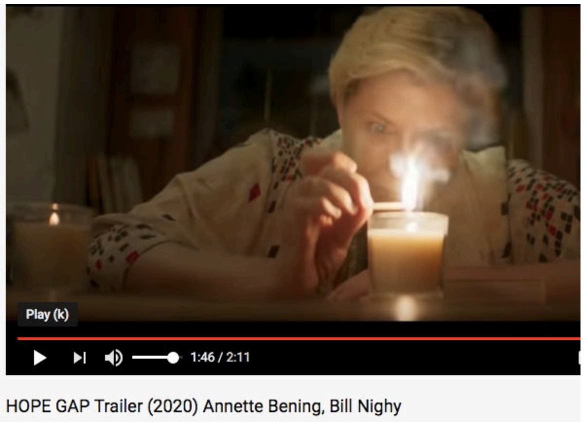
I stood there, in awe for a while. There are no coincidences like that. Then Jacqui and I hiked around the lake, and I several single **gloves** …

… and everytime I thought how often I had said “**give me five**” to Bob … and it feels like they are all the responses in **advance** … when I say “give me five”, he can say ***“Did it already!”***

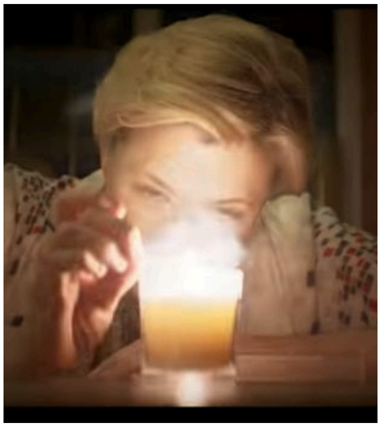
I’m already breaking out in tears already again, just now … that happens a lot, recently. Plus, there was a **tree with a tumor**, that looked just like a penis cancer.

And there was a **sponge** … and it's silly to think *"Sponge Bob",* but just earlier, on the highway, I had seen a ***yellow sponge***!

I also saw an amazing **icicles formation** … that looked like it had deep roots … but it didn't, the water flew under it! Back home, I watched the trailer of "**Hope Gap**" … and there I found a scene of something I had actually experienced:



HOPE GAP Trailer (2020) Annette Bening, Bill Nighy



On one of the days right after Bob's death … I lit a candle, and suddenly there was a hissing sound, and the **wick with the flame flew across the table**. I remember shouting out, startled and shying back. It was the only time I lit a candle. *It was the first time I "knew" something was … strange about thinking that Bob was "dead".* And I had forgotten about it … until I saw the scene with Annette Benning in the movie. How a candle kind of "explodes" on her.

January 26, 2020 – Crocodiles & a Baby

It's Sunday, and it was one of those mornings where I feel so heavy and tired, that I just can't get up … I had a dream, but couldn't remember, just that I had been tossing and turning all night and waking up all the time. My heart had been painful, and my back too, so it wasn't a great night. I was hot … maybe also because of the emotionally intense afternoon with my mother and my father and his wife Edith, all three of them kind of in need of help. And again, I had asked myself, who the fuck would ever take care of me and ask how I was? There is literally nobody who does that. Ever. Maybe my dog.

So, lying there in the morning, half asleep, *I asked Bob to talk with me*, taking advantage of that half-sleep-state, … *and then I dreamed of him* … wow!

What a strange **dream**!

I was working on a *project*, preparing, getting small items like ceramic figurines, like a **tiny curled up crocodile**, and other **crocodile-like figures**, kind of tiny **dinosaurs** … and Bob came and used it for someone else, a woman with a **baby** … But I don’t know what he did with them.

I walked in on him at my grandmother Maria’s old bedroom, where he was lying on his back, as he was wearing something **white** like a doctor, and he **held up** the **baby,** playing with it, and to the baby’s clothes or wrapping he had attached those *figurines* he’d stolen from me! I left him alone with the baby, but later, somewhere on a meadow, *I destroyed what he had made*, or I wanted to, and it was some kind of clothing using the **things** I had gathered and prepared for my own usage. But those “things” were obscure, it’s like I knew about them, but I didn’t ‘see them clearly or at all.

There was also something about **water** and swimming …

Was it about warning me to not let someone again take away from me on what I’m working on so hard? Do I need to care more about my assets in this realm?

Bob also broke the tiny **ceramic figurines** … and they looked like clay, sometimes I had the impression they were green-striped, like a certain type of porcelain …

… somehow it was about spreading a cloth on the ground, something light, and it was about treating people, like a doctor (?), and using those things that I had collected and prepared on that cloth … and I trusted Bob with helping me, but he used all for his own stuff, completely ignoring me, benefitting some stranger, recklessly. It was not really Bob, he didn’t look like him, but I felt even attracted to that asshole, he was kind of blond and clean shaven, attractive, **Nordic type** …

The strangest **clouds**, this late morning … even like **dinosaurs** … just **sky creatures** with spikes, spines … buttons … and a **shark** formed, and an “**S**” formed out of it.

… and then, an hour later, sirens, ambulance, must have been a horrible accident nearby. Lucky me, that I drove for the Velden visit yesterday.

Yesterday both my father and Edith talked about dying … they are truly miserable. My father has fallen because of the dog, and Edith feels organically sick … and he does look very old and had a hard time moving … and he is incredibly bitter and close to violent to the dog at times.

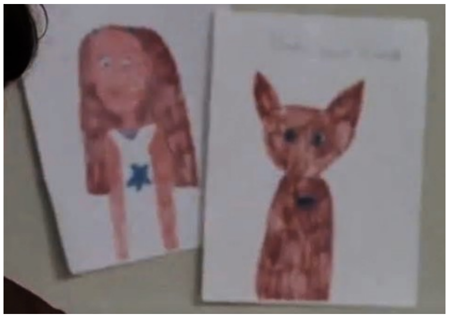
January 26, 2020 – A Penis in Grey

Again much pain in my heart and in my back during the night.

Also it feels that immediately when I have an intense thought about Bob, I get a huge flash of heat … that's what menopausal hot flashes must be about … but I don't have them at other times, only when I have a big sad thought of sorrow …

And:

I started to watch the **TV-series "Grey's Anatomy"**, and I kind of think I like it. Never watched it before! I was thinking – after binge-watching *"The Good Doctor"* what famous TV-series' there were that I didn't know. Because if I want to sell my TV-series, I better wise up on what's out there already. So I was sitting over my late breakfast, watching the **"***Grey's Anatomy" pilot* – and I like the characters. "*Do you want me to* watch Grey's Anatomy, Bob?" I asked.



One of the first **images** in episode 1 – **Jacqui and I**! In the end of the first episode of Grey's Anatomy, it turns out that Dr. Grey's **mother** has **dementia**! Got my attention.

Okay! Watching an episode in which the doctor Grey carries around a **penis** (!) – during the episode! A **penis**! A man raped a woman and she bit his penis off. They want to sow it back on. The rapist is shown stumbling along, his **pants blood soaked in his crotch** …

… and all I can think about is how Bob told me that the night before I arrived on August 7, 2018, how a blood vessel had burst in his penis-tumor-area, and he had bled and bled … “I think I lost a **pint of blood,** I’m lucky that I didn’t pass out”.

I had no idea that this would happen in that episode … so that’s why I felt urged to watch “Grey’s Anatomy” today, Sunday, when I had pledged my time to working on my contact diary? It has turned into a synchronicity study.

*(Note/edit: Something amazing just happened, as I’m **editing** this, on April 13, 2020. I had seen the title of a TV-show yesterday, and I took a screenshot. So I started to watch the episode 1 of “**Home After Dark**”, about a 9 years old girl who thinks she is a reporter …*

HARBOR SCHOOL
Whales

*Well, that smart girl first of all reminds me of myself. She even looks like I looked as a little girl. But was stunned me absolutely, is, that again something distinct came up, that I had just worked over yesterday: my whale ring! In “Home After Dark” a whale tail is a major plot aspect! I had no idea, how would I? But just yesterday I had gone over the January 7 entry … where I had received that **whale** ring as a gift, and today … the whale tail in that TV-series!)*

January 26, 2020 **– Dinosaurs, a Baby & Bob’s Own Words**
Crying again … it really hit me, just now. “They” know what I’m watching.
In episode 2 of “Grey’s Anatomy” there is a **baby**! A baby with a **white bear**!

After *I* ***dreamed of a baby*** … held and played with by ***someone with a white coat like a doctor!*** In the series, two doctors go to watch babies to feel better, emotionally. Through a glass window at the baby-station of the hospital … wow!

This morning, I photographed **clouds** with strange dots and “dinosaur”-clouds … after my dream about **crocodile and dinosaur type figurines!**

And just now, I watched episode 4 of *“Grey’s Anatomy”*. It’s, among others, about a guy who has prostate cancer and is talking about losing his ability to be sexually active or even excitable … and that was one of the most painful experiences for me … hearing Bob say that, too.

And in the end of the episode, there are …

… dinosaur figurines!

What are the odds?

It feels like Bob wants to show me that … well, that he is right in the middle of everything that’s going on in me and with me!

(Note/edit: Hey! I just had an ***extraordinary new thought*** *… but there was some inkling of that today during my Easter Monday walk too, it’s April 13, 2020, that I’m editing this … and here is my thought: If we, like I believe, enter the beyond in our sleep state, meaning that when our body is “out”, our consciousness lives fully in the “beyond”, tied to the body by the symbolic “silver cord”. So this means … I myself am in the beyond with Bob and with “them” … so of course “they” then know what I’m all about! Is it me, myself, who “tells them”? This is a more naïve way to put this … because it’s actually very complex that mere idea. For example, relating to the chronology aspect, and that there is no time in the beyond … yet, me as a mortal who visits there always goes back to the realm with the time as I know it as a mortal … and at the same time, I don’t have to really “tell” “them” anything, because when I’m “there”, I'm just consciousness, and I can share with them without speaking, and they can look into my energetic persona anyway. But all that has only value if a “visit” to the beyond in the sleep state was really a fact and also effective! By that I mean … well, most certainly, we can’t “totally” be there, because otherwise we wouldn’t wake up as bodies anymore and be “dead” as mortals. So … it may not be that way that we just hang out there and deal with stuff … If we’d do that, it would mean that we actually pull our own strings! So most likely we have an*

advantage in sharing what we’re doing beyond the watching from the side of the discarnates. So I’m sure that I’ve actually connected with Bob in my sleep state and have retained some memories of that via my subconscious that then delivers stories that I, as the mortal, can understand … and, as an advanced insightful person, can then interpret … so … anyway! Just saying that … it doesn’t have to be Bob or “them” alone to create that network of amazing synchronicities. It may be that ***I myself am involved*** *in that when my consciousness is not “tied up” in my current mortal story and when I’m “in the beyond, visiting”.)*

In the end of each episode, Dr. Grey holds a little speech, and this time she says, while leading her **demented mother** down a stairways, that “we got to hold on to things as they work as long as they do”. I’ve been thinking about that, always, recently, seeing my mother decline and my father … as long as it’s possible, I’ll deal with them as if all was fine.

And with myself too.

Discovered a *wart* on my right arm. My left hand doesn’t have much strength, like breaking off chocolate, nearly impossible. I have pain in the stomach a lot, in the back and also in my bowels. So fucking what? I cooked ginger today. Can’t die just yet. Or fall sick.

Oh, okay. So the **“*crocodil-ish*” figures** in my **dream** this morning … *they play on what I was going to experience during the day and evening!* Those figurines that the strange man – who was like Bob, but was not Bob – took from me and “attached” them to that “baby”, they showed up as **dinosaurs** in that TV-show where there was also a **story about a baby** also was in (but in episode 3) …?

This is exciting and confusing. Is it a proof by Bob that he can “read” my mind? Or is it a reminder that what happened in my dream … *actually happened?* In the beyond? Not literally like my subconscious delivered it to me … but something went on, and I was to see it again in those TV-series-scenes, because Bob knows that I would notice and that I would “get it”, that the dream was not just a dream? *(Note/edit: The whole full* ***insight*** *I describe on the actual entry of today …)*

“Grey’s Anatomy” … is kind of interesting how the life of surgeons, the things that happen in a hospital is being made clear to me … is that some kind of attempt to help me “get over it” …? “It” being what happened to Bob? And Dr. Grey … taking over custody at the proper time, as long as her mother is still lucid (at times) … is that a reflection, too?

Okay. Episode 6 of “Grey’s Anatomy” is called **“If Tomorrow Never Comes”** … the song that made me break out in tears at a shop in Griffen, (at ADEG) just a few weeks ago … on November 30, actually, and whose lyrics I “heard”, for the first time.

I’m afraid to watch it. But I will.

… okay, just googled it, and the song is from **2002** by Ronan Keating … and **he looks like the guy in my dream this morning**! The blond guy! ***Who was “like” Bob, but not Bob!***

RONAN KEATING
IF TOMORROW
NEVER COMES

So: Episode 6 of "Grey's Anatomy" is called "If Tomorrow Never Comes" … and "Dr. Grey" says at the beginning of the episode in her voice over:

"Whatever it is we're afraid of, one thing holds true: That by the time the pain of not doing a thing is worse than the fear of doing it … it can feel like we're carrying around a giant tumor"

Really. How can something that was aired in 2005 ***be so relevant for me today?***

And there it was, a **giant tumor**, too. Yikes.

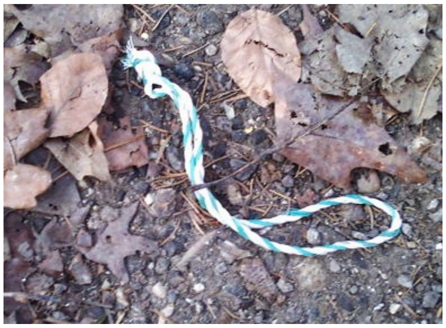
And it's about a doctor assuming that "***… if someone waits that long to do something against that giant tumor, they want to die".***

The patient explains that everytime someone of her family went to a hospital, they died. So she never went and kept putting it off. See what I mean? This is Bob talking. Literally.

January 27, 2020 **– A String Figure?**

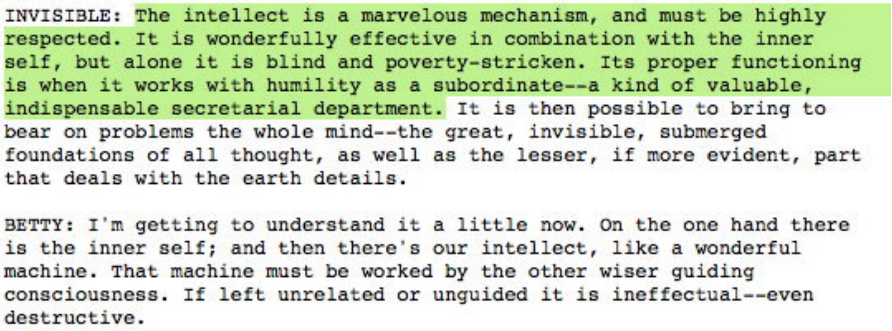
It may be a small thing … but it's a "thing"; Yesterday, after the morning-dream and the crocodile-figurines, I wrote about how they seemed "white-green"-striped … and today I found a **tied white-green piece of string**. To me, that felt special. Is it a so-called ***"String Figure"?***

(Hahaha, that would be Bob's kind of humor!)



And get this! Yesterday, when working on some editing of the July-2019-section of this contact diary, I came across a dream-story **where I had worn some white-green turtleneck** or pullover, something narrow and suffocating … how interesting that the time-lines are merging that way! And today, I saw just the perfect **tree** to illustrate this …

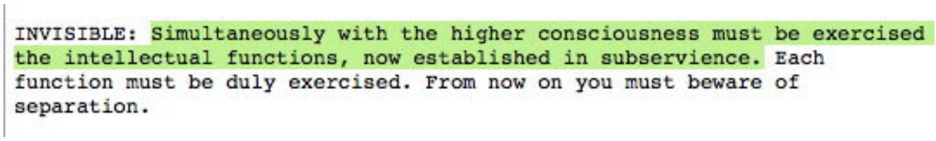
(Note/edit: That's the original entry, I did that editing work as a rough read through before I worked on the photographs.)



INVISIBLE: The intellect is a marvelous mechanism, and must be highly respected. It is wonderfully effective in combination with the inner self, but alone it is blind and poverty-stricken. Its proper functioning is when it works with humility as a subordinate--a kind of valuable, indispensable secretarial department. It is then possible to bring to bear on problems the whole mind--the great, invisible, submerged foundations of all thought, as well as the lesser, if more evident, part that deals with the earth details.

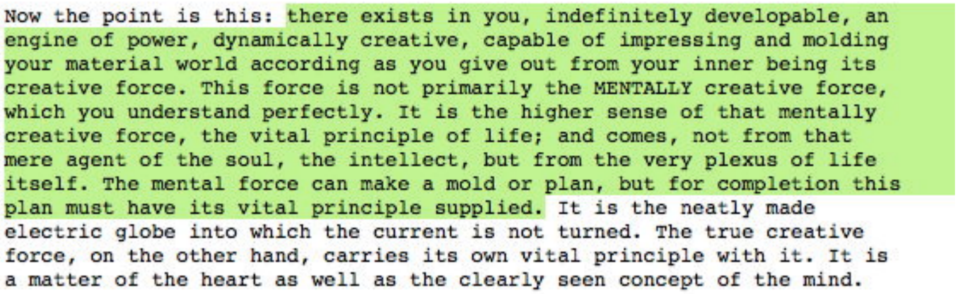
BETTY: I'm getting to understand it a little now. On the one hand there is the inner self; and then there's our intellect, like a wonderful machine. That machine must be worked by the other wiser guiding consciousness. If left unrelated or unguided it is ineffectual--even destructive.

Plus: Last night I read in "Across the Unknown" how it's so important to use the **intellect** to deal with the newly found insights of a "higher spiritual reality". And I think, this as follows, belongs to ***the most important aspects of spiritual development and "enlightenment" ever written:***



INVISIBLE: Simultaneously with the higher consciousness must be exercised the intellectual functions, now established in subservience. Each function must be duly exercised. From now on you must beware of separation.

Today, walking across a hill-ridge (where I'd then find the white-green string), I felt like I was huge and gigantic and my dog, too, and we were looking down on the tiny world, with the ice-crystals being the people and houses … and we would "step on them" but not crush them … it was a spacey kind of experience … but I can never allow myself to spacey experiences, because I never know who shows up in those forests, and my dog sometimes gets spooked by the sight of something … and I don't want to leave him "alone" out there.



Now the point is this: there exists in you, indefinitely developable, an engine of power, dynamically creative, capable of impressing and molding your material world according as you give out from your inner being its creative force. This force is not primarily the MENTALLY creative force, which you understand perfectly. It is the higher sense of that mentally creative force, the vital principle of life; and comes, not from that mere agent of the soul, the intellect, but from the very plexus of life itself. The mental force can make a mold or plan, but for completion this plan must have its vital principle supplied. It is the neatly made electric globe into which the current is not turned. The true creative force, on the other hand, carries its own vital principle with it. It is a matter of the heart as well as the clearly seen concept of the mind.

Yes, it's that kind of thought that I'm more "feeling" than "thinking" these days, as I walk this Earth …

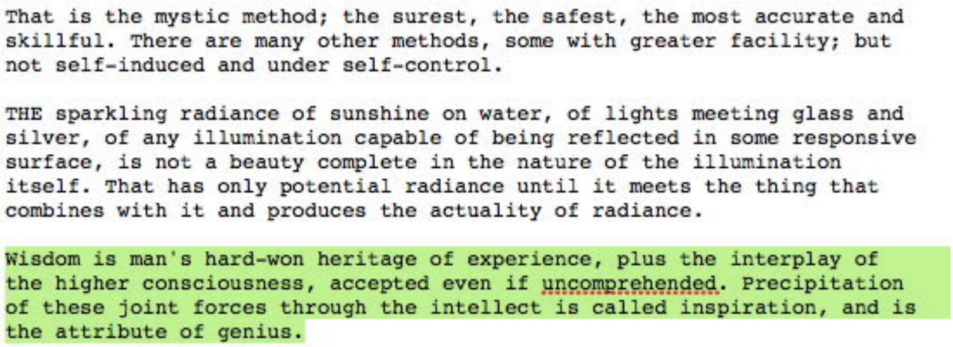
Today, I suddenly had to think of Henry Opukaha’ia, and the word “Napo’opo’o” came to my mind, it’s a place in Hawaii, probably Henry’s gravesite … but I was kind of startled by the realization of *how much I’ve actually **forgotten** of all the immense Hawaii-knowledge I once had*, gathered over the years … now it feels like I have none. The thought came to my mind that I had to do the documentary about old Hawaii to … well, not sure, *to pass time?* To have a reason to be on Maui, with Bob, to then suffer his loss and deal with the beyond?

And why? Because Henry and all the people in my documentary, also contemporaries who have died already, were “in” on the project “the Bridge” that I’m supposed to further?

I took my first cooked ginger (6-shogaol anti-cancer remedy) … and I feel like “cleaned out” today, in a way kind of … refreshed. But that said, I just had a horrible pain in my back, not the spine, something else … but the way my bladder and my lady parts feel today, it definitely is some kind of “healing”-effect that I’m feeling. Which proves that I’ve been right: I’m sick. Also … my left hand was much stronger today.

Yesterday, in “Grey’s Anatomy” was a patient who kind of started to stop feeling his legs and hands … and a doctor said that sometimes extreme emotional stress can cause such symptoms … it wasn’t what that film-patient had, but I “heard her”. I think for me to watch those shows is meant to really give me learning. I’m accepting it. I’m going with the flow …

Like the one blond woman in Bob’s film “Taylor Camp” said … and it’s burned in my mind the way she said it, nice, in a way *“We were going with the flow …”*.



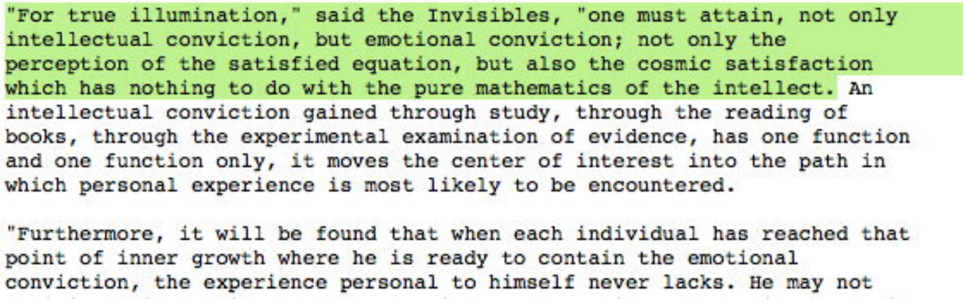
That is the mystic method; the surest, the safest, the most accurate and skillful. There are many other methods, some with greater facility; but not self-induced and under self-control.

THE sparkling radiance of sunshine on water, of lights meeting glass and silver, of any illumination capable of being reflected in some responsive surface, is not a beauty complete in the nature of the illumination itself. That has only potential radiance until it meets the thing that combines with it and produces the actuality of radiance.

Wisdom is man's hard-won heritage of experience, plus the interplay of the higher consciousness, accepted even if uncomprehended. Precipitation of these joint forces through the intellect is called inspiration, and is the attribute of genius.

The hot flashes of emotion … they are explained in “Across the Unknown” too … and I’m going to use all I can to overcome my fear of … well, communication. I have a hard time even opening my emails, regarding the communication with the agent in LA or with Serge King, I don’t even know why. Possibly I’m reflecting Bob’s problems … saying “Play me” and “sharing” with him and recalling him so closely, gets me very close to “being” him, indeed.

That’s why I got the wart, maybe. I treated it with Schöllkraut extract and Melissa extract. It’s gone today.



"For true illumination," said the Invisibles, "one must attain, not only intellectual conviction, but emotional conviction; not only the perception of the satisfied equation, but also the cosmic satisfaction which has nothing to do with the pure mathematics of the intellect. An intellectual conviction gained through study, through the reading of books, through the experimental examination of evidence, has one function and one function only, it moves the center of interest into the path in which personal experience is most likely to be encountered.

"Furthermore, it will be found that when each individual has reached that point of inner growth where he is ready to contain the emotional conviction, the experience personal to himself never lacks. He may not

Yesterday I heard from a neighbor that the horse I encountered, several weeks back, as it simply stood free on the forest path, was actually neglected by its owners and often just strolls about, because it, and its friends, two goats, are just on their own most of the time … in that dark cold corner on the hill next to the forest … nobody to be there for them when they are afraid … there are dogs and foxes in the forest! The owners leave them alone many days at a time … as they lives somewhere else. So everytime Jacqui and I went along that path, I’d always see the goats and the horse sticking their heads over the fence on the ridge of the property, trying to see us … *I feel so terribly sorry for those animals* … I’ll have to do something about that.

January 27, 2020 **– The Ginger Scent**

Just now, I was editing July 23, and somehow, I felt the urge to connect with Bob right now. It’s Monday, around 11 p.m. And I ate piece of salt-almond-chocolate and ***“played Bob”.*** Somehow I entered intensely into “Bob’s” being, his identity, … *I felt how it felt,* him sitting at his computer on Maui, like I’ve seen him do a million times, and I know how he’d hold his hands, and what his posture would be like, how his knees would form a nearly perfect 90 degrees angle, and I know how he’d chew and close his eyes, savoring, and how he’d swallow and move his lips and sit up straight …

I have learned in the past months, during my half-hearted “practices” to “feel” like “in Bob’s body” in his good days, … and it’s hard to explain, but today, just earlier, I do ***knew*** what it was like to have that body and “be Bob”. I can’t explain it well enough … but I think I can “Play him”.

And I did so … and I went so strongly “into Bob” that I felt “being Bob” … and I even suddenly smiled the way he used to smile at me.

HONIG-SALZ-MANDEL

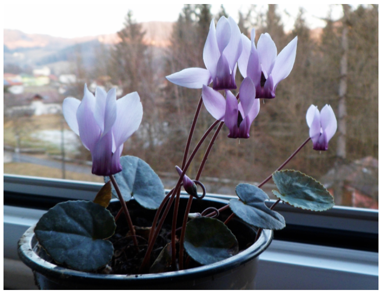
I noticed the **Cyclamen** in the pot on the table facing me, and I had just been so stunned by them, today, how they’d bloom in flocks, and how sweet their smell is …

And suddenly a memory came back strongly:

In our last weeks together, I had brought **white ginger flowers to Bob**, all the time, to help his poor nose who had been tortured by the awful stink of the tumor, for the **ginger fragrance** to distract him from that foul smell. We had white **Ginger** in front of our house, I loved it so much, all those years. I’d always go smell at the wonderful flowers, every day, and they’d bloom in dense clusters …

And with the sweet scent of the Cyclamen, the fragrance of the ginger blossoms came right back to my memory …

I’m having an emotional flash just now, with tears and all … I’ve always loved to *nurse flowers*, and Bob had always loved that I did that … and bringing him flowers with a lovely fragrance had made him happy, in our last weeks together … So for me to “rescue” the wild Cyclames to later *discover their amazing fragrance* … is this some kind of … greeting?



Of course I immediately took the flowers, inhaled and smelled their fragrance and “projected” it toward Bob. They are forming a very interesting cluster … four flowers are literally sticking their heads together, and two others are “holding guard”, while more buds are coming up.

Also, while I had my eyes closed and totally “was” Bob, suddenly a **green patch** began to form in the upper area of the “dark” behind my eye lids, but in reality, and there is nothing green in the room that could have been shining through my eye-lids … it grew and formed some … round thing … I opened my eyes, saw the **Cyclamen** … and had the urge to smell them …

January 28, 2020 – A Few Explanations

During a walk with Jacqui today … we walked by a **pig’s den** … and I just felt really bad for the animal … he seems to be so intelligent, the way he looks at people walking by. I’ve seen him (or her?) before, and I can’t help but think what humans are actually doing to animals …

Plus a **pink** band like a “bow” I also found.

Watching *“Grey’s Anatomy”* season 2 episode 5 “Bring the Pain” – and it’s about a **woman grieving** the sudden death of the love of her life, and for many years*, on the day of his death*, she gets a **heart attack**. The very important thing about it: The doctor told the woman that she is getting an *adrenalin rush due to intense grief, and that gets her heart to … well, stop*.

You know! That makes so much sense to me! It’s like a “diagnose” of my own heart pain, and it’s the explanation why people die of a “broken heart”! Here it is, the rushing heart and the hot flash and the weird euphoric feeling that has no reason … It’s Adrenalin, thank you very much.

Also … in the same episode, a patient can’t be treated because her **soul** needs to be **retrieved** first, by a **shaman** first. The shaman’s ritual was supposed to *bring the soul back* so that the body could be operated on … of course kind of weird regarding a totally conscious and coherent person, not even confused or sick of mind, just normal. Well, it does make sense, though. Because if the “soul is gone”, this means that the body won’t survive, either and can’t have surgery, obviously. It’s quite logic, in hindsight.

And in this episode there is a **man *who must watch porn to relief his pain***. Seriously. And the baffling thing about that: Yesterday, I masturbated. Briefly. (To afterwards feel shaky and nauseous.) Not sure why, it gave me some relief. *So I think I’m getting “responses” and “explanations for things that concern me.* And I’m getting them, like, packed. Condensed. Why? To tell me that I could make myself die anytime?

To tell me that I’m supposed to survive?

I did cook some more **ginger** today. I feel that it’s good for the rubbing sensation in my lower abdomen and in my bowel area. I know that I have growths in there. Have been having them for about 10 years. Let alone my lungs … I’m taking the 6-shogaol now that I gave Bob and that did him good. (I will never forget that his medical records showed that his organs were healthy!)

Only because I don’t want to abandon my dog, my parents and … well, my “kuleana”, if I have one, I’m taking the ginger.

“***Pain***,” says Dr. Grey, “***you can’t outrun it, you have to pull through it. And life … always makes more.”***

No shit.

January 28, 2020

“Grey’s Anatomy” season 2 episode 6, dying patient says to doctor to give a message to her beloved, who’s name is “Danny”: ***“If love were enough, I’d still be here with you.”***

January 29, 2020 **– Ziploc & Brain Worms & a Rocket**

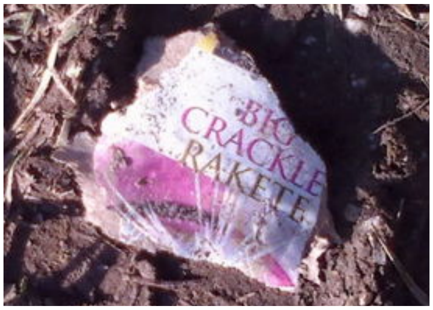
Driving to Velden … I drove behind a **truck** with “**Robert**” written on it … so now I’m thinking, yes, *I’m following Bob*. And who knows when it’s my turn to pass on.

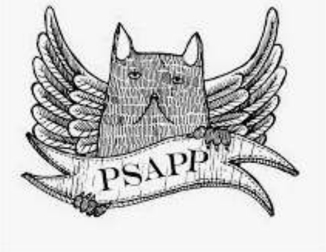
“Grey’s Anatomy” season 2 episode 11 … ***“It’s much lonelier to live with a person who can’t love you back than being alone.”***

Five babies … too early born … I went to a newspaper website only to see a story about **five prematurely born babies** having been poisoned …

The *theme song of “Grey’s Anatomy”* goes like this:
“Nobody knows where they might end up … / Nobody knows …
Oh oh, suppose you'll never know …”

Hey! I just googled that that theme song is called "**Cosy in the rocket",** by “Psapp”. Well, I just found a paper that reads “Big Crackle Rakete” … and “Rakete” is German for “**rocket**”.





Cosy in the Rocket by Psapp - Indie...

Went to visit my mother and my father … he is very feeble and shaky and unsteady, I really worry about him. He was honest, saying how he doesn’t know how long he can stand everything psychologically, his wife being barely able to walk for 10 years, all those operations, rehabs … my heart was so heavy for him. Visited my mother who told me that she doesn’t want to hear about my father because it makes her feel heavy and sad and burdens her … I could only nod. She has been asking me about them, so I told her. And now she made it look as if I had burdened her with sharing .... She still keeps talking about the same things, but she seems kind of lucid …

I told Sylvia about my growths and stuff … I’ll be curious if she’ll ever get back to me on that … don’t expecting it. *(Note/edit: She never did. She ignores or blocks out everything I say about me or about my suffering. She never asks back. Okay, then.)*

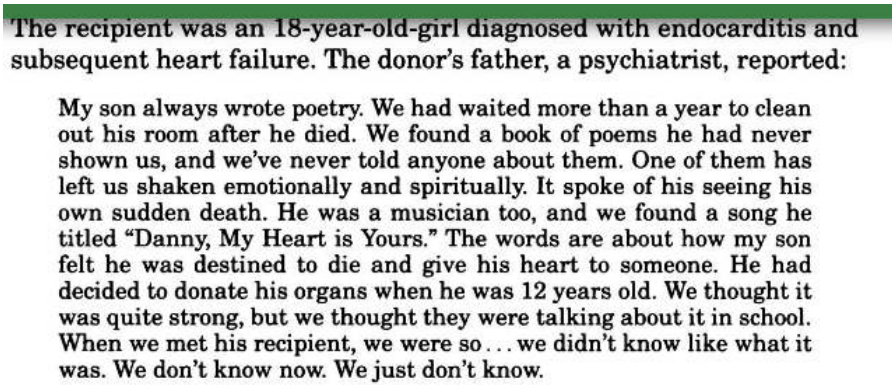
Something special happened:

I’ve got a **Ziploc-bag** from **Bob** that belongs to my most valued keepsakes. Just found another one, with my Maui cotton swabs still in it … I’ve been thinking so much about the drawer in the Pukalani house, with the Ziploc bags, and how Bob loved them and I loved them … and today, after walking Sandy, my father’s Beagle dog, my **father** made me coffee and gave me a piece of **pastry** to go, and he put it into a **Ziploc bag!** And he said to me: *“This is a good bag …”*

Meaning that I should keep using it and not throw away, expressing that he also *values the Ziploc bags*. This really touched me.

In the morning, while I still was in bed, the nice woman, “M.” called (with who I had chatted about cancer medicine during a walk, a while ago) … she’d talk about gruesome stuff like ***worms in the brain*** … It felt so strange why she’d come up with that, like out of the blue. And no, I had never heard of worms in the brain? I mean … what? In a human brain? Worms? And then what?

Oh wow! I just stumbled across a article about how ***transplant patients*** can develop behaviors like the donors of the organs they’ve received … I was only researching the name of Prof. Gary E. Schwartz’ partner, Linda Russek (as I want Prof. Schwartz to read my contact diary) … and as I open the online book, the first thing I read is “**Danny, My Heart Is Yours**” … written by a young man who’d die of a sudden death in a car accident at 18.



The recipient was an 18-year-old-girl diagnosed with endocarditis and subsequent heart failure. The donor’s father, a psychiatrist, reported:

> My son always wrote poetry. We had waited more than a year to clean out his room after he died. We found a book of poems he had never shown us, and we’ve never told anyone about them. One of them has left us shaken emotionally and spiritually. It spoke of his seeing his own sudden death. He was a musician too, and we found a song he titled “Danny, My Heart is Yours.” The words are about how my son felt he was destined to die and give his heart to someone. He had decided to donate his organs when he was 12 years old. We thought it was quite strong, but we thought they were talking about it in school. When we met his recipient, we were so . . . we didn’t know like what it was. We don’t know now. We just don’t know.

Is that another incident of synchronicity, directed towards me, from Bob!? He called me Danny. Of course the sentence relates to something distinct in that case … but the fact that I just now read this, has relevance for me, personally. In my existence. Yes, the recipient of the young man’s heart’s name is **Danielle**, and he wrote the poem with the *sentence years before his death.* And she writes that she knows and feels that they have “known” each other and were always in love with each other …

See, Bob sang to me **“Play me!”** also years before his death. And it makes so much sense now, while I found it odd when it happened.

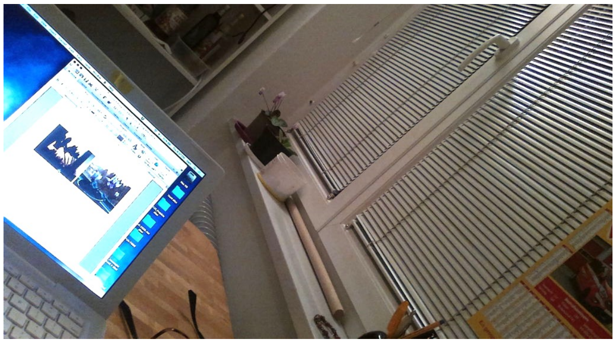
Yes, Bob, my heart is yours too.

Well, now I’m reading those cases … about *how **recipients of organs** behave like the donors and even recognize the donor’s family-members who they’ve never met* … wow, what a hugely important subject. I sure will use it in my “Creators of Stone” trilogy.

January 30, 2020 **– the Scratching & The Refused Image**

Something happened … I was just rough-editing the July-section of this contact diary, the day I've found the "**sick puppy**" … and suddenly … a three times crackling that sounded like a **scratching**! … happened next to me, on the window! I stopped working and said out loud, "Please, don't scare me" … and then it dawned on me. It was a scratching like I had ***always done on Bob's office door*** … and just yesterday morning, on January 29, I had **tried** to create that scratching sound on my own kitchen door here! And it had sounded a little bit like it.

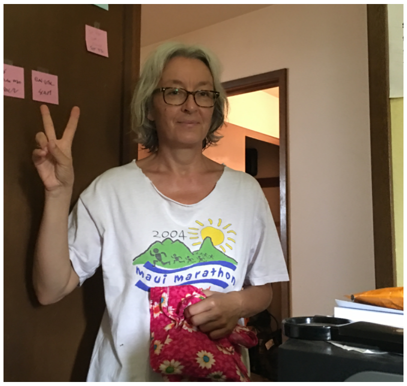
This sound at the window wasn't like the usual "crackling", it was a "scratching", and there is nothing outside that touched the window! It was a three-times-scratch … at the window! There is nothing outside, just air.

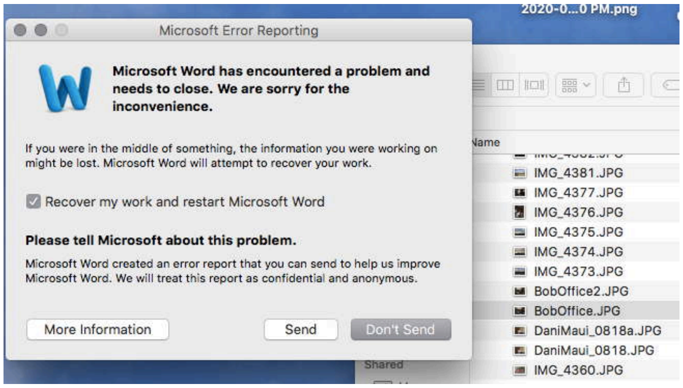


So … I immediately took my *Cyclamen* again and sniffed at the wonderful sweet fragrance and projected it to Bob as a "thank you", and then I did it with the *chocolate* that's lying next to me … and it feels … well, right now … it feels … like I'm in a very intimate meeting with Bob. And I had the *impression*, looking up from my writing, right after that sound had happened at the window … *that the room was **filled** with … **people**.*

It's strange to look into the air and *know* that someone is looking back at you who you can't see. But the section I'd been working on, before the crackling-scratching happened, was one of the most ***intense*** ones, ever … and I think the insights gained are – the truth. That's why the intense spontaneous strong and actually very loud sound?

I've felt some "touch" on my forehead before … and right now slightly on the right side of my forehead … but that can just be … well, nerves, I guess. Just that I never feel "touched" otherwise. Now it would be okay if it was "them", because I'm sitting at the table writing. No way I 'd want that when I'm lying in my bed. It's 1.50 a.m. now, Thursday, January 30, 2020.





Microsoft Error Reporting

Microsoft Word has encountered a problem and needs to close. We are sorry for the inconvenience.

If you were in the middle of something, the information you were working on might be lost. Microsoft Word will attempt to recover your work.

☑ Recover my work and restart Microsoft Word

Please tell Microsoft about this problem.

Microsoft Word created an error report that you can send to help us improve Microsoft Word. We will treat this report as confidential and anonymous.

Yeah, that's me at the office door, a picture taken by Bob, on August 19, 2018. And the reverse shot: Bob … ***hahaha!***

*Shucks! You know what just happened? I put the **picture of Bob** next to mine, and this contact diary document immediately went out. **The program crashed**.* Yup, it "encountered a problem" which goes like this: *Bob doesn't want to be seen in his deteriorated state.* Got it. I'm sorry. I got carried away with documenting. The crash-report instead.

January 30, 2020 **– The Barrier, the Fire & the Explosion**

Amazing insightful experience in the forest today …

First, I stood facing the perfect expression of "the ***barrier***" between the realms … a creek that had frozen and was now covered with a thick **ice ceiling** …

That's what the Universe "looks like", in terms of *separation* of the *frequency realms* … that's what I thought, photographing this … and then I also realized: There are cracks and openings, in the barrier, and if the temperature is high enough, it will disappear. *Which means, that it depends on the conditions, to overcome the barrier.*

And then I heard a very strange *thumping* sound closeby, and my dog was alerted … I had a strange feeling of fear, for no good reason. Because the way that thumping noise (on the creek, stream upwards) sounded, it would have needed to be an elephant stepping on the ice … but still, I left the spot, a bit spooked. And immediately came another thought, an extension of the "barrier"-insights …

*"Even if there is a crack and an opening, the **mortal can be scared away** easily".* True. It totally fits to the ***scratching*** experience last night, where I felt, spontaneously spooked. It was so strange "knowing" that an invisible person may have "made a sound" … And today came that other kind of noise, that *thumping*, just when I was dealing with the perfect *"expression of the barrier in the mortal realm"* … and again, I was spooked.

So I walked on, the entire path, straight, not taking the uphill turn like usual, but to the end of that road … and then I stood there. Gazing out at the fields, the highway, the forest, the sky … and my dog Jacqui was also sitting there, quietly. And as I was standing there, entirely quietly, I felt how I began to feel nauseous and light-headed … and my vision kind of began to "*turn inward*", and I felt a *pulling* impression … and immediately I had to think of those experiences on Maui, where I almost passed out and had to hold on to my mortal presence in the material realm with all my conscious force. Standing there, today, I realized, that I was barely breathing.

It was interesting to suddenly be aware of how little I breathed, how ***tiny my breaths*** where and ***at what long intervals*** they came … (Note/edit: I must have gotten myself into some kind of trance?)

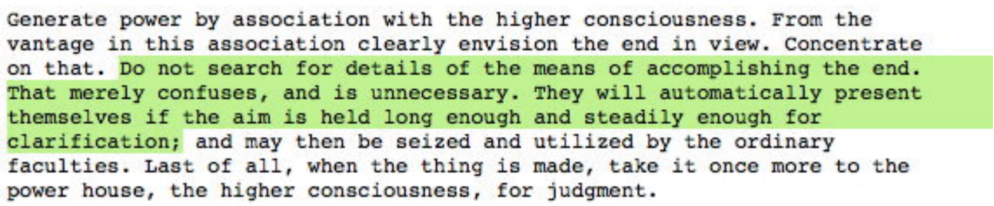
As I began to pay attention to my breathing, I realized the "machinery" in my "shell", it felt strange, how my chest heaved, and I listened for my heart … and I thought about all the imagery of hearts and internal organs I had seen in the past days in the TV-series about surgeons … and I felt so *separated* … from my body, while at the same time I felt "inside" that body, but it felt strange to me, alien, in a way.

I realized that I was entirely alone there … and I felt like drifting off, but then I saw my dog sitting next to me, entirely still too, and I woke myself up by saying his name … "Jacqui".

And then (but after I had "woken myself up"):

“**Bang**!” ***A loud shot***. Someone had fired a shot or had made something *explode*! Closeby! Like the “thumping” sound before. So that had not been an imagination! And immediately I looked over, to the houses at some distance, the abandoned looking settlement (Note/edit: As I’m writing this, I’m having an emotional hot flash.) … and I saw, between the houses and the trees, a **fire burning**! And a male figure was there, standing next to the fire that flared up, and a **black dog** ran around. I was baffled … the fire was tiny, because of the distance, in reality it was as high as the man, and I would have never seen it, *had not the “bang”* ***directed my attention*** *there.*

So I turned around with Jacqui, and as we headed the same path back, I totally flashed back to the era of my “Huna”-studies before I had met Bob … and in my mind rang the principle **“Energy flows where attention goes!”** and I said it out loud. And I asked: *“What is this supposed to tell me? Focus, Dani, focus?!”* And as I walked on, it got clear: **I must direct my attention** towards manifesting my “Regents of Clouds” trilogy. And that alone. And I remembered what I had just read in *“Across the Unknown”* … one of the past nights …


Generate power by association with the higher consciousness. From the vantage in this association clearly envision the end in view. Concentrate on that. Do not search for details of the means of accomplishing the end. That merely confuses, and is unnecessary. They will automatically present themselves if the aim is held long enough and steadily enough for clarification; and may then be seized and utilized by the ordinary faculties. Last of all, when the thing is made, take it once more to the power house, the higher consciousness, for judgment.

Yes. No kidding. *“**Focus**, make a perfect image of the desired outcome and trust the process! Yet, create an impetus and do what you can in your realm with your tools! But do it!”* That was the insight … and then I felt a very clear and deep and honest flash of “desire” to manifest that film series, to be that filmmaker and author … and achieve that.

And as I walked on … I came across a perfectly **round stone** while I was ***crying***, emotionally overwhelmed, because of what I was thinking about (and the stone seemed to say to me “See, I’m perfect, and I’m on your path, I’m with you!”

What I imagined was the end of the premiere screening of the last part of “Regents of Clouds”, the first trilogy. And I imagined sitting among the audience, and the credits are rolling to the “RoC”-theme-song and the imagery in the background are human eyes and ever-shifting cloud formations … and the audience is still, but also laughing and crying … and being so touched, like me …

So I walked through the forest and cried and imagined how then the screen would fade to black, and the lights would go on … and Keanu Reeves would go on stage and tell the entirely mesmerized audience how grateful he was to have been allowed to play “*Donvelin*” … and on the screen I saw “***In memory of Robert C. Stone***”, and that undid me right there in the forest. And all I could think about that this project would help me pass time … time in this fucked up horribly painful existence in this mortal realm without Bob.

(Note/edit: Just reading his name undid me, right now. One thing is for certain: The mortal me will never get over his loss, and the pain of having to live without him and the pain of the memories, will be with me as long as I live in this body.)

In my imagination I changed it to "In loving honor of Robert C. Stone" … and it hurt like hell. Yet, walking on, I realized that death is impending in my life, too … thank God I'm not young.

Then I saw the strangest **tree trunk** there … seeming like a **division** of "time passed and time to go" or the other way around … or whatever it was, it struck me as significant. Yes, and a **dead mouse** was there, too. Like to remind me that our bodies are just shells … and that the pain we experience in this phase of existence is good for something.

I kept telling myself that I must be able to handle everything … my parents, my work, my filmmaking "kuleana", and I ***must***. I can. It's my path … isn't it? I long so much to be back on Maui with Bob … I'm trying to convince myself that I must be so happy and grateful that I got to experience that time with him … living on an island … it was paradise for a time, it was.

The **clouds** … on the way to the car … looked like **dancers**, holding hands …

A woman from the neighborhood walked by today, again, she did yesterday, too, just as I was about to enter the car … and she asked me how it was in Velden with my parents. I was so stunned that she remembered, because I had thought she hadn't really listened when I had babbled out a few details, overwhelmed with worry. But she remembered clearly what I had told her yesterday, how difficult it would be … so *a total stranger cared enough to ask me.*

I saw that she had rough patches I her face, like psoriasis …

Well, what today's adventure taught me … I'm not giving in. I don't make compromises.

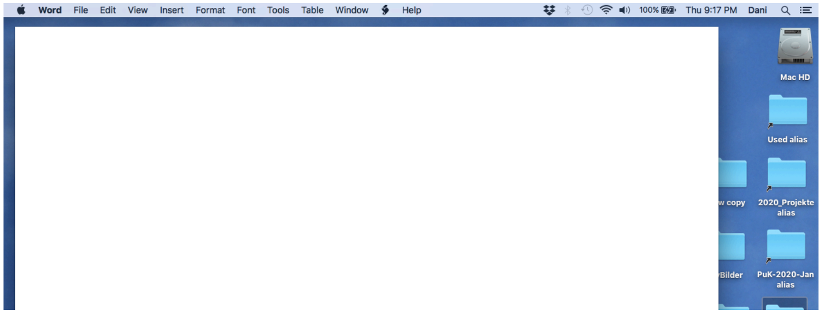
And another thought about life and death:

I can totally imagine that people become all efficient and successful exactly because of the devastating loss due to the death of a loved one! Why? Because they do everything to make time pass faster until their own death.

January 30, 2020 – The White Page Response & the Divided Moon

Very unsettling conversation with my father … I didn’t realize that Edith’s operation was today … I hesitated to call him, but then did, rather late, at 8 pm, and he was so upset, the operation had been more difficult than expected, and Edith is now in intensive care … and he told me that if she died, he’d kill himself right away. I tried to not take it seriously, but then I couldn’t help thinking that it’s just like I had thought … I don’t matter. One can do to me what one wants, right? Give me more trauma, not care about my existence … Okay, he is scared and worried. But he also said he didn’t care about food and drink, *the important thing is Edith*. When Excuse me, but how dumb and immature is that? So I told him – like talking to a child – that he had to feed himself and stay healthy, and like a robot on short-circuit he kept insisting, that Edith is the most important thing … I got upset. But I disciplined myself.

Then I did some editing work, about “air cargo”, and as I thought so intensely of Bob, and how often he had to drive to the airport to send stuff air cargo, and how our first two years were very difficult because of the business related choices he made … and as I flashed back to Maui I felt Bob so intensely and such a strong longing … the **page** suddenly turned *white* …



… and it wouldn’t go away anymore. I kid you not. ***The page simply turned white.*** The computer didn’t crash, it was just that white page. Nothing reacted anymore. I had to quit the program. Upon restarting, the white page was gone.

This has happened before during very intense thoughts of Bob or conversation with him.

Also, I took Jacqui for a walk in the dark after the troubling talk with my father … and there was the **moon**, just a sliver, but with a cloud or airplane **line** just **above** it …

… which cut the moon off from the “beyond”. So the **moon shine was divided**! ***The moon itself was “on my side” of the line*** … I “read” it as Bob telling me that he is “with me”.

Just earlier I watched a bit of Grey’s Anatomy (season 2, episode 13) and a character said to another, that she was “glowing like the **moon**”. And: ***“The dead don’t read.”*** That was interesting. And of course untrue. The dead do read.

And I found a video of Gary Schwartz and Linda Russek (who is a discarnate too)! Wow!

The Afterlife Experiments HBO Special with Suzane Northrop

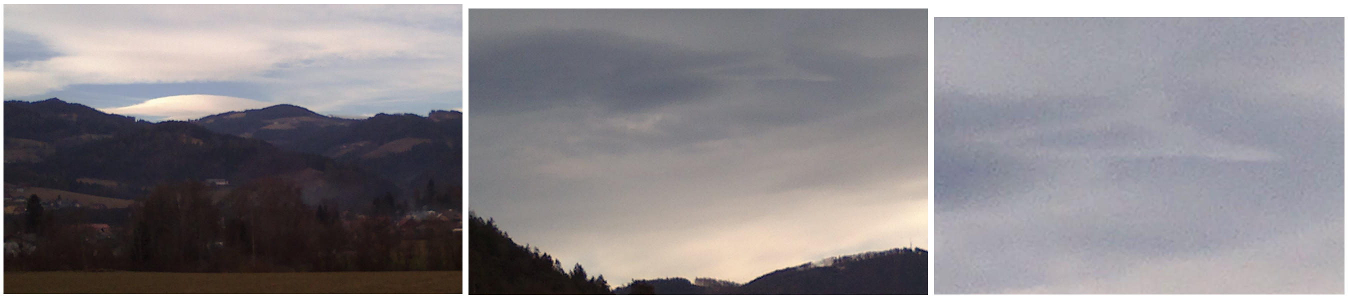
January 31, 2020 – Doing the Field & Dream Man

Insights and meetings!? During a special walk to St. Kollmann … “doing the field” with Jacqui and walking on further, under the highway bridge … I talked out loud with Bob about the situation with my father and how he said to me that he’d kill himself if Edith would die, and that it undid me a bit.

I suddenly realized … that I walked by a building with **sausages** on it. (And that has a very (!) personal meaning to me, that has nothing to do with Bob.) I had never noticed that before. And yet I should have, just because it has such a strong meaning. I’m not paying attention to the right things?

The walk was nice, along a new road and then along the Wölfnitz creek … and across a wide large field … and I felt so alone, but then I had the impression that I was not alone, because the **clouds** were just so … strange … like a very mighty “creature”, changing … just as if it put on a performance for me to see …

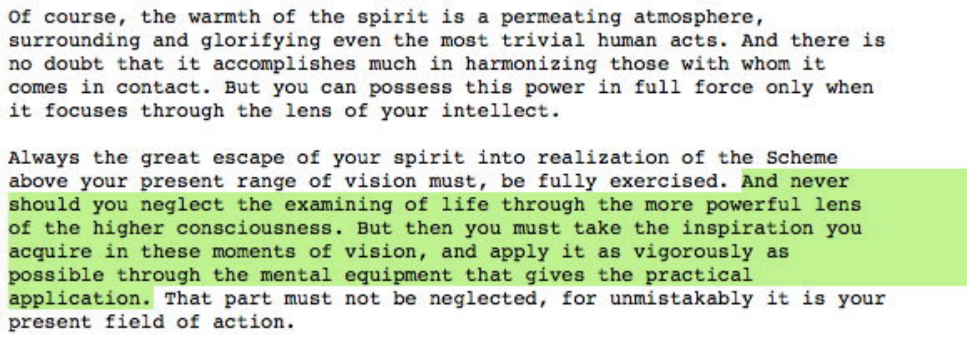
I saw a **crack** in the path and a puddle that reminded me of the cloud I had just observed. Looking toward the castle, I saw a cloud that seemed to *mimic* a **hill** …



Then, a **spike** or an **arrow** formed in the clouds … whatever that means …

And I started to talk to Bob and everyone in the beyond more intensely … I kind of got myself into a *frenzy*. I asked them to help me to success for my mortal phase … I need to know that I’m on the right path, I want to make “Regents of Clouds”, because that is, I think, my job here. I didn’t learn all that stuff from Bob for nothing?! Am I not supposed to make those films, because they are the means to help mankind’s evolution? I think I am!

Yes, I get it, I read in “*Across the Unknown*” how I have to deal with my wish for manifestation, and it’s exactly how I learned it in my “Huna”-days … but I feel so sad and desperate and alone … how shall I manage to keep up my motivation if nothing happens that ***proves*** to me that it’s going to be that way?



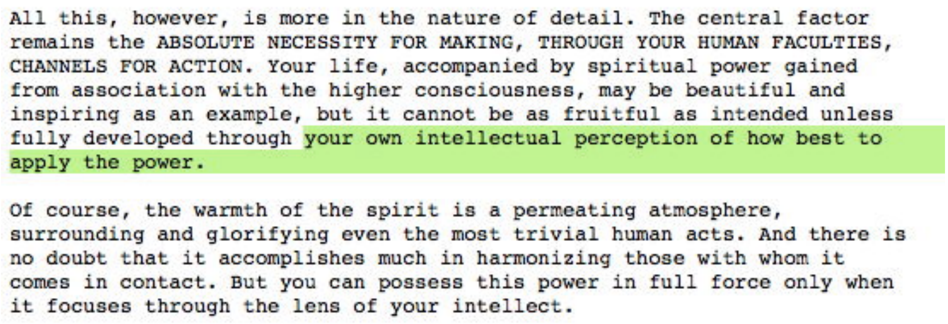
Of course, the warmth of the spirit is a permeating atmosphere, surrounding and glorifying even the most trivial human acts. And there is no doubt that it accomplishes much in harmonizing those with whom it comes in contact. But you can possess this power in full force only when it focuses through the lens of your intellect.

Always the great escape of your spirit into realization of the Scheme above your present range of vision must, be fully exercised. And never should you neglect the examining of life through the more powerful lens of the higher consciousness. But then you must take the inspiration you acquire in these moments of vision, and apply it as vigorously as possible through the mental equipment that gives the practical application. That part must not be neglected, for unmistakably it is your present field of action.

Yes, it’s up to me to manifest ... I understand *“you must take the inspiration you acquire in these moments of vision, and apply it as vigorously as possible through the mental equipment that gives the practical application.”*

I know that. And yes, that is my “present field of action”.

I’m a mortal. I miss my partner. I feel alone. I need a *proof* of coming success so that I know that what I think is my path, *is my intended path!*



All this, however, is more in the nature of detail. The central factor remains the ABSOLUTE NECESSITY FOR MAKING, THROUGH YOUR HUMAN FACULTIES, CHANNELS FOR ACTION. Your life, accompanied by spiritual power gained from association with the higher consciousness, may be beautiful and inspiring as an example, but it cannot be as fruitful as intended unless fully developed through your own intellectual perception of how best to apply the power.

Of course, the warmth of the spirit is a permeating atmosphere, surrounding and glorifying even the most trivial human acts. And there is no doubt that it accomplishes much in harmonizing those with whom it comes in contact. But you can possess this power in full force only when it focuses through the lens of your intellect.

Those people who contacted me in my twenties and said that I had been here before, and that it was my job to help “gather the patterns” … I suddenly realized – and I was aware of the “Sci-Fi”-type of thoughts I was suddenly having! – that I must have chosen to “return” to “Earth”, to be incarnated again! I may really be like they told me, decades ago, a very advanced creature … and reading all those books by Stewart White, I’m given the explanations to all they’ve told me.

It was strange to walk along a path with my dog, nobody around, thinking of myself as some kind of “chosen one”! The weird thing is that suddenly *I seemed to know without a doubt* that I’ve indeed been choosing to return to Earth to try in another go-around to make a difference, over and over again … and that right now, as the “me” that I am, I’m probably at a very high level of self-recognition!

(Note/edit: Crackling next to me as I’m editing this!) Those people back then … didn’t think that I’d live very long, because I had refused to join them, and that meant I had to die young to not waste “time”.

(Note/edit: I do realize now that they weren’t very advanced in their assessment of who I am, because otherwise they’d know that it must have been me to “plan” my own incarnation, with all the people involved, all the drama I was supposed to go through …)

I’ve pulled the ass-card I thought, with my family and private life … but then, walking there, under that heavy-cloudy sky, between the fields, I suddenly thought, well, it all fits … and all the tragedies and horrible disappointments, all my choices and the fact that I have experiences and lived through so much painful stuff and am still kind of sane and healthy … all that must mean that there is a peak to be reached for me … And then I’ll return “home” again, and I’ll get to talk to all my friends there of how I did … actually, how we did …

(Note/edit: A while later I began to ask “them” to help me to bring about the ultimate goal in this time around, because I see what mankind has come to, it’s the Corona-“crisis”, right now, and I realize that there is no preaching or convincing, there is only the one powerful film-franchise that is going to be the biggest blockbuster of all times, and ***that is the impact that can make a difference!*** *I only need the right connections to bring it about! And at the time that I’m writing this note, April 14, 2020, I’ve just made a very interesting acquaintance who could help move things forward greatly …)*

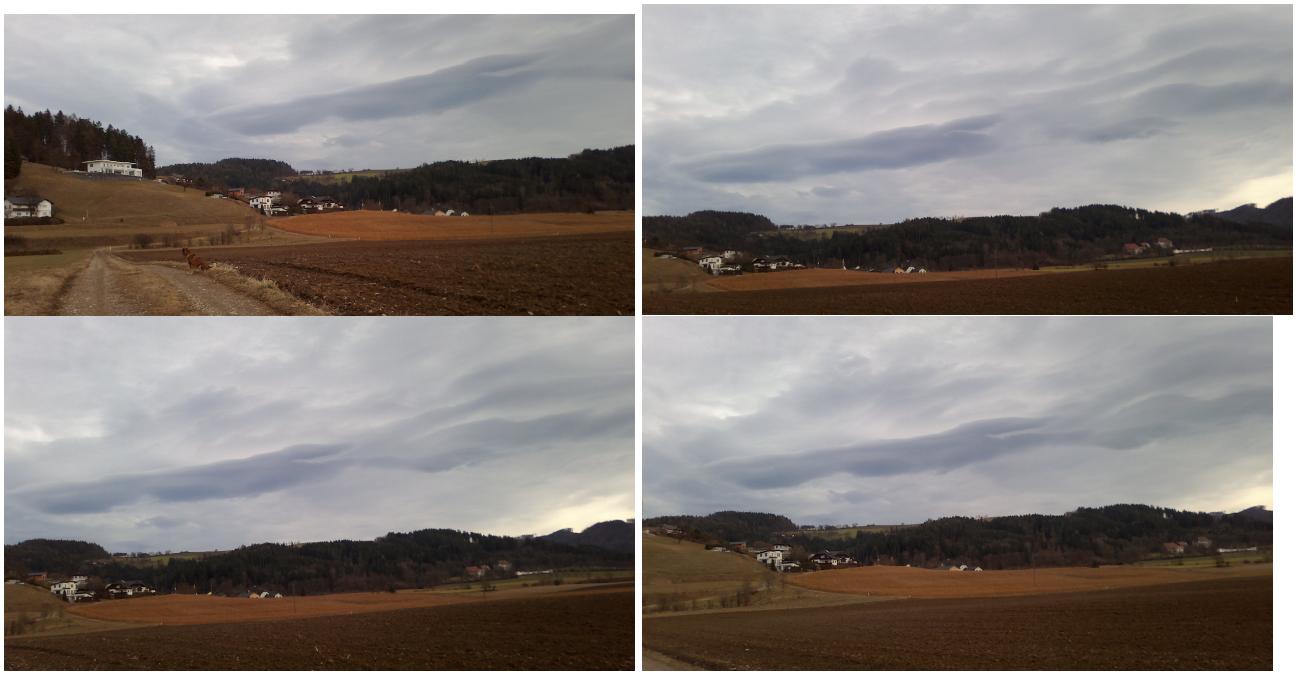
Yes, I thought about all of that on my hike … and then I looked out into the fields and ***asked them to show themselves*** … as it’s fine in the day … I just can’t handle apparitions during the night.

Last night, for example, I saw the white light-flashes again, in phases of half-sleep … and I was wondering, is it my brain, my vision, or is it some energetic flash from another realm of frequency?

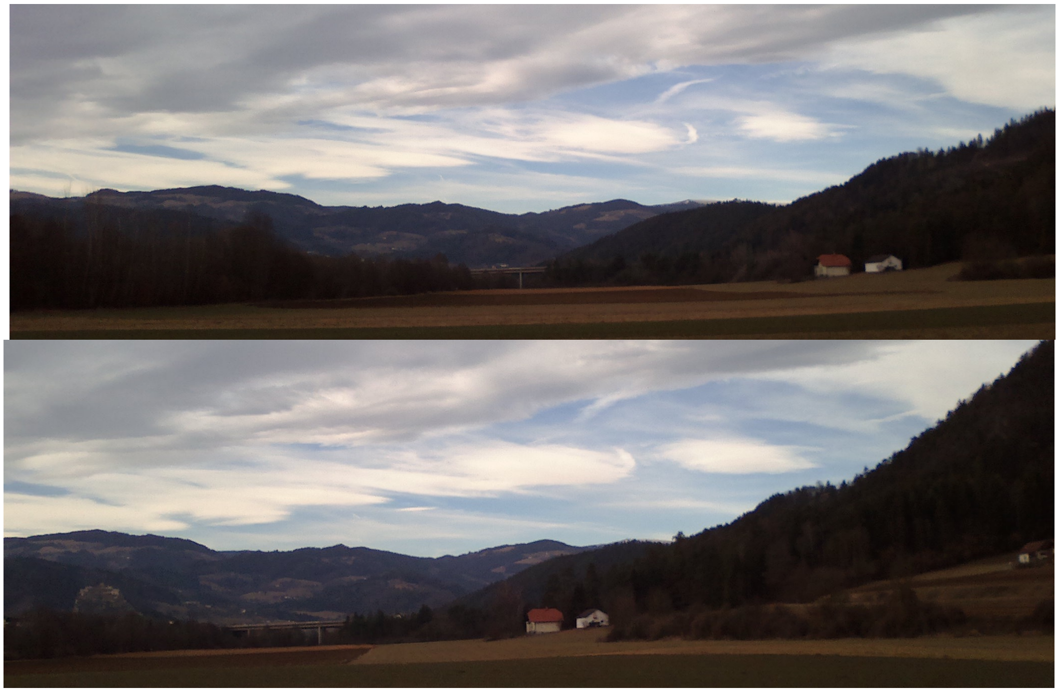
And my **dream** … I dreamed of being in **Los Angeles**, where I visited an actually **nice man**, and I wanted to stay with him, but I had to leave, but not really, and while there, *I was kind of roaming the streets, and he was with me* … I don’t know how he was supportive, but he was, and it felt like we had *something in common, something we both wanted to do and had to do … and* I felt kind of good with him. But he didn’t look like anyone I knew … just his presence felt kind of comforting and familiar … he was t***all, brown hair, kind of curly, short, a long face, a kind face*** … and I think there was something with a bicycle or some other kind of thing, or with clothes … all this is blurry. When I woke up, the dream story wasn’t resolved, but it also wasn’t a bad ending …

(Note/edit: I might have learned who that man in my dream was just a few days ago … wow, this is again a situation where a dream tells me what’s going to happen in a little while … but only looking back! Just take the picture above as a preview …)

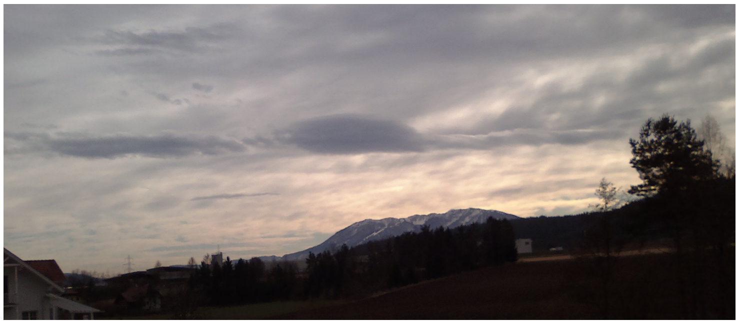
During my walked, I watched another **cloud** formation that seemed to have a “**smile**” and turned into something like a ***“he’e”, an octopus*** … It was the Hawaiian saying that got stuck in my mind once I’d heard it for the first time: “*Pua ke ko, ku mai ka he’e*”. “When the sugar cane tassels, the squid comes out.” Bob heard me say that often. It tassels in November.



And another cloud formation showed me how **broken lines** can still approach each other …



I mean … such **clouds just aren't "normal"**, are they?
Another formation looked like some bracelet or necklace … with a **pendant** in the middle …



So during my walk I also thought about an interesting fact … Stewart White had met his Elizabeth (Grant) and married her and traveled Africa with her; And my once best friend Elisabeth and I met when we both went on a months-long pioneer Africa-trip, overland, by truck … and later I’d go back to Africa, and I’d write many many stories and (never published) books. Stewart too was a very avid Africa-traveler and an author who also wrote one book after the other … I did that too, I can’t help but write, and I’ve been writing many many books and screenplays. In primary school I had my own hour after lessons to read my stories … and they all were about a woman saving everyone else. What if I am, in a way, “him”?

I asked “them” to support me, and I will bring our cause forward for good now … and I want them and need them to work their magic now, it’s high time.

On my way home … **geese** showed up again! Remember, in the forest on Schlossberg, the three geese, the other day, *right after I had intensely asked the “invisible” to “show themselves” to me?* And today I had asked for that too, intensely, even crying … and suddenly, four **geese** walked into my path … and looked at me.

January 31, 2020

Then I called my father, … (Edited for privacy, it’s all about how my father still twists facts until they fit his “reality” where he always is the victim; I’ve been thinking, was I “given” that kind of father so that I’d choose all the wrong men throughout my lifetime who would, in some way, be like him, so that I’d end up alone? But I also noticed how deep the suffering in men like my father is; He regrets deeply things he did not do with or for my brother.)

All are suffering. Horribly.

And I can make a difference. I know it. I shall. Bob and all are probably tokens in this development … just now, I’m at the point of insight … and I’m crying all the time, writing this … because it still can all be bullshit.

I tried to comfort my father today, and I told him that I strongly believe that we’ll all see each other again the afterlife, and we’ll be able to make amends, of sorts, there. I didn’t tell him that I know that the mortal affairs look so different in the afterlife … he seems interested in the matter. It’s not his fault that he is the way he is. My heart breaks for him, too, he deserved a good and happy life. But he didn’t have one.

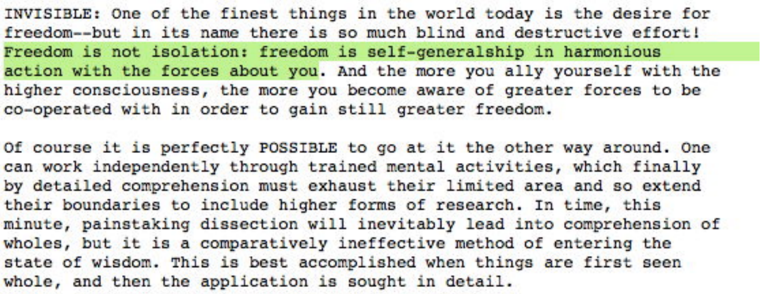
Every choice I made, even in dealing with my parents, who disliked me from when I was only a little girl, then lead me to … this moment. That I’m sitting here in Griffen, Friday, 9.41 pm, with a headache, probably from crying, needing to take my dog outside again, for a pee … knowing that I should do some work … but just wishing to keep watching movies online … for comfort.

There are ever again things in that TV-series (that’s really dumb and stupid at times in terms of storyline) that strike me as relevant, that make me listen up and say to myself … that I’m supposed to “hear” that … and always I realize something in such cases.

Something else happened today:

As I walked down the road back from St. Kollmann, I suddenly flashed back to Norway in 2001 … the place looked just like the **fjord road** where my dog Kimba was run over by a speeding car and killed.

The same direction, the same type of curve … the same … kind of *feeling*. I’ve never been in a place so similar like the place where my life changed in such a big way in 2002, when my best friend, my dog died and I went to Maui with H. where I met Bob. Just the “Fjord” was not there, and instead there was that long and wide field.

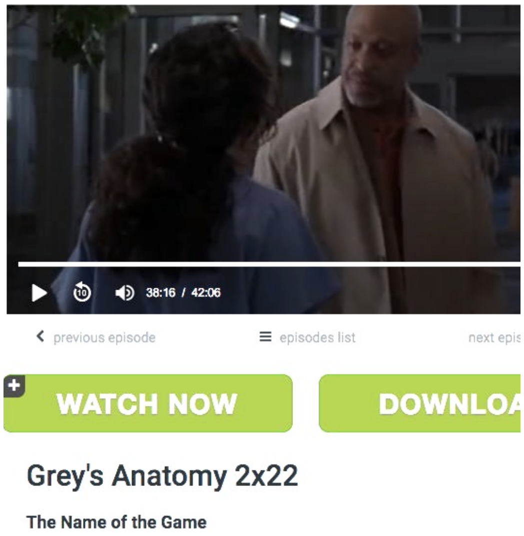


INVISIBLE: One of the finest things in the world today is the desire for freedom--but in its name there is so much blind and destructive effort! Freedom is not isolation: freedom is self-generalship in harmonious action with the forces about you. And the more you ally yourself with the higher consciousness, the more you become aware of greater forces to be co-operated with in order to gain still greater freedom.

Of course it is perfectly POSSIBLE to go at it the other way around. One can work independently through trained mental activities, which finally by detailed comprehension must exhaust their limited area and so extend their boundaries to include higher forms of research. In time, this minute, painstaking dissection will inevitably lead into comprehension of wholes, but it is a comparatively ineffective method of entering the state of wisdom. This is best accomplished when things are first seen whole, and then the application is sought in detail.

February 1, 2020, Saturday, 12.30 a.m. **– The Basics & the Glitches**

I think I just got a message. I’m working on putting images into this c. d., and I’m watching “Grey’s Anatomy” at the same time, and in episode 22 season 2 (yes, “**222**”, “The Name of the Game”), the chief surgeon says to an intern, “**Always go back to the basics**”. (When she had asked him why he hadn’t even looked at the instruments at some technical training, and he said it was “muscle memory”.)



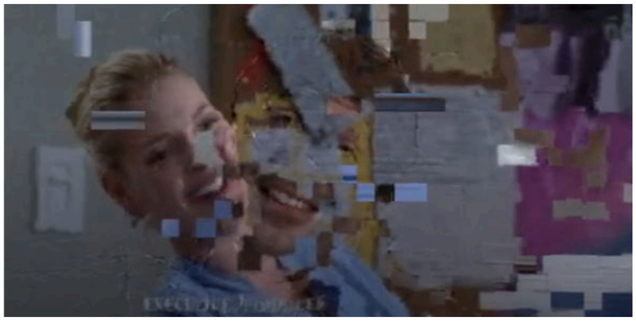
Grey's Anatomy 2x22

The Name of the Game

And that sentence has been on my mind a lot. Because it’s what the medium Dr. A. had told me that Bob had told her to tell me: “***Go back to the basics***”. So what are my basics? And as soon as I had watched this and stopped the movie to write this down – my window ***crackled***.

Strange happening! A Tech-Message?

I was starting to watch “Grey’s Anatomy” season 2 episode 23, when a **major** “**glitch**” happened in the film! Like a subliminal message, but a **real video glitch**: A man’s face shows up pixelated in the frame, and it’s one of the series’ characters, the cardio-patient “Denny”, but he is not even in the scene, where only two people are in a room! And they don’t talk about him, either, and he says **“I’m okay!”**

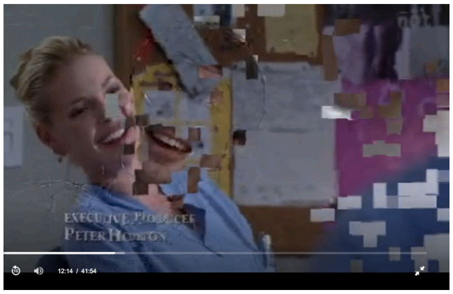


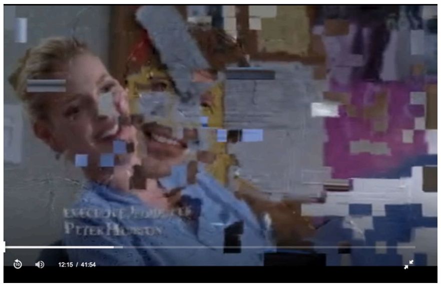
He says that over the actual scene! *An apparition of a man says “I’m okay!”* I think … it’s a … actually, right now, I’m feeling a strong stinging pressure on my left temple, like chickenskin, but also like some actual pressing on my skull … what I was going to write, was, that there are phenomena where “the dead” “speak” ***using the frequencies of audio and video***! So that man’s face showing up in the scene, smiling and saying “I’m okay” … maybe it means … just that: “I’m okay!”?

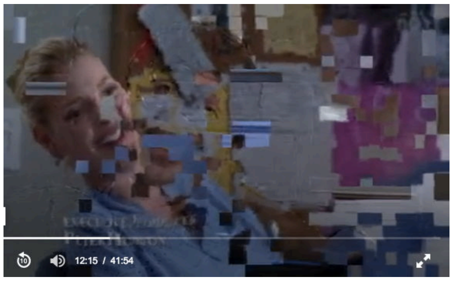
A man’s face just showed up in the TV-series I’m watching and said “I’m okay”.

Of course I’m having a total hot flash right now … The “I’m okay” has nothing to do with the conversation in that scene, either, or with anything in that scene.

(Note/edit: The guy who appears is actually – but I didn’t know it then! – a ***dead*** *guy. Yes! In “Grey’s Anatomy” one of the characters has* ***a relationship with the spirit of a man!*** *I kid you not. I had no idea this was the case. I actually stopped watching “Grey’s Anatomy” after season 2, but somehow read an article about the season with the* ***living dead man*** *and how it was rejected by a big part of the audience, and that’s why I sought out that season where “Izzie” sees her beloved dead “Denny” come back to her!)*





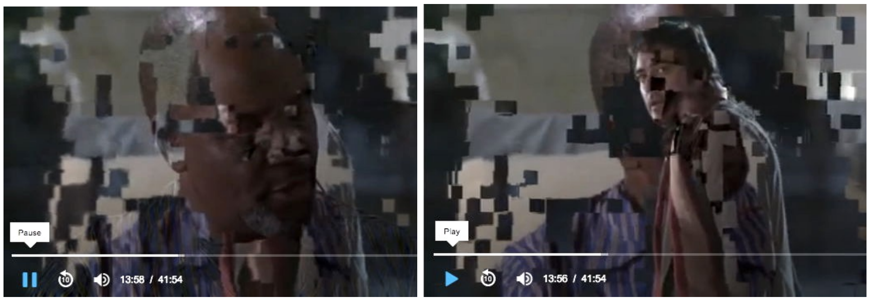


There are no odds that something like this happens randomly. I’ve been asking Bob so intensely ***that I want to know how he is and to show himself*** … and he was a ***video-wizard***. I always thought it should be possible for him to connect with me via video … computer-stuff … audio … digital!

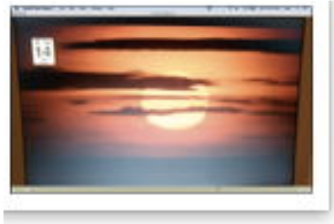
Now – did he? He must now let me know that the man in the video saying “I’m okay” of all things was Bob’s doing! Please?

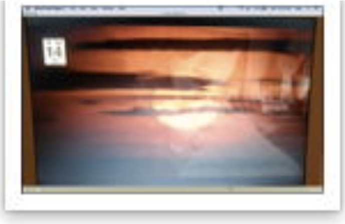
OKAY! Watching on … ***the interferences or “glitches” go on!***

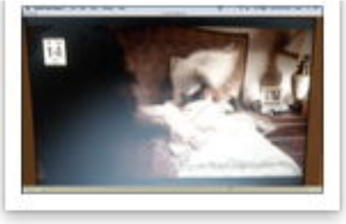
Very short appearance of man, as he gets up from a bench, then some more seconds of regular video, then**: Same man, the character “*Denny*”, appears as a glitch and stands and looks over his left shoulder towards the observer …** he doesn’t say anything! Just looks over!


Pause
13:58 / 41:54
Play
13:56 / 41:54

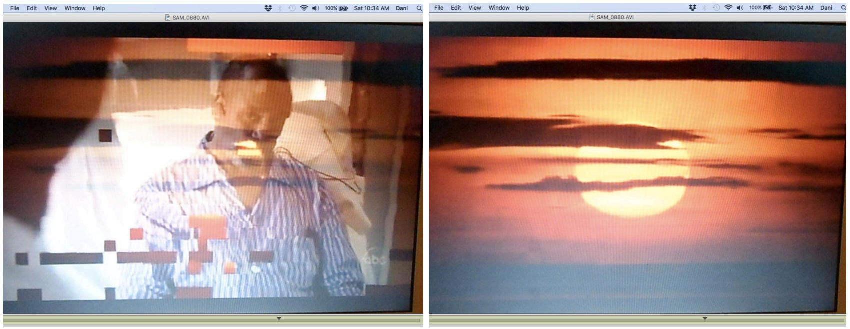
Then: A frame of **a sun appears briefly** in a scene! **A sun!** Rising or setting! Just an instant! Then: **Someone lying in bed**, and **someone else standing at the foot end of the bed** – just like I had stood at Bob’s bed, massaging his feet, in our last weeks together!



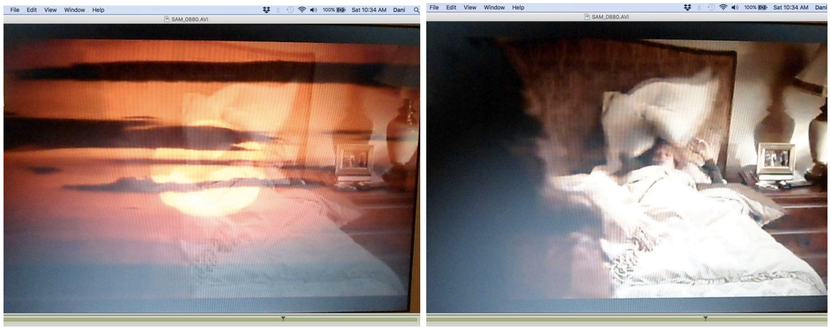




The shot of the sun is *so short* … I’m taking my photo-camera and will shoot video of that scene now because I can’t get it through screenshots! *(Note/edit: Did as planned.)*


File Edit View Window Help
SAM_0880.AVI
Sat 10:34 AM

Shot video of the previous one before …. wow. Now I’m really hot. ***The sun. The bed. The person standing there …*** *and all that’s glitches in a film**, where there is no sun**, and those **characters don’t even occur in that episode.***

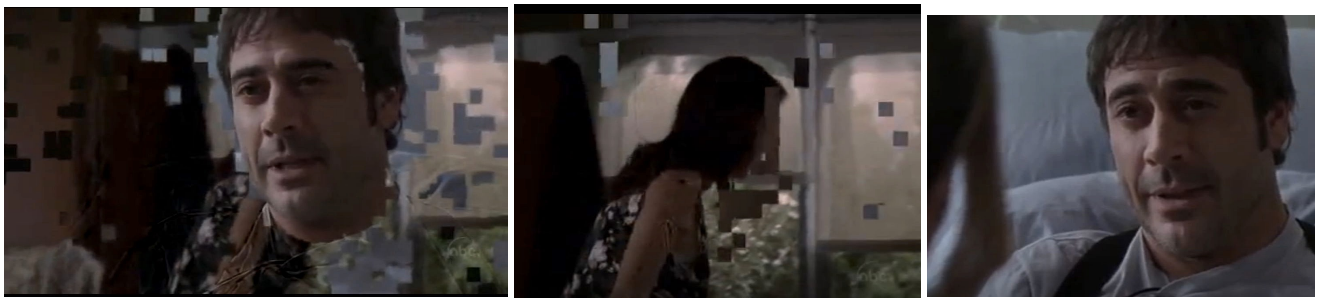

File Edit View Window Help
SAM_0880.AVI
Sat 10:34 AM

And more strange ones!

Like a woman’s face showing up in a man … or the face of **a man detaching from his body and turning into a woman!**

Video-recording them! (*Note/edit: Ever again, glitches occurs, maybe three times, that are images that I can’t “understand”, but they are clearly parts of other episodes of “Grey’s Anatomy”.*)

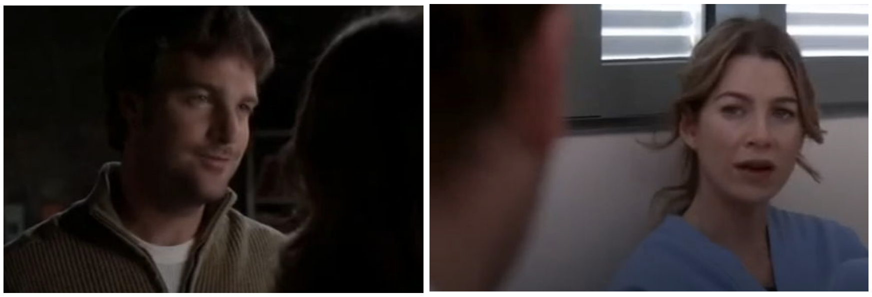
Glitch when “Denny” is in bed, telling a doctor that he had a lot of time thinking about his life when he **was lying around in bed, being sick, during the past year** … and just then, a **glitch** happens, with a woman (another character, Dr. Allison Shepherd, a scene I recognize from another episode) …



… who must get up and leave the trailer and **out to walk her dog**! And Denny says “**Life is to damn short to follow these rules**” (about a doctor dating a patient) … and Denny also says that **he was healthy his whole life until he wasn’t …**

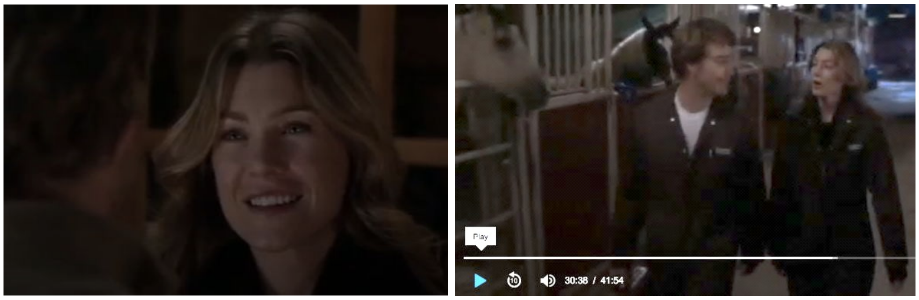
Whenever Bob visited his parents, he also stayed in the trailer on the property … and I stayed there with him a few times … and they always had a dog or two …

Then another strange glitch – with an **extra frame between a shot and the reverse shot:**



The character “Meredith” goes to see a man who she wants to date, a veterinarian doctor, and he says at some point **“But I can’t”** … and then, ***as a glitch***, a different scene cuts in, where she sits on a bench in her scrubs, and she shouts out **“Why not?”** … ***and then the previous scene continues!*** And it fits perfectly together, because he explains why he “can’t”: **“… I have an *errand* I have to run.”**

The glitch is, that the reverse shot of “Meredith” is on a different location from a different episode! And right after it the story goes on normally.



(“Birthing a horse, that’s your errand?”)

Oh, geez, how Bob had said that, how often, and even in September 2018, when I was back in Austria, and he was so well again to drive, and on the phone he said that he ***“had run errands”****, and I was so* ***happy happy happy*** *when I heard that!*

This is so intense! This feels like … directed to me! Is he busy doing things? Is he “running errands” where he is? Or is this evidential material, so that I’d realize that it’s really Bob “speaking” to me through the glitches?

Then they go to a stable where the vet is going to birth a **horse**!

Yes, Bob was a horse in Chinese astrology. And he used to get a kick out of neighing.

(Note: I made a whole separate folder of screenshots of the glitches … and I won’t be able to put all of them into this contact diary, but I want you, the reader or researcher to know that they exist.)

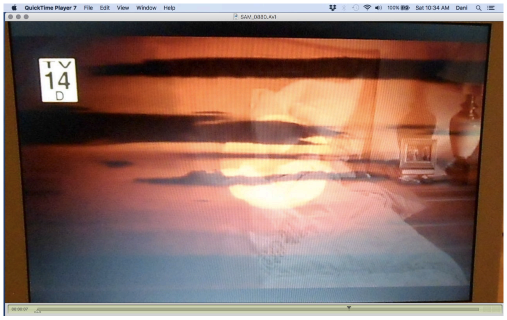
February 1, 2020, Saturday **– The Sun and the Person Lying in a Bed**

Glitches in the TV-series “Grey’s Anatomy” felt like a message to me. Ended up in bed after 2 a.m., and this morning, I took screenshots of the video I had shot from the laptop screen, and now I got all the frames … and the sun!

And it’s not just a **sun** that’s baffling! The frame-by-frame sequence shows that **it dissolves into someone lying in a bed** … like Bob did … **and a woman standing at the foot end of the bed,** seen from behind, like I did!

That’s what I’ll always remember: Every night I’d stand at the foot end of his bed and massage his feet. Also the night I left him forever.

That’s Bob and me right there. I’m his sun … he’s my moon … he was lying in bed … I was leaving … ***the sun was setting***. That is a message. And a beautifully masterfully clear one.

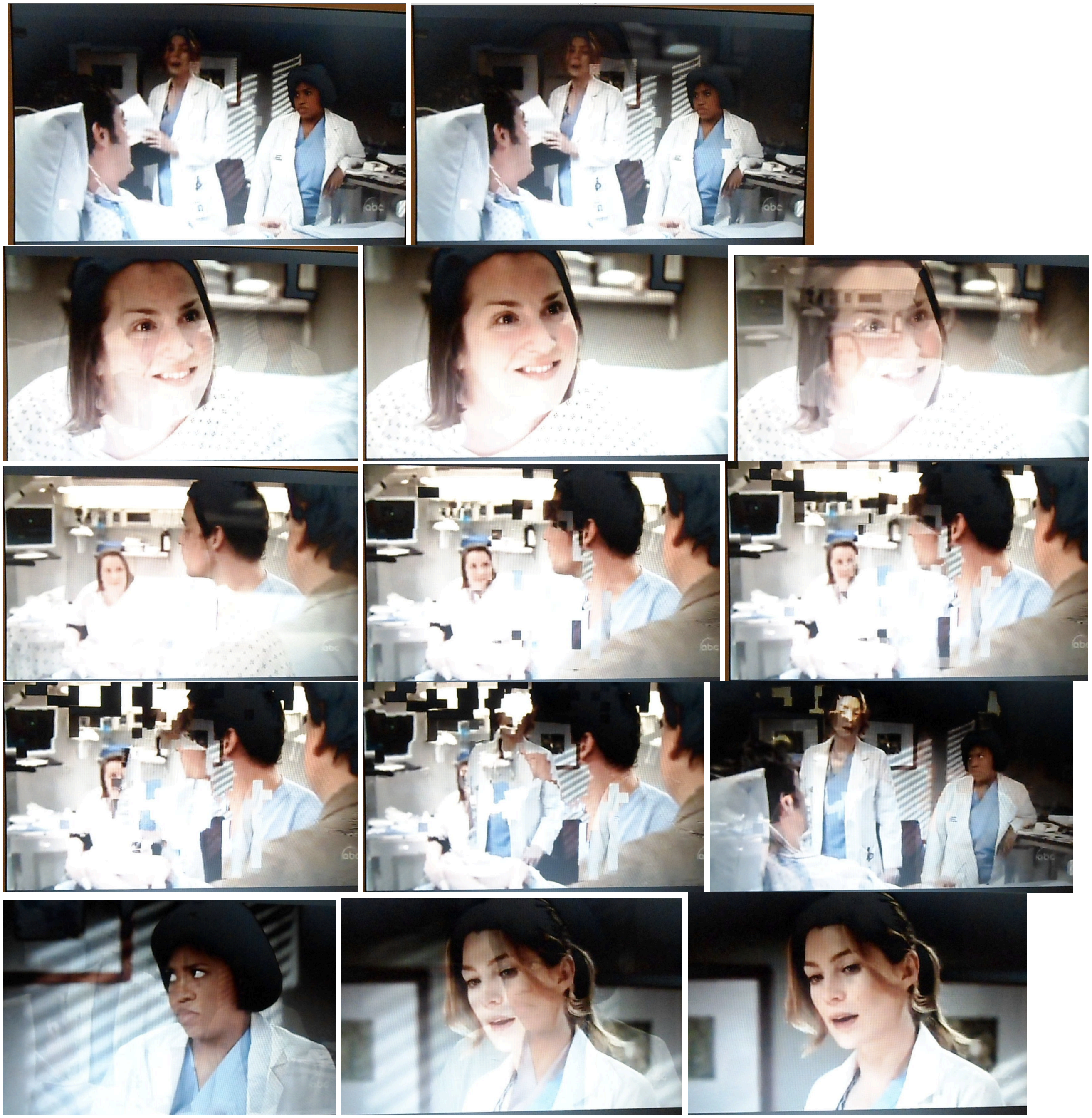


Seriously. A sun-glitch … ***a sun over a person in a bed*** … with the light-stand on the same side like Bob’s was … and then ***the person in the bed disappears*** …

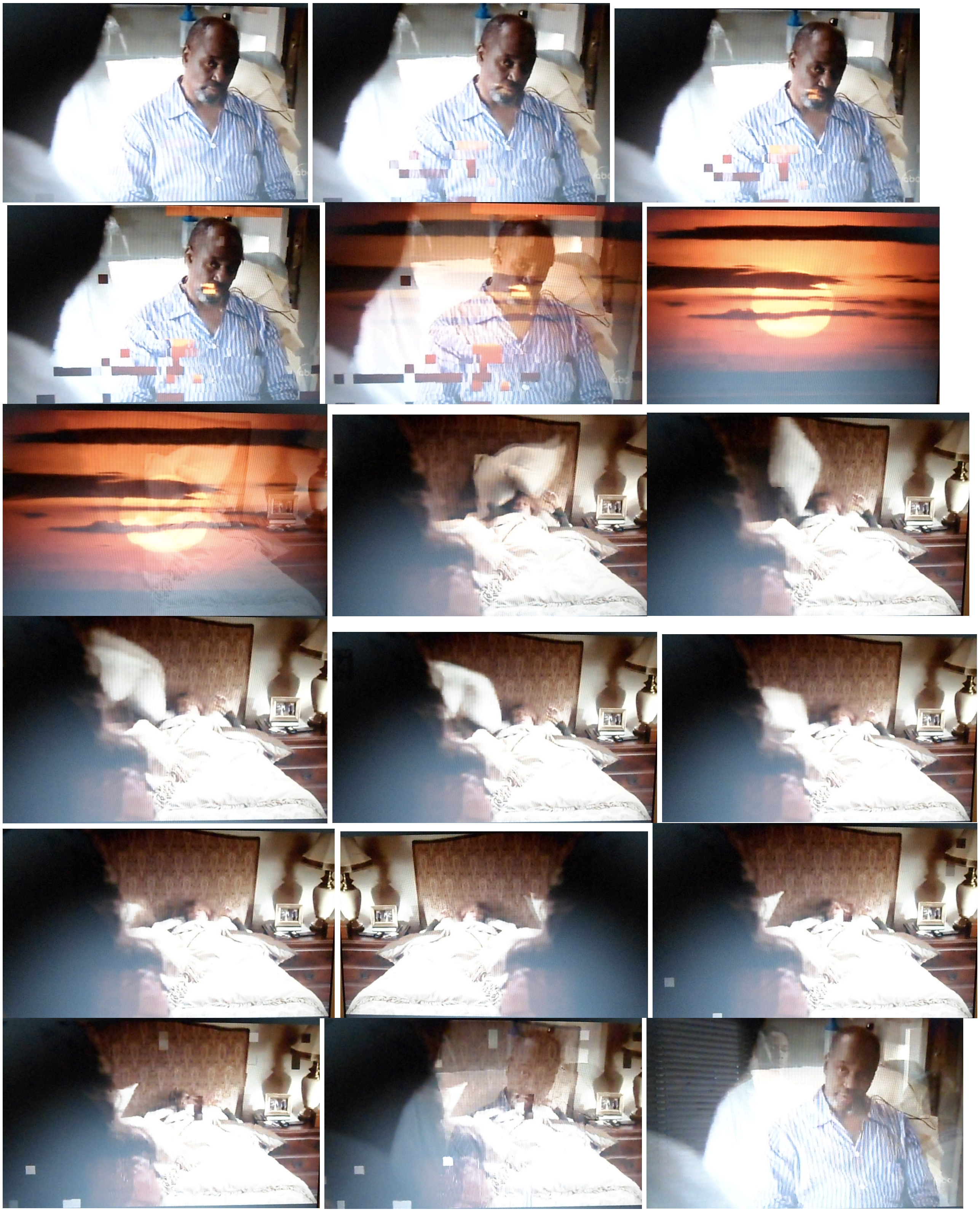
I’m feeling even a bit dizzy about those events. Wow, when I look at this … it’s really the perfect manifestation of “apparitions”, and I had told Bob I want to see them, but I can’t be spooked, please … so … is this an evidential that he has heard me?

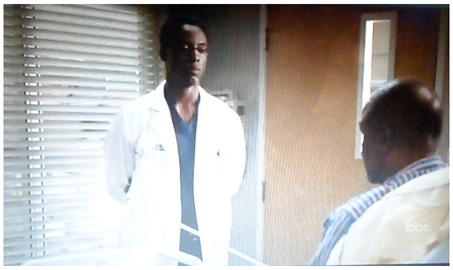
Here are some **glitches** in **their frame sequences** (not all frames, but a choice to demonstrate the development of the pixels and their disappearance …)

The first **glitch-sequence** looks like a dissolve between scenes, ***but the woman who suddenly shows up, is actually a glitch,*** and it lasts only a few frames, then the doctor to the right is kind of “dissolving”, with his face kind of taking off and dissolving into the female doctor again (who stands not at the woman’s bed, but at Denny’s) …

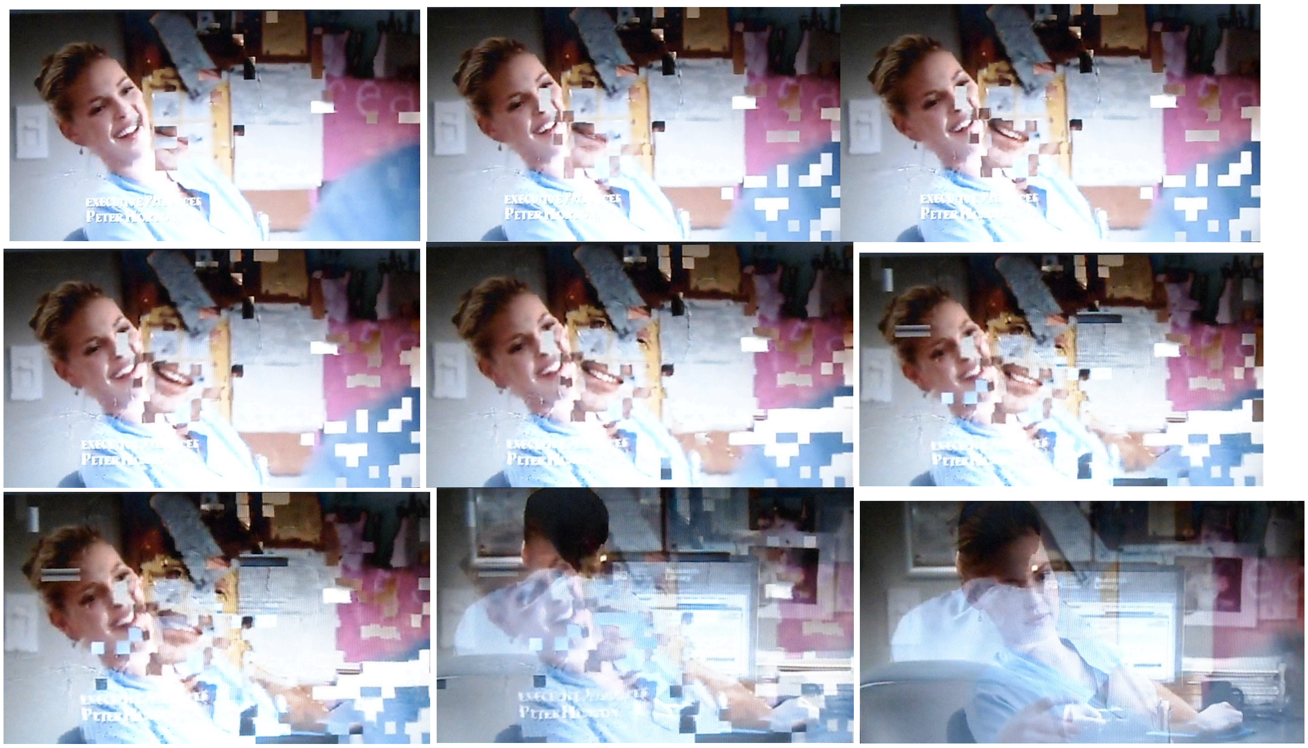


This **glitch** has a sun appear briefly and the dissolve into a woman, seen from behind, standing facing another person in a bed … and that person seems sick and shifts a pillow …



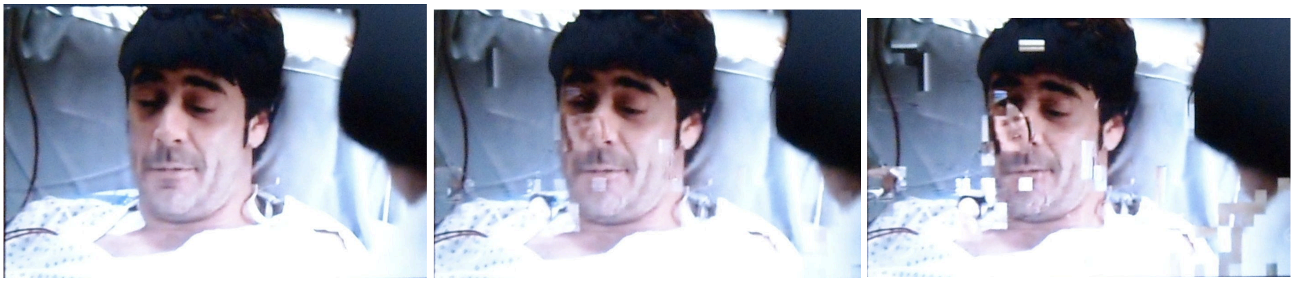


This **glitch** shows Danny’s face showing up next to Izzie (his great love, actually), and he says “I’m okay” … and that’s not part of the scene or even the storyline …



This **glitch** now … shows how **in the middle of Denny’s face, a woman shows up** (she doesn’t say anything, though, it’s too short, and it fades away from one frame to the next) … like she was *“speaking through him”* … isn’t that the perfect symbolizing of mediumistic stuff?

Someone “in someone else” … wow, I’m only seeing this as I’m working on editing those screenshots …



There were other glitches … but they were kind of imagery cut into unrelated scenes … and I didn’t feel they had relevance.

February 1, 2020 – **The Video-Message**

Walking with Jacqui (who has ear pain) briefly in the sun in Griffen, I realized another aspect of “Grey’s Anatomy” that now baffles me because of the way it speaks to me … (I think it was in episode 22 or season 2, I’ll check again.) **I received a very important answer from Bob through the TV-series:**

A **dead sick man** asks the doctor to **shoot video of him** – *as he tells his mind to every single one of the people who ever hurt him or disrespected him!* He tells them what he thinks of them for their hurtful and disrespectful behavior towards him, even if it was years back. Before he goes into the very dangerous surgery with barely a chance of him surviving, he tells the doctor to mail the single video tapes to the people in question. She doesn’t.

Then he wakes up and will be fine, and he asks for the tapes, anxiously. The doctor shows him the bag, because she *had not fulfilled his wish and not sent them*. You’d think that now he’s happy that she didn’t, because he is going to live, but **he asks her to send the tapes even more now**. That’s so so so strongly Bob’s situation … so many people did wrong by him, *and I’ve asked Bob many times if he wants me to do something about it* … and I think – I got an answer. I just don’t know yet what it means.

*(Note/edit: So now that I just wrote the title of this entry, “the video-message”, I realize that this may be the message of the entire story of that man, that “revenge” or “redemption” will come **through … video**. And that means … **films**. And I’m going to make them. “Regents of Clouds”.)*

February 1 – **The Cathartic Insight & Gift**

Maybe I have to watch those TV-episodes of people in hospitals to get my mind off … I don’t know what? Or get something into my mind? Just watching “17 Seconds”, where the doctor, who is in love with her cardio-patient who is dying, begs him to … well, do everything, even against the odds, with which she’ll help him, to not die.

And when he says that **he is fine going** “*to the light*”, she cries and shouts **that she won’t be fine**, *and that he has to do it for her! To try everything he could …*

Bob and I should have talked about him actively dying … but we didn’t. We never confronted the facts, and it has been eating me up. And now … I’m watching situations of the contrary behavior, of people failing even more and of people doing the right things … and that is kind of balancing things out a little bit.

72 5.7 83
27:17 / 41:57

And I’m having a thought now … I’ve been so bitter about not being able to share my feelings and thoughts and experiences with anyone … and it may sound crazy, ***but watching this, I feel “understood”. And not alone. Is that the whole point of it?***

I understand why this series is so popular … because of people like me. And it’s just to the proper extent cheesy and unrealistic to not get to devastated by the storylines and the fate-fakes of the “characters”. It’s cathartic.

I liked “The Good Doctor”, but I like “Grey’s Anatomy” because it’s like I’m talking with people and I’m having counseling and therapy in one.

I’m really crying a lot, today, it’s all so true … it’s all me what I’m seeing. Not “all” in the series. But “all” and “everything” in those certain cases that do relate to me and Bob.

In one episode, a **shot doctor**, desperate, not knowing how severe his condition is, asks, lying down, barely conscious, his partner what he should do … oh shit, I flashed back. **Bob asked me what he should do.** And I told him.

26:15 / 41:50
abc

It’s kind of even perverse, but the doctor Burke, who got shot, has now a ***hand*** whose **fingers** he can’t properly move anymore. It’s his right hand. In my case, ***it’s my left hand.*** It’s kind of okay, but my ring finger and my pinkie don’t have their original strength anymore. I feel that it’s weak. I can’t open jars with it anymore. Whatever it is … how uncanny, that all even something similar like this condition I’d find in that TV-series – that I would have never thought I’d ever watch! Ever!

“If I lay here
would you lay with me …
… we’ll be together
and just forget the world.”

That’s the final song of the last episode of season 2, when **Denny dies of a stroke, after his heart was repaired**, and after Izzie had fought for his life and thought they’d be together happily ever after. What did I do? I cried and cried and sobbed and sobbed more. Over a scene of a TV-show.

They wanted to spend their lives together, he proposed to her. Finally they would be together. Then he died. She could have prevented it.

She took too long to pick the dress she was going to wear that night – for him. When she came to his room, he was dead, had just died. Bob took so long to “put himself on the map”, he was working to finish his project “The Edge of Paradise” to finally be able to work with me and be with me. He postponed everything for years … and then it was too late.

Another doctor tells “Izzie” that ***“This is not Denny anymore”.*** It’s true. After the body stops functioning, it’s not the mortal person anymore … it’s just the shell they left behind. But that shell we loved.

And a stroke, huh. Is it the message that I've been waiting for … is it true, that the TIA that Bob was having over the years lead to his mental and physical decline, and in the end, they lead, to his wrongest of all decisions and his death?

I lied down next to Bob once, in so many years … before I left, the day before. Or was it the same day? Because he didn't want me near him, usually … that's what I thought.

Our tragedy is so much worse than I could ever admit. Reading those words that I'm writing right now … I can barely see what I'm typing … I see myself lying next to him, as he was deadsick, and he grabbed my hand, my left hand, and he held it and said that **"We're in this together, Dani."**

And I thought that we'd be "in this together" in my realm, of the "living mortals". My heart will break tonight … and if it doesn't, I will have to take it as a sign.

Denny in the movie died alone. Bob died alone, although his sister held him embraced, but she didn't notice when he died because she slept. I can't even imagine that … waking up next to Bob, and he'd be dead. I was spared that. I guess. But on the other hand, I'm waking up every day, and he is dead.

See what I'm seeing? *Denny dies in the movie. Dani, that's my name.*

*(Note/edit: **Isn't it that the ones who survive a loved one's death are actually the ones "dying"?** Because in their mortal being so much breaks and dies off because of the loss and grief, that they really aren't who they were anymore, and many never recover and never make sense of the pain of loss they had to experience. So they are the "walking dead". The person who had "died" and left their body, they only graduated. They are fine and live on in a great new "world", in the unobstructed realm. But the mortals … they are the victims, not the "dead".)*

Why are we humans made like this? To suffer that much? To get so attached to our bodies, to the bodies of others … and to then suffer so horribly when we lose them? I know: It's only a matter of seeing things. We weren't "planned" to be so ignorant of the matter "life after death". And because we haven't learned to "see" what "dying" really means, we are suffering when someone who we love, "dies". Wow. Profound, huh.

There was one episode of "Grey's Anatomy" where an old woman wanted to die and not be "fixed" to be able to **"meet her Lenny in the light"**. And her elderly girlfriends told the doctors *how much she had been looking forward to that* … that's what my life is all about. I do read in Stewart's writings how important it is to kind of live life "happily". But at some point, that's not possible anymore. I know that he was looking forward to joining Betty every moment of his seven years that he still had to live after her death … it's like I "remember", and now I have the same shit going (again?). I'm a writer. I used to travel to Africa a lot. I'm dealing with the beyond. The love of my life just died of cancer. Like his did. I freaking *"am"* Stewart White. He even was a dog person.

February 1, 2020

Started **season 3 of “Grey’s Anatomy”**, episode 1 “*Time Has Come Today*” … grieving husband of woman who just died in a car accident to doctor Bailey: **“Do you believe in the afterlife?”** And the surgeon says that *she has to believe*, given what she does and what she sees on a daily basis. Good point.

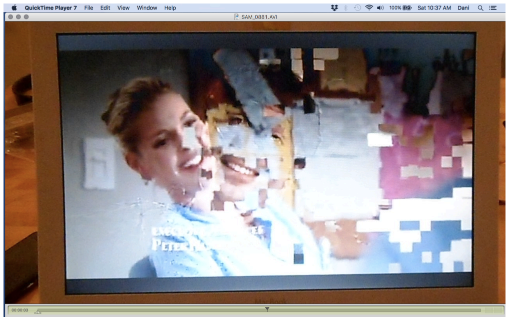
February 1, 2020 – Are You Okay?

I saw a **golden stone** in the field today. A golden stone.

And then there was the scenario I didn’t notice before, although I’ve walked that path many times … *two creeks connecting, one icy, one just water*, and next to the liquid ones … the tasseling reeds … And then two **tiny orange beads** showed up … one free and one stuck in ice …

Coming from the excitement of the glitches … I decided to discipline myself, and instead of watching more online-TV right now, I’m editing this contact diary, putting in photos… and as I went back to July 30, where I had stopped, I came across the entry there …

“A little later, after a lot of thinking about Bob, another woman came towards me, full frontal, and her ***t-shirt read: “I am okay.”*** And now, think again about the glitch, of “Denny” showing up over his great love Izzie and saying …



… yes, exactly: "I'm okay." That's interesting … to edit a section that contains exactly what I'm experiencing in current day life. (*Note/edit: And that was only the beginning.*)

February 2, 2020 – **Grey, the Tumor & My Father's Spirit-Experience**

It's the 2222 day. The day of perfect self-recognition. I was about to drive to Velden to see my parents, and I didn't really intend to … but I let myself turn at the corner down the hill and drove up the Schlossberg. I took Jacqui for a short walk through the forest to give him the opportunity to have a sniff-fest before the drive. There was nobody else around, no other cars at the parking lot.

We went for a tour of about 15 minutes in the forest … and needless to say, my thoughts were with the "Grey's Anatomy" mysteries … and when I returned to the parking lot, **a van parked next to my car.** And on the West-facing side of the parking lot, and it had a **writing** on it. And the writing was "**Grey**".

Grey
MULTIVAN
Grey
Grey
Ford

Grey. I don't think I need to tell you why this pretty much stopped me short. It was a foreign car. And it had the word "Grey" on it. Just when my world was filled with "messages" out of "Grey's Anatomy".

Then I drove on the highway, and I began to cry and suddenly realized my job, my "kuleana" and myself, and I said to Bob "**Give me five**"! And in that second, a car drove by, with the license plate number "**510 BS**". Meaning, "High five on both hands by Bob Stone".

Then "**808 DY**" drove by, and then I told "them" that I must have proof that it isn't random, and the next cars had "**DX**" and "**DZ**" in a row.

Later I saw the most amazing clouds and a kind of "**sword**", a strange kind of **"sheath"**, that at the same time was just like the double tree I had seen just recently …

I talked to “them” the entire trip, including to Fe Fischer, and I told them what I need them to do and what I see as my job, and how I don’t want this life-time and my remaining years to be wasted. And that’s why I need them to truly be in my service … because when I’ll pass on, there will be a big reckoning, as always, and we’ll look how far we got this time. And I know I can get very far this time around, in terms of “the Bridge” as a project in which I’ve been having a major role for a long “time”. Earthly time.

I took Jacqui to **Saisser See lake**, and the **ice** was making loud sounds, very energetic, very interesting. Thought-provoking.

I found a **piece of tree** … with a **tumor**. A **sponge-like tumor**. I was attracted to it … like magnetically. And I tore it off the tree bark and tried to open it … but it was too tough and spongy … it was uncanny, the moment when it detached from the branch, it felt familiar.

How often have I fantasized about ***tearing*** that tumor from Bob’s body, and he had, too … and I maybe should have done that … and being able to do that today with that sponge-tumor (*Note/edit: Okay, just now I hear “Sponge-Bob” in my mind!)* … was freaking satisfying.

My mother was in very good shape, and we talked almost normally, and my father was nice too, although he had thought that I’d be visiting yesterday and was upset at first. But then we had a good chat … and I thought that it was a pity that he had rejected me pretty much all my life. *(Note/edit: Reading through these entries I’ve recalled scenes from my childhood and teenagehood that were horrible, as my father really was a mentally troubled person, in all his unhappiness. The same is true for my mother.)*

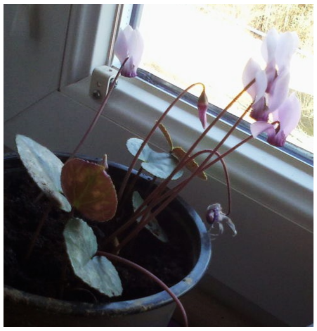
My father told me about the year 1978 when his friend Alois O. had died of a brain tumor, and how ***he had felt him close****, as a “cold draught” in the car*, as he was driving to get Loisi’s wife … and he said that he was sure that he had felt his spirit. Yup, my father said that. And later he found out that Loisi had died around that time.

That was the last thing I would have expected to hear from my father, today … but it changed matters big time.

It’s the 2222 day, and it’s a special day. I feel like I remember myself better than on other days. I’m on a mission …

I saw a car drive by with the number “**533**” in the license plate. I said that since I have “**422**”, I’d like to see a “644” also. And as I took Sandy and Jacqui on a walk, there was a car parked, with “**644**” in the license plate number. Oh, yes, at my mother’s there was a car on the parking lot with a **rabbit** and a “**flower of life**”-symbol.

And there was a **mirror in the shape of a sun** … okay. That entirely and totally fits. Me, "the sun", had to "look at myself". I can do that in a mirror, even better when that mirror is a "sun".
Later, a **long cloud** was hovering in the **sunset**. Not sure what it means, but it was strange.



My **Cyclamen** are withering … and one day, they'll just be a beautiful memory.

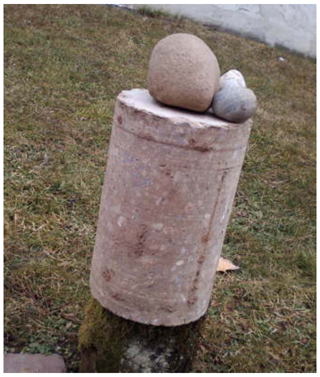
February 3, 2020 – Seeing Bobo

"Grey's Anatomy", season 3, episode 13, "Great Expectations": Young woman has huge tumor in genital area. The doctors are shocked, saying ***"I can see the tumor with my naked eye."*** Yeah, no shit. Don't I know how that feels. Just yesterday I got reminded of it, plucking the tumor from the birch tree branch … Oh, I wish I could show ***Bobo*** to you, Bob's tumor … you would never see a human being with the same eyes again.

February 3, 2020 – Doctor Grey & the Dead Folks = The Full Afterlife Experience!

Walk in Griffen, found **candy wrapping paper**, in Bob's colors teal and purple, reading "**tropical**", with island, palmtree and all. People may think I'm crazy, but I think that most everything that comes to our special awareness in our material realm counts as a hint at something we are to pay special attention to, or as a "message" or a "greeting" from the beyond. Because that's the realm and the stuff we created, that's what we can't help but notice and use.

TROPICAL
TROPICAL



I saw the little **stone-monument** again, that I had photographed in winter … and it has more stones on it! Ha! And some "cylinder"? Kind of … funny. Weird? Telling?

And then I watched some more "Grey's Anatomy" and … there was **a near-death-experience!**
In season 3, episode 16, the main character "Meredith" **dies by drowning in the ocean** … and ***she meets deceased people*!**

Episode 17 is called “*Some Kind of Miracle*” … “Meredith” even meets her dead **dog** …

… and **two dead guys** are having a kind of funny conversation, one of them … and it’s funny how they discuss how they have to go easy on her *because it’s not easy to realize that one is actually dead.*

The “dead Meredith” first talks about the brain causing hallucinations … but more dead people show up …

Just earlier, I wanted to watch a video about a near-death-experiences on “Thanatos.tv”, because I needed some kind of … I don’t know, reassurance … I had thought about it already yesterday … but then I did watch “Grey’s Anatomy”, even though I found it so very silly … but ***I was getting my wish***! On “Grey’s Anatomy”. Of course … *dying by drowning* has been a theme for me … in the ocean … that’s my dream death. And that’s what my film “***Kaweli***”, that Bob and I wanted to make, is about … a woman drowning in the ocean, and then her son, when he is an adult, he manages to get her back in spirit …

Okay, the *dead are reprimanding “Meredith” for not having enough respect for life,* because she had been kind of morbid and frustrated recently… oh-kay. (While in the water, she actually did not try to swim to save herself, which counts as suicide attempt.)

It was about “***completing one’s task***” and about being able to say upon one’s passing that one has had “***a good life***” which makes a difference in terms of what happens in the afterlife, right after death … oh, cool. How again did I even get to watching this series? (And I swear I have never ever read up on any content of it before I started watching it. Never. Ever.)

Earlier, “Meredith’s” “mother”, who has dementia, had told her in the one clear moment she had how disappointed she was in her. “Meredith” was never good enough for her, whatever she did or accomplished …

Geezus f•ck, this is so similar like in my case … my mother has beginning dementia, and whatever I did in my life, it was never good enough for her, and she simply told me that she doesn’t like me. So dead “Meredith’s” boyfriend “Derek” tells her mother that Meredith became what she became ***inspite*** of her mother … Unbelievable, how it relates to me (and to millions of other people, I know). I’m speechless.

Dead “Denny” tells the near-dead “Meredith” that she owes it to the person who loves her, “Derek”, to keep living … because*, says the dead Denny, that her death will change Derek and “who he is”.* ***Is that supposed to tell me that Bob knows that his death has changed me?***

I’m not the same person anymore, I can’t see life anymore the way I did before Bob died. So I take all that personally too.

“Meredith” asks “Denny”: “Is this really happening?” And Denny says: “I don’t know, this is your afterlife, not mine.”

And now … (breaking out in tears right now) … **dead Denny holds still** for a few moments and listens into nowhere, and dead Meredith notices it, and Denny tells her that **he just “felt” “Izzie”,** the love of his life, and that **“sometimes we are at the exactly same place at the same time”** … and he smiles, with tears in his eyes, ***“I can almost hear her voice, and it’s like I’m touching her. I like to believe she knows I’m there”.*** And: “And that’s all you get. Moments with the people you love. And you move on, and they move on …”

I’m aware how silly all this may seem for many people … but for me, just *the very fact that I’m* ***watching*** *right now what I’ve been hearing about and reading about and imagining* … is the “kind of miracle” the title of this episode expresses.

I’ve asked Bob to “let me see him”, to “confirm to me”, to “give me hints” … and all of this comes to me in a TV-show that I never considered watching at all, ever. Just one day I found myself seeking it out and watching. Without thinking about it. And here I am – watching fictional discarnates say to a fictional incarnate exactly what I need to hear.

And here I am, and Meredith is still in the "in between", and Denny is gone now.

Near-dead Meredith says **"I had intimacy issues! Do you know how stupid that seems now?"** The dead say **"Yes, we know**!" *(Note/edit: It does make me chuckle now.)*

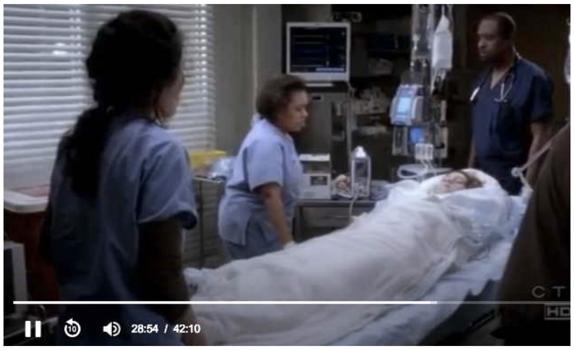
So "Meredith" wants to go back to life … *(Note/edit: Well, she didn't lose a loved one to death, after all, and that makes all the difference.)*

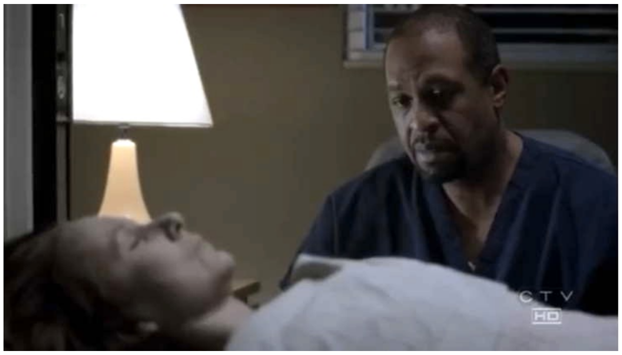
In real life, her best friend Christina comes in and **grabs her feet** (!) … okay, breaking out in tears again, because that's me … *holding and massaging Bob's feet every night* … and oh, I should have done so much more …

And I'm very thankful for having been lead here. And also I'm thankful to myself, to my "Ku", my intuition, that I did keep watching this series. I even skipped episodes yesterday … and I started watching again at a later episode.

(Well, there is another storyline, Meredith's **mother is dying of cardiac arrest** at the same time … ***they meet in the in-between-afterlife …*** and now the mother really "sees" her daughter!

"Meredith" hadn't been able to talk to her mother for a long time normally because of her dementia … of course they embrace … and the mother says ***"You are anything but ordinary, Meredith!"*** Then: "***Run***!")

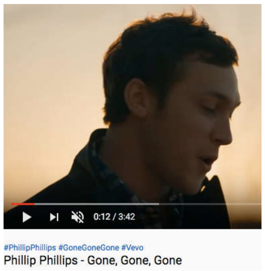




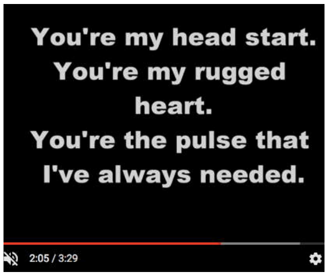
Of course, it’s entirely silly and unrealistic how all that played out (very long dead state due to drowning, no damage to brain functions, heart anything) … but it’s the story I had to see.

The man who loved the now really dead mother of Meredith, *sits with her corpse* and tell her that he misses the sound of her voice and misses her. No shit. I miss Bob, and I will never stop.

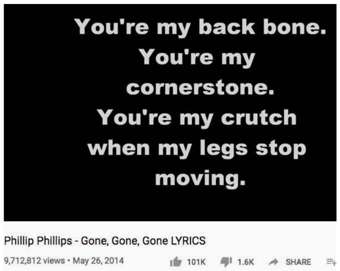
The lines of that song that I came across again the other day, that “C” had sent me, keeps ringing in my mind: *“Baby I’m not moving on, love you long after you’re gone.”*



#PhillipPhillips #GoneGoneGone #Vevo
Phillip Phillips - Gone, Gone, Gone

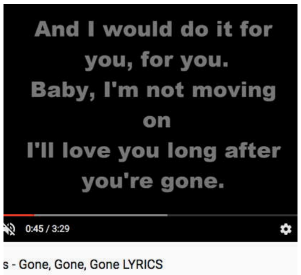


You're my head start.
You're my rugged heart.
You're the pulse that I've always needed.



You're my back bone.
You're my cornerstone.
You're my crutch when my legs stop moving.

Phillip Phillips - Gone, Gone, Gone LYRICS
9,712,812 views • May 26, 2014



And I would do it for you, for you.
Baby, I'm not moving on
I'll love you long after you're gone.

s - Gone, Gone, Gone LYRICS

It’s bitter and kind of sweet … seeing “Denny” tell “Meredith” how he, ***the dead guy, is sometimes so close to Izzie*** *… and she feels him …*

… and then we see her walking through the hallway and “sensing” his presence … and we actually see him too, but *she can’t see him* … and it’s very … *beautiful.* ***And*** **then he walks back “into the light”.** ***To go about his business.***

And one day we’ll be together again, Bob and I and all others … too.

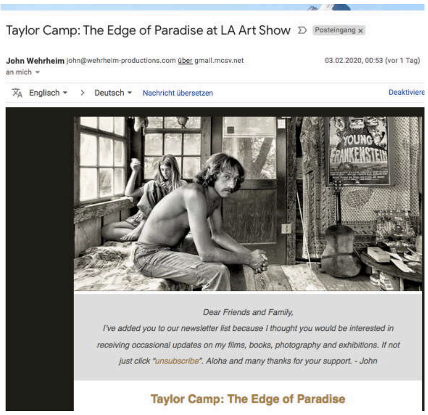
(Note/edit: At that point I didn’t know that this storyline wasn’t over yet … I was in for a big surprise.)

February 4 **– Synchronicity Two Ways**

It’s absolutely clear now: I’m receiving messages on both levels of dealing with this contact diary – right now, current day events related, and relating to events that I wrote down on those days that I’m currently editing.

I found **tiny animal teeth** on the field today …

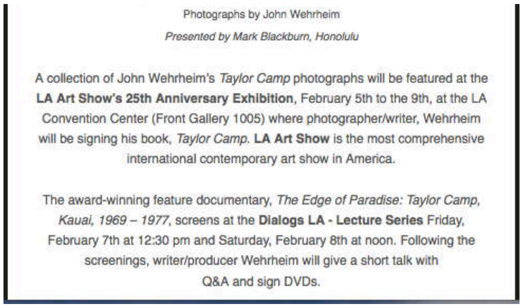
… and I received an *email from John W.*, as he had put me on his mailing list, inviting me to a screening of Bob’s film … which is now renamed again: “**Taylor Camp**: The Edge of Paradise”, thus combining both titles. Just Bob’s name is nowhere to be seen. He could have mentioned something like at least “in memory of” … but *nothing*.


Taylor Camp: The Edge of Paradise at LA Art Show

John Wehrheim john@wehrheim-productions.com über gmail.mcsv.net 03.02.2020, 00:53 (vor 1 Tag)
an mich

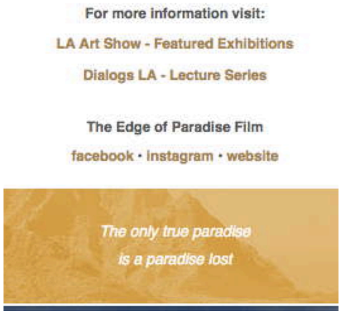
Dear Friends and Family,
I’ve added you to our newsletter list because I thought you would be interested in receiving occasional updates on my films, books, photography and exhibitions. If not just click “unsubscribe”. Aloha and many thanks for your support. - John

Taylor Camp: The Edge of Paradise


Photographs by John Wehrheim
Presented by Mark Blackburn, Honolulu

A collection of John Wehrheim’s *Taylor Camp* photographs will be featured at the **LA Art Show’s 25th Anniversary Exhibition**, February 5th to the 9th, at the LA Convention Center (Front Gallery 1005) where photographer/writer, Wehrheim will be signing his book, *Taylor Camp*. **LA Art Show** is the most comprehensive international contemporary art show in America.

The award-winning feature documentary, *The Edge of Paradise: Taylor Camp, Kauai, 1969 – 1977*, screens at the **Dialogs LA - Lecture Series** Friday, February 7th at 12:30 pm and Saturday, February 8th at noon. Following the screenings, writer/producer Wehrheim will give a short talk with Q&A and sign DVDs.


For more information visit:
LA Art Show - Featured Exhibitions
Dialogs LA - Lecture Series

The Edge of Paradise Film
facebook • instagram • website

The only true paradise
is a paradise lost

The fine thing: Just today *I was editing August 14*, and that’s where I talk about **Bob’s “mouse teeth”** because I had received the shocking email from Peter Rosen, with Bob’s picture, and about how I had met “**Sailor**”, an interviewee in “**Taylor Camp**”, and how I had been thinking over and over about whether or not I was supposed to do something about John and about Bob’s legacy …

It also was a subject that Bob and I talked about when he showed “The Edge of Paradise” to me in his studio, in September 2018, why “Sailor” was in the credits, but I didn’t see her in the film. I must admit, right here, that I had the greatest doubts that Bob actually was entirely aware of what he was doing … just now I feel that I must write to Joyce, his sister, about the new film-title.

So the two realms are addressed together, by the “invisibles” as they are giving me messages and hints … Just go back to August 14, 2019, and you’ll see what I mean …

I found a **two-colored stone** on the ground while walking with Jacqui …

… and immediately it reminded me of the two-colored “**makau**”, “**fishhook**” I had given Bob years ago, as a good luck charm, but it had broken apart.

February 5, 2020 – The Cap Returned

In summer 2018 I went by bus to the small town of Makawao on Maui, to run an errand for Bob, who was sick at home, I had to drop off a package to be sent, at the Makawao FedEx-station. and home to Pukalani I walked, … all alone, along the long empty quiet roads between the sugarcane fields with the high stalks and the reeds

It was scorchingly hot, it was windy, I felt doom and fear and despair … and it was like all memories of my life with Bob were suddenly around me, and I tried to shoo them away, because I was sure that Bob would recover, and he was waiting for me, in our beloved housie, and he was editing a TV-commercial … but however I tried to discipline my thoughts, my emotions almost lifted me above the ground … I was so sad, so sad because this was my home, this was where I belonged, and I hadn’t been there for so long … I couldn’t believe, suddenly, that I hadn’t been with Bob physically on Maui for four years …

(Note/edit: Editing this now in April, it really undoes me ..)

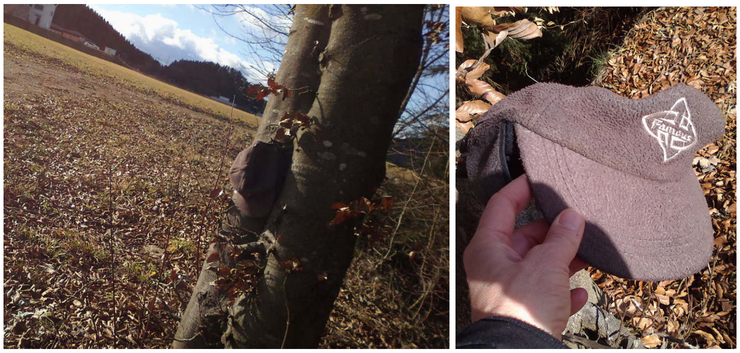
And at some point I thought that I should have taken a scarf or a cap, because it was *really* hot, and the next thing I know … A **brown man’s cap** was lying right in front of me, *on the side of the road*. It was a good cap, like a hat, and I took it with me, I thought I’d wash it and then maybe Bob would want to wear it … as it was kind of fancy.

Back home, Bob got a kick out of that brown cap-hat, and said “You’re amazing, Dani” (meaning that I’d always find just what I needed or what I had just thought about). I washed the cap … but it was too small for me, and so I tied it to the sliding door on our lanai, and there it remained, and it was there when I left … as a protection for Bob.

Today I walked the field with Jacqui, and I was so sad, that I broke out crying again, and I cried hard … it’s a very windy day, and there is sunshine, and I looked at the **clouds** and I thought that I can’t bear this life without Bob … And I don’t want to.

I started telling him again how I know now that the mortal disposition is really a problem, but that exactly that suffering must stop, and … well, just now it occurs to me that “the bridge” must be based on the human emotional setup … so I walked there, devastated.

I decided to go to St. Kollmann and turned left, to the path that lead by the patch of “rabbit ears”, that magical spot I had discovered in fall … and as I walked, crying, alone with my dog … I saw this:



Yes. It’s a **brown cap**. Hanging from a tiny twig *right above the “rabbit ears”.* A brown cap exactly like the one I had found on Maui. And the stitching on it reads “**Famous**”.

So I broke out crying even harder … because the separation from Bob was to be felt much more intense, even, and I’m breaking out in tears right now, too, as I’m writing this (just got back from the walk). And that’s probably it:

The separation is what kills out spirit as mortals. We don’t have the capacity to grasp or use or be happy about or enjoy the connectedness with *invisible intangible* loves ones … we need our physical partners, the people we love and with whom we plan our future! **We are made to have a body** and to take care of our bodies and love the bodies of others! We need their warmth and their expressions of life, **and when they disappear or die in front of us, of course we’re devastated!** So – now what?

Why make us this way when it’s so difficult to exist this way? And **the only answer** to that must be that it’s exactly our **emotions** that cause us so much pain and trouble that are the key to dealing with our “losses”! Some kind of force is in the emotions that we must learn to use! *And someone once wrote a thousands of pages long book about that* … **wait, that was me!**

Right now … It’s absolutely clear to me that the **brown cap** was “from Bob”. He knows how much that wandering alone by the fields and the reeds reminds me of Maui … and it’s brutal, in a way. And the writing “**famous**” may relate to what I’ve been asking from them, in terms of filmmaking and the project “Regents of Clouds”. And it means to me that they are with me on that and working on it with me, and that it will be manifested. I want to be “famous” about those films, to have the influence I need to make a difference in this lifetime.

Are “they” trying to keep my spirits up? Only Bob has ever seen that cap, he knows the relevance of it, in our last days together, and *for me to find another cap* is no coincidence, even the most doubting person must by now realize that there is “something behind this”.

So I guess I’m supposed to be optimistic and stick to my focus and expect the best outcome? How can I, when all I can feel is pain?

These are the major “Huna”-principles that I know so well: “Bless the present; Trust yourself,; Expect the best!” Yes. I know. I’ve learned all that. I can reach back and use all that to lift myself up to be able to keep going. But I’m still a mortal … and I’ve seen tragedy. A lot.

My mortal disposition wants to break me. I miss Bob. Even and especially if that’s a message from him, it makes me realize our separation even stronger. I know now that exactly that must have been a major problem for Stewart White too, after Betty had died. **We are humans with a body, and the partnership with another human with a body defines our very being during the mortal phase.** Losing that partner ***who all our love is directed to***, literally means losing ourselves. Because what happens to all the visions we had – together with the people of flesh and blood whose bodies are now rotting or burned off?

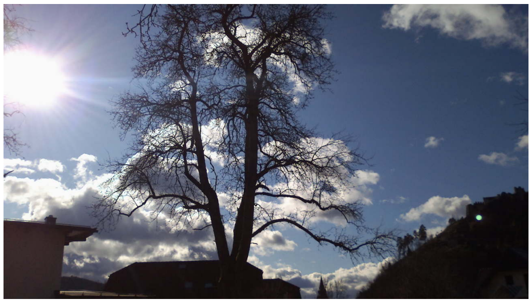
And to overcome that or fight that or … I don’t know, deal with it, and it’s commonly called “grief”, that’s the biggest challenges of all. Because succumbing to grief may bring the reunion with the loved one in the “beyond”, … but it won’t bring “the bridge” forward.

I was crying and snotting and weeping … there, on the field today, and right now it starts again, too … but I know that I have a job to do. I’m “famous” in the “beyond”? Great. I need to be “famous” in terms of influential and successful with “Regents of Clouds” in the material world to further “the bridge”.

I went through Maui-photos of 2018 to find a picture of that **Maui-cap** … but I only found a photograph with a glimpse of it (to the right), and on the other side, is Bob, in his sick state. In the pajama I got him many years ago. *(Note/edit: Yesterday the program crashed big time when I tried to show a picture of sick Bob. Not doing it again.)*

Also, as I walked on with Jacqui … I found a **tiny red butterfly** … it’s so small … and nearly invisible, unless one walks attentively an open to finding tiny things.

Talk about “tiny” … I realized that **tiny roses** are growing in front of the door where I live.



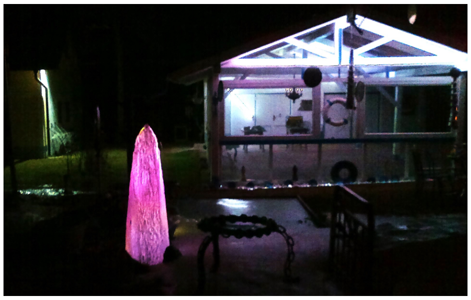
A few minutes after the cap find, I was crying again or still … I noticed how the **clouds** were moving so fast … and I watched them through that **tree**, and that tree and the clouds seemed to kind of *"align" their shapes!*

So then I took yet another path than the usual one … and there were the most amazing **car license plate numbers** … 222 DS and ROBI 1.

About "Grey's Anatomy" … I finished season 3 and started the season 4, but I suddenly had lost interest … until I read in some review article that "Izzie" was going to actually have "visions" of her dead "Denny", and that got my attention.

Yesterday I photographed a "**Erica**"-plant (Heidekraut, Heath), in the middle of a **creek**, which I found very strange, and today my mother told me on the phone that the storm had blown her "Erica"-plants from the window-sills. *(**Note**: Today, March 11, 2022, that I'm reediting this section for image size, I'm actually nursing an Erica plant back to life on my window sill, third picture!)*

At night-walk with Jacqui I passed by the **beautifully lit stone** again, next to the bed … yes, the Stoneman has left his death bed and turned into a light being … It's like Bob winking, everytime I see it. And at the same time my heart gets freezing cold with the realization that he is gone. It's very odd, though, to have to see the stone next to the bed every day. It's right on my path. I can't "escape" it, except if I'd take an inconvenient route along the street with my dog every day. And I won't to that. The stone is in a place that I like to walk to. *(**Note**: The most important aspect of this stone next to his bed, as if he had just left it, I was to realize much later: There was always **music** playing in that artist's yard. And only at* *some point I realized that this was typical for Bob and housie:* ***Since he was an editor for music related works like shows or commercials, there was always music to be heard outside his edit room and outside the house!*** *Once I realized it there, in Griffen, I felt so touched and undone and at the same time comforted … it’s just not possible to end up living at a place where your dead loved one’s existence and story is reflected that clearly “by chance”!)*



(*brightened version*)

February 6 **– The Clouds & Mary-Beth**

So vivid dreams, recently, but can’t recall … only as “ideas”, it’s always that I must get somewhere and am hindered by people … today there was a woman …

Also, I woke up with the ring finger and the pinkie of my left hand tingling wildly, like they had been asleep and just woken up … and my entire arm felt like it was going to die off any minute. It took me a long time to find a sleeping position where I had the impression that the blood flow was okay … it was strange, as it came with racing hear and pain in my left breast, not chest, breast, boob, and a pulling feeling in my left inner upper arm … and no, I don’t think it’s a heart attack or cancer or a brain tumor … I think it’s just … whatever the fuck it is.

Also some content kept moving around in my mind, from this c. d., an earlier entry … that some *“disca” may stop the contact with the “inca” so that they can “move on”.* Suddenly I understood today: If you are focused on your dead loved one, whether or not you know that she or he still exists, you really can’t function in the here and now in mortal terms properly. It’s like a vortex, a draw to the beyond … and unless you have concrete projects you want to pull through, you’ll want to die. The mortal realm will entirely lose it’s interest to you – unless you are aware that you are supposed to live out you days the way it’s “meant” for you. But how to know what’s “meant”? On one hand, people must learn to follow their intuition, on the other hand they have to behave according to moral codes? Making mortal like meaningless – that’s what grief and loss and the pain of the memories can do to you. And that is, maybe, some kind of “selection” process. Some people will give up the mortal agendas and die, and others want to make sense of their existence and push on …

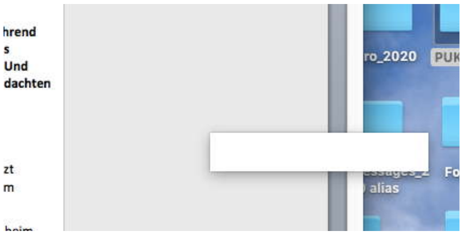
(Note/edit: Just now, months after I wrote this and many insights later, I still have to say that there are times when the facts of Bob’s death hit me with their original full force of … I don’t even know what to call it. It’s just not conceivable to me that my Bob is not alive as a mortal anymore. There is a big deep black hole in my thinking ever again … the disbelief, the nauseating idea that I will never see Bob again this life and the pain that comes with this thought, they are so heavy that they seem to suffocate everything else that I could possibly think or feel … and it does feel like “falling”.)

It’s just that recently I’ve been so extremely sad. And I flash back so deeply to Maui, and I miss it so much, that it begins to suffocate me.

I also have been having very severe heart-pain, physically, and sometimes I think that I wouldn’t mind dying … I’ve been thinking that my mother would maybe not even notice or not care. And especially not my father. If it wasn’t for my dog … yesterday I talked with my mother how much I long to smell and see the ocean, and all she had to say was “Then go there”, no thought about doing anything together with me. I know that she is in a different state of mind, but that's also a fact. So what am I expecting?

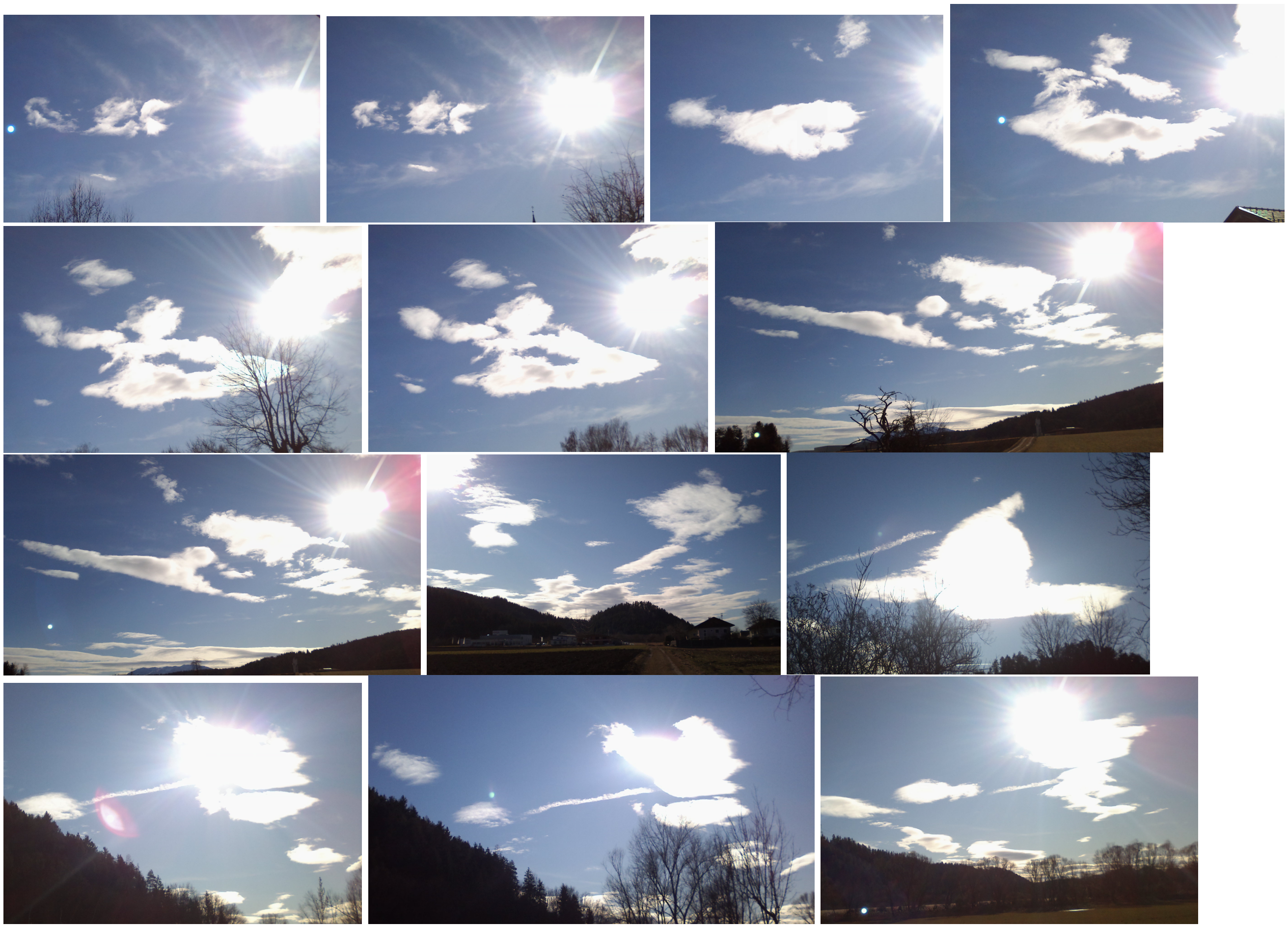
I don't know.

Today a **strange white little patch** showed up on my desktop, no idea what that is, but it keeps sticking around … with no content.



Took a walk with Jacqui … and the **landscape** was mimicking the double color stone I found yesterday …

… and the **clouds** were giving me "writing" and symbols that I'm supposed to understand …



Then I ended up at a beautiful patch of seeding **reeds** … and I thought that it's amazing how soft the bulbs are when they are dissolving … and that nothing remains of them … but then, the seeds, they fell into the water and blew away … spreading everywhere …

There is the **tiny bull** close to where I live … poor guy, frozen in time, all alone … used to be pink, but someone took him and painted him like this.

And then … Grey’s Anatomy, season 4 episode 5: “Meredith” carries around the **cremains** of her mother in a **Ziploc-bag**! Couldn’t be more suiting … I’ve been thinking over and over what has happened to Bob’s ashes … will have to contact Joyce, don’t want to …

… and then “the oldest intern, Norman” says what Bob had said cancelling his last job for the MACC, after having worked for that institution for so long, “**I’m a bit under the weather**”. I’ve never heard that expression before, only from Bob, who told me that he had said that to B., a friend and colleague, to cancel a shoot he was supposed to do … and she repeated that to me in our email-conversation shortly after his death … *“I’m a bit under the weather” …*

I didn’t want to keep watching this, but I can’t help it … I’m watching the episodes in order … not sure how long that will go for me …

“Meredith” flushes her **mother’s ashes down the sink** in the surgery’s scrubbing room … because she thought that “that’s where she’d want to be”. Now, I really need to write to Joyce about what happened to Bob’s remains. I thought they should be on the mainland, because Bob had wanted to move back there, away from Maui. I supported him in that. But I didn’t mean for his family to keep his ashes boxed up!

On the show, the character "Norman" broke down … and he told the doctor that he thinks the reason why he chose to become the world's oldest intern in surgery was, that "**Mary-Beth**", his dead (!) wife had wanted him to be surrounded by the best team of surgeons if he should suffer the massive stroke that was in store for him. This, of course, made me think of Bob's and my friend **Mary-Beth** … there is a very bitter story around her, too, about a misunderstanding her communication with Bob while he was already desperately sick and not telling anyone.

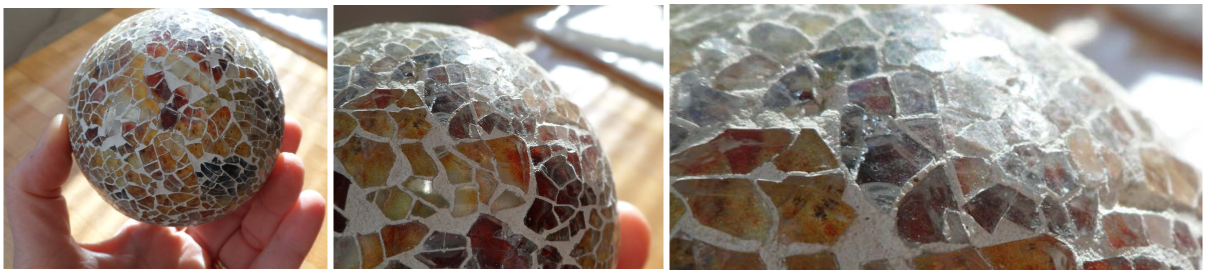
Okay – now! I've forced myself to keep working on rough-editing this c. d. and putting pictures in … and today I ended up at the August 23 entry .. and get this (quoting):

*"… strangely I've been thinking of Bob's former friend "**Mary-Beth**" who was a **helicopter pilot.** I and Joyce contacted her (being a nurse) for help right when Bob died. Then she couldn't help Joyce more, because she got very sick, herself. I kept thinking of contacting her. Maybe I will."*

So: I'm encountering **"Mary-Beth"** on "Grey's Anatomy" today, while I'm **editing the "Mary-Beth"-entry from August last year?!**

February 6, 2020, Thursday, 10 p.m. – **Crystal Ball Appearance**

I just found the weirdest thing ever. A ball. A **crystal ball**. I kid you not. I was walking Jacqui, like every night, just a little ways down the hill, as he doesn't like to walk in the dark, the area spooks him … and on the way back, I went actually a few steps by our doorway and on the other side of the road, too, and I bent down, barely seeing anything in the dark – and I picked up *something*.



I barely saw that there was something, it didn't even sparkle, or maybe a little, because there must have been a *reason* why I went there in the first place … It's a **ball** with tiny little pieces of glass or crystal embedded in what looks like concrete … wow. It fits into my hand, but my fingers only cover it halfway … it's a piece of art, in some way. It reminds me of my own artworks, but those are paintings … so I'm really really curious about what comes up about this thing … in my mind or in the material world or in a dream … but it has to do with something.

I mean … I just found this crystal ball on the side of the road. In the dark.

It's not a mystery how it got there, I don't think … there is some kind of artist's workshop further up on the hill. So maybe it rolled down from there. Or it was somebody's garden decoration? Anyway – it didn't manifest from thin air, but the odd thing is *that I found it*.

If it would be day, there are people walking along the road, and they may have found it. But it rolled just until across the street a few meters uphill from the door to the house where I live … and there it stopped. To be found by me. The finder of "messages". Well.

Bring it on, Stoneman, I'm listening.

*(Note/edit: It would take a few more months for me to realize **what I had actually found** there, and it's less than a week ago that it happened that I suddenly "**saw**"!)*

Okay, just started "*Grey's Anatomy*", season 4 episode 6 … and Dr. Bailey said the word "**tassel**" … geez. "When the sugar cane tassels" … is the Maui-phrase that has been following me around for years.

February 7, 2020 **– The Dinosaur Egg, the One Green Beed, the Horse & the Cat**

Okay, I got it. It popped up in my mind: "**Dinosaur egg**". It was there, last night already. But at first, I was a little numb and didn't realize why that sounded so strangely familiar. Bob is playing with me. A few days ago, I met **the woman who lives in the "House of the Sun"** on the opposite side of the street, and who has a daycare center for children. She and a group of kids were walking along the route that's Jacqui's and my morning tour, and as we walked by, a child said that she wanted to see the "**dinosaur egg**". And the woman explained to a neighbor, who was outside in the garden, that there **"was a stone in some garden that looked like a dinosaur egg".** And I was intrigued, but I didn't check where they went to see that dinosaur egg shaped stone.

So what I found last night, is sure not that stone, but it's – ***a "dinosaur egg", too.*** Yes! And how can that be … if not for Bob having heard it and been there and now sending me the "proof"?

Also, remember the "**dinosaur**" that showed up on "Grey's Anatomy" (January 26) right after my "dinosaur" events: the dream with the "**crocodile** type" creatures on the same day and the "dinosaur clouds? Oh, yes, of course! It can also be a "crocodile egg"!

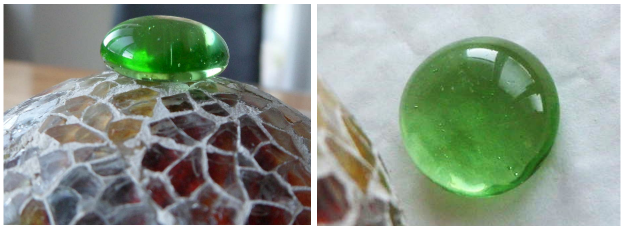
Notice, that a **young child** who was with a **woman** said the thing about the "**dinosaur egg**", and that in my **dream**, Bob gave the **crocodile-dinosaur**-figurines to a **woman** with a **baby**?

See, what it means, that "spirits" are "communicating through synchronicity"?!

During the morning walk, I noticed a **field** … just because it looked like the **stalks** were "people" …

Taking a walk with Jacqui this afternoon, I found a **green glass** … bead. A green glass "lentil", sorta.

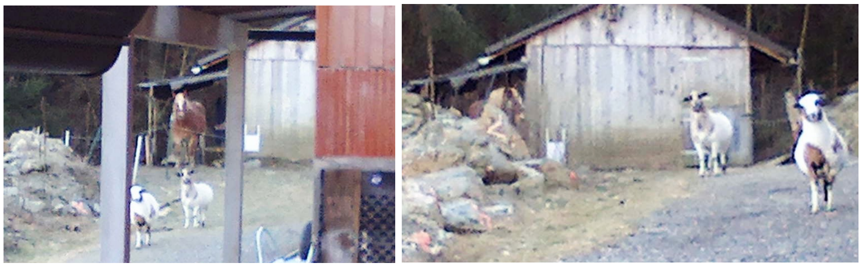
And again, nothing else of that kind around, just that ***one*** thing, in the dirt …



Then: Walked up the Schlossberg from the backside and found the **path "blocked".** Still possible to walk there, but a recent storm hat broken two tree, and they formed a cross or an "X" … where I always go. So that means … "Don't go a path that you've grown used to?"

There is something else.

That lonely **brown horse**. Not that it matters … (haha!), but "C" had just sent me a picture of a **brown toy horse** with the **cat** of her friend, R. Plus she sent me a lovely beads picture of a "humming bird" (and her nick name is "colibri", humming bird) … Now. I have a problem with a brown horse. I wrote about meeting a horse on a path, recently, which spooked me so that I took Jacqui and we turned around and went back into the forest.



Now, it has turned out that the **poor Haflinger horse** is pretty much abandoned by her owner. She lives with **two goats** on a dark and wet property that was abandoned as living space by the owners when they found it too wet and dark. The horse and the goats (and there were seven, but the neighbors told me that most escaped into the woods) are on their own, often days and nights on end. They have a shack, no heating, no space to run …. it's so sad.

The horse has managed to escape its confines, several times, it's known to wander the forest. But today I went past the place again and found a gate there, and the horse confined to the little space in front of the shack that ends in a steep slope. Jesus Christ, I want the people who do that to suffer! It's still below 0 degrees in the night, and the animals are all by themselves there!

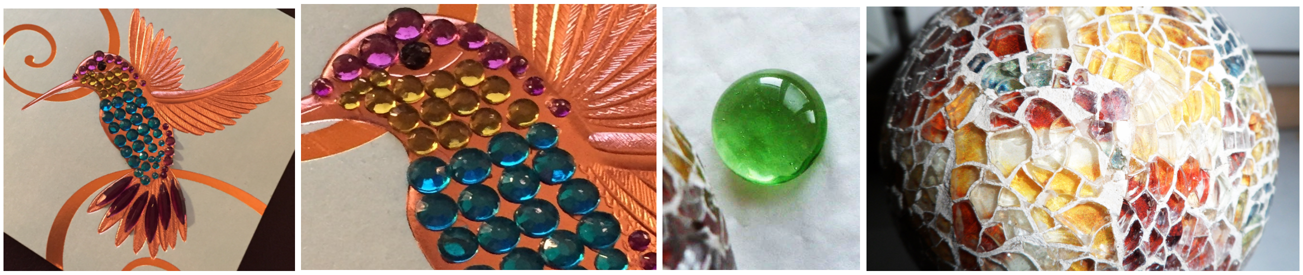
I feel so sorry for them! I took pictures … also I wrote an anonymous complaint to the municipality of the area … I will write to the police, too. I can't have that happen, I must help the horse. The way the animals looked at Jacqui and me … heartbreaking. I almost wish for the horse to get out again, so that it can at least wander around … but then, they are all lonely. They can't do anything but eat and stand.

On that yard, though, is a **wooden chime** of exactly the kind Bob and I had in our Pukalani housie.

I know, those things are all over the place … and of course I've been thinking about the sounds our chime had made recently, often … and I've imagined it … and I've seen hit, when I looked for a picture of the hat I had found … but I can't make myself to look again

Sigh. The neighbor – a woman, the sister of the woman who used to live in my apartment and who now lives in New York but comes visiting soon – also told me that **she had to kill a cat today**, **a black and white one**! Fucked up detail: It was run over by a car just last night and left lying injured! Not far from where I found the dinosaur egg last night!

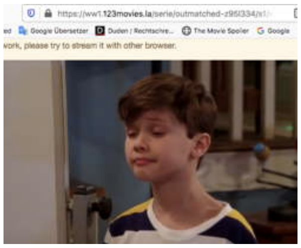
Now look at the **pictures** that "C" sent me! **Horse** and **black and white cat** …



… and the beads colibri, the **humming bird** … very "shiny" and "beady" … So is Bob telling me that he is seeing what I see and participating?

February 7, 2020 – The Name, the Meteorite & the Cockroach

Oh-kay. Odd! Wanted to watch "Grey's A.", didn't work on my usual channel! So I picked randomly some other TV-show, on some other channel, and it's "**Outmatched**", about parents with way too **smart kids**! Wow! That's … totally like in the case of my brother Peter and me. My parents simply didn't have the opportunities and education, but fact remains, they were no intellectual matches for us. The problem in such situations is often that the parents feel inadequate and develop resentments against their own children. Not in this series, though, but I still couldn't make myself watch it.



work, please try to stream it with other browser.

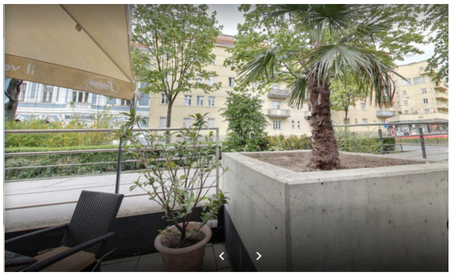
But: Just a few minutes in, the prodigy boy talks about Italian architects that were put to death, and the name of one of them is "**Vendetti**". And that's the name of the other abusive "friend" in Bob's life … T.

Vendetti, and I’ll never forgive him to never get back to me when I told him about Bob’s death … geez. There is the name. In a random TV-show.

The relationship with T. Vendetti was also a very very painful aspect of Bob’s and my life. Bob did manage to stand up to Tom in his last years, sometime, but for so long T. took advantage of Bob’s time and talent and skills and never gave him the credit he deserved. And Bob was stupid enough to keep working on T.’s projects, without proper pay, ever. And the reason was, that Bob kind of did not speak the language of the business he was in. He expected people to deal with him in a certain way that matched his sense of fairness and integrity, but as much as I could immediately see that dilemma, he managed to ignore it all his life.

This glimpse into the TV-series “Outmatched” gave me a few scenes where people talk with each other, but they are absolutely not on the same level of understanding.

Wow … This parallel thing … Something just came to my awareness. I’m actually in the process of photo-editing the August 2019 entries right now, and it’s just now about my own film, *“Making of Barricades”* that I shot in July 2018, and Bob helped me with the digitizing and the audio cleanup. Remember? On August 24 I had seen the car license plate “W 84 BDY” (“*wait for body*”) and then the “Bob-Lookalike” with headphones in a café had shown up.



… and writing about it, I had realized that my film’s title was kind of meaningful … and it’s content: “*… it’s **about two people**, a home-invader and the woman who lives in that home who don’t speak each other’s languages and **try to communicate, but can’t understand each other even though they are right next to each other** …*”

Yup. Exactly. This was the case for Bob with his business-partners, but it was also the case for me with Bob. “Invading another person’s home” means, perhaps, entering their space, and that would be okay if they’d be able to explain themselves, but my film shows a situation where neither of the party speaks the other person’s language.

Now the question is only – why would people who are on such different levels of dealing with the very basic of humanity, *communication*, even meet or get together or feel attracted to? Is it that “fate” needs them to clash and to fail? In my film, the woman "captures" the home invader by wrapping him in … **veils**. What a weird kind of foreboding.

Okay, something else amazing … and mind-boggling is happening … that gives the "dinosaur egg" another dimension … I'm right now editing the c. d. entries of August 25, 2019 … and that's when I **dreamed** of that **meteorite-thing hitting** and **the operating-system symbolizing Bob himself** … and I just looked over and saw the "dinosaur egg" *blinking* at me, and I'm currently in the process of trying to find online some suiting imagery that symbolizes the impact of thing that had hit the ground just behind me in that dream, ***slashing my hand*** (remember, my ***hand*** has been weird in the past weeks … wow, I'm really getting dizzy and light-headed writing about this) … So my "dinosaur egg" can symbolize some "celestial" thing, too, like a meteorite!

Actually, I realize that I have an image, a picture that I just took, a few days ago, of the odd "***golden stone***" that was just lying on my path waiting for me … Hey! It actually "belongs" to the "meteorite-dream" of last year …?!

Watching a little bit of "*Grey's Anatomy",* season 4, episode 12 … "Is she an animal or a **Bobcat** …" (Dr. Sloan about a love interest of Dr. Shepherd).

And: The character **"George" kills a cockroach** – I edited the "cockroach" section today, about **my pet cockroach "Georgie" and his family!**

February 8, 2020 – **Meeting Fe!**

Fe Fischer was the boss of an animal rescue organization who practically coaxed me into adopting Jacqui. And she died in October 2018.

I've been telling her recently, and in the past year ever again, that *I'd like to know if she is "around"*. And a few times, it seemed like it. I need to note here, that I accompanied her and her colleague Ulli, in their car, a few times to visit animal shelters in Slovakia, before I adopted Jacqui.

One very poignant experiences was, that we were supposed to meet a young couple at a gas station on the outskirts of Vienna, as they were supposed to follow us to the animal shelter in Slovakia to get the dog they wanted to adopt. We waited and they wouldn't come. Fe was furious, and she had generally a very volatile temper. She began to rant about how she "knew" that it wouldn't work out with that young couple and that we should leave, we had to meet other people at the shelter anyway … and I tried to calm her down. Standing at the service station, we got to chat a little, and I think we bonded.

Finally the young folks called and said that they had **forgotten** something, as far as I can recall, **their ID**, I think, and that they had to turn around and were late, but they would come. Fe didn't believe a word of what they said. (Eventually they came, we got to the shelter, and they did not take the dog they had picked online, and the reason was, that the dog did not come with them and did not obey! We're talking about a dog from a shelter who had never seen these people before; I couldn't believe their idiocy! Of course, Fe had been right, nothing good had come out of that meeting. For me it was the second meeting with Jacqui, and we bonded that day, and I made a "reservation" for him, to come pick him up a few days later.)

Well, at the gas station, I remember that I told Fe that I felt that she made herself sick with her anger … and that she should relax, and I told her that I admired her for her work and her ways and her beauty. I did. She was very beautiful, tall and noble. (I'm afraid I was right about the making herself sick, though.)

And today, I met "Fe".

I went to Velden, to visit my mother and my father. I took Jacqui for a hike around *Forest lake* first … my favorite spot, because it's absolutely quiet there and incredibly nice. This time, Edith called me, my father's wife, from the hospital, the first time after her surgery. And she told me something about a person I knew in the past, that blew my mind. Talk about insanity and betrayal. But there is no space for this here. Just: Talk about ignoring one's intuition. Geez, I'm just nothing better than the last dumbass on the planet.

And so I was walking through the forest around forest lake, and a **young woman** kept crossing my path, ***with a white dog on a leash and a black and gray dog free***. (The photo shows the type of dog they were.)

The gray dog at some point got together with Jacqui, and they liked each other. I was on the phone with Edith, most of the time … so only after the young woman and her two dogs and Jacqui and I had crossed paths *for the forth time*, I was off the phone and I actually talked to the young woman. I said something simple like "Here we meet again". The dogs looked like shepherd dogs … It turned out: The young woman, a German, ***had lost her driver's license and student ID***, and I helped her look around, while we walked together. At some point I did ask her what her dogs' names were, and one was "Kira", the younger one, the white one, **and the other dog's name was "Fe".** Maybe written "Fee", I don't know, and "Fe" is an about seven years old rescue from an animal rescue organization, just like Jacqui.

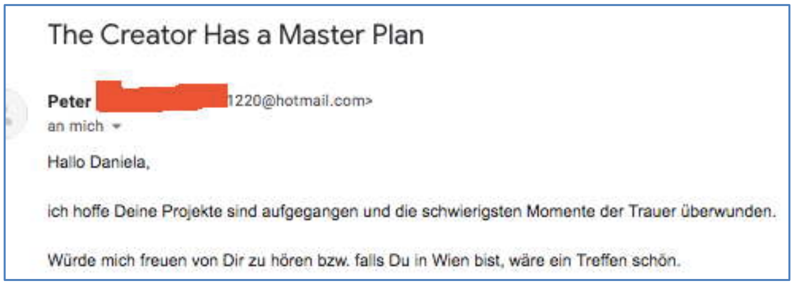
And I immediately told the young woman that I had known a woman named "Fe", and that she was the reason why I had Jacqui …

But only hours later it occurred to me … that this may be a *synchronicity* event by which ***"my" Fe is actually answering my question***. Yes, she is around. Wow, my face gets all hot right now …

*(**Note/edit:** And only months later, now, in March 2020, have I realized the connection about **the lost ID**: It was the most intense time I ever had with Fe, at the service station, when we waited for the couple who didn't come in time because they had forgotten their ID …)*

Also, I received an **email** today by an old friend of mine, *Peter St.*, with who I had worked together many years ago, and whose "best man" I was at his wedding. He is Austrian and lives in Vienna, and I had met him just days before I had left to see Bob in August 2018 on Danube Island. He was wondering how I was doing. The reference line of his email to me was:

"The Creator Has a Master Plan". I was struck.



The Creator Has a Master Plan

Peter [redacted]1220@hotmail.com>
an mich

Hallo Daniela,

ich hoffe Deine Projekte sind aufgegangen und die schwierigsten Momente der Trauer überwunden.

Würde mich freuen von Dir zu hören bzw. falls Du in Wien bist, wäre ein Treffen schön.

It turned out that it would be an unsatisfying communication between us, but I don't hold it against him. I had told him that it would be important to me that he'd know what I'm currently working on, and he responded, no, to him it doesn't matter, he'd like to see me even without knowing about what I was working on. This was like a punch in the stomach to me. So, no meeting.

I think I did **"meet Fe**" today. I wish there could be more of this.
Now I want my brother Peter to let me know if he is around.

February 9 – The Return of the Worm

I woke up from a terrible **dream** … I was on Hawaii, but in the dream, I knew that Bob was dead, and there was *a young man with a German shepherd dog* … and I knew I had to take the dog from him. There was some kind of group, almost like a travel **group**, with people who were **waiting** for me or who I had to **join**, somehow … and it was all about **leaving** that place, some kind of small town along a road in a landscape that was kind of wide. And even though some of the events took place in a house, or close to it, it felt like the young man and the dog and my were kind **of on the side of the road**, too. There were small pieces of **cold fried chestnut** that I was supposed to eat, and somehow it was related to the dog.

I needed to take him away from the young man, but somehow I had no real power to pull that through or to insist … I woke up just as the young man ***went away with the dog***. Also, there was another aspect of the storyline, something about those other people and me being … maybe a teacher, or a guide? But they were in the background, waiting for me an watching …

During the night I woke up several times. I had gone to bed with a very big strange worry, as my left knee had suddenly hurt like hell, and it had felt as if *I wouldn't be able to walk* … so I massaged it with Arnica-Alcohol and tried to hold it as straight as possible, and when I lied down, it was fine. Also in the morning. But the sore and hurting feeling came back a little, briefly. (Then the whole day it was fine, even during the afternoon walk, but in the evening it felt, again, sore and kind of "broken"; again Arnica-alcohol … right now I'm sitting in a way that stretches the leg, but the knee is turned with it's left side outward, and it feels good like this …)

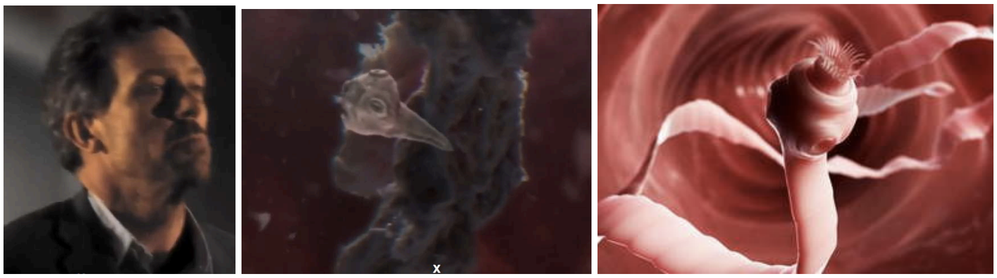
Last night … the **worm** came back. And I was so … stunned, that I didn't even muster up the energy to write it down. Also because something my father had said to me came to my full awareness later, at night, while I was reading up on the “Grey’s Anatomy” characters (and decided to only watch single episodes of the seasons) … After I had walked the dog, Sandy …

… he had set out to make a coffee for me, and while doing that, he sighed ***“Oh you have such an easy life”.*** I was dumbstruck, but said that Bob was dead and my life was in shards, so how was my life “easy”? And he burst out “So he’s dead, but you didn’t get any money out of this relationship, where is the benefit you had from it, monetarily?” (This is not a literal translation …) Well, I averted the impending blow-up … but I noticed last night that I was horribly struck and dizzy and nauseous last night, felt emotionally injured … so I lied down on the floor and put the laptop in front of me and wanted to watch movies …

This morning I realized that my father is a psychopath, and I mean it in the most “medical” sense of the word, he has no empathy for other people, he is a full-blown narcissist, too, he has always been horribly insensitive … and for the first time I got the full realization what the marriage of my parents must have been like, pure torture. I struggled (and succeeded) to discipline myself and distract my father, but whatever topic I talked about, he kept trying to put oil into the fire and provoke me as much as he could, incessantly. But I kept my calm. In fact, I ignored his behavior and explained a lot of things about my life that he never had cared to learn about me, and even though he was spiteful and disrespectful, I didn’t let him have his way and simply ignored his attempts to inspire a big fight. After that, I was exhausted. But I’ve now seen my father, his mortal flaws, and I can’t wait for him to finally “meet himself”, when the time comes, in the beyond. “Judgment day” is a fact of life, but it’s about every single consciousness that’s free of mortal chains to finally “get” the whole picture of one’s own behavior in the mortal phase.

So the movies I wanted to watch for distraction ... they wouldn’t play. “Grey’s Anatomy” wouldn’t play either! (So I thought, okay, that means something.)

Any movie I wanted to watch *didn’t play*. So somehow I remembered that strange doctor’s series I’ve never watched, **“Dr. House”.** And I watched the pilot. And then I was … well, stunned shitless. because it was about **a worm in a human brain.**



Remember the nice woman, M., with who I had chatted about cancer remedies, and who had called me one morning and talks about “worms in the brain”, to my dismay?

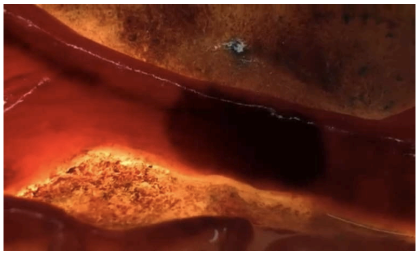
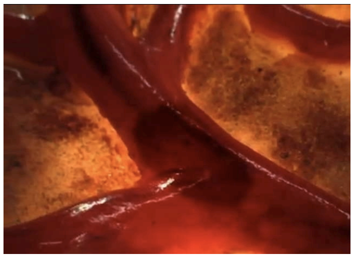
Well.

She had actually asked me if I had any suggestions for treatment of **worms**, and I had told her that I had no idea and had never heard of it, either … I remember thinking “Wow, people can really make themselves crazy about stuff, I’m not dealing with worms in people’s brains …”

So I gave in to that “House”-urge, watched the pilot movie, and it’s about … **a worm in a human brain**, that then multiplied and spread to the other parts of the body.

There. Never in my life have I had to do with those worms before.

Also, later, after the **afternoon walk**, I went back to watching "**House**", and the story featured a woman with a **blood clot** in her leg … And of course, I had thought about blood clots last night, when my knee was hurting like crazy. And I did quite some massaging … And then while walking I felt a pain in my right chest and I thought, "Maybe I did have a blood clot in my leg, and it's traveling through my body now, and who knows …" I did look around to see who would pick up my dog if I'd drop dead.

And here is something nice and quite baffling: The **"sun and moon" wood carving** was actually made by my **mother**, many years ago, when she was in rehab. And also the **"Africa" mosaic**. Those have been on the walls of her apartment for decades now.

I photographed them yesterday at visiting her. After what my father said yesterday, I realize so much more clearly how hard my mother's life was, when she was so very young and pregnant and realized what kind of marriage she was heading for, with an emotionally entirely unavailable and incapable man – whose couldn't help himself. It was not his fault, that he was so distant and clumsy and unable to love anyone. He hadn't been loved by his parents … It's really quite sad to think about what a messed up species mankind is in terms of inter-human relations.

My father also said something strange … the **moon** was extremely "big" yesterday, it's already waning, but it looked so big … and I said to my father that it's strange how close the moon seems to be, sometimes. And he totally ridiculed me for having said that and **denied** outright that it's possible to see the moon as "closer". He *insisted that he sees the **moon having the same size all the time.*** Well. What's there to answer? Nothing, okay. But I realized what a troubled mind he really is. I'm not sure what to think about the fact that I was reincarnated as the child of those two … My troubles in life were programmed.

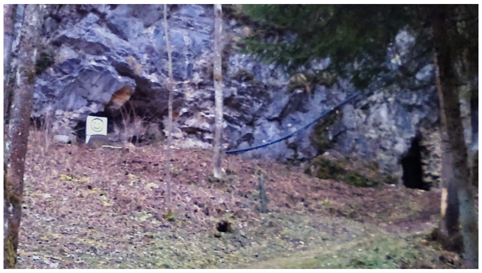
But then … that was the point, right? Emotionally starved because of parents who didn't want me, I became my family's caretaker in all their horrible fights and in all the tragedies that happened in our family, then I was the scapegoat for everyone, and I began to "find" men who needed me help, or who somehow supported my inner disposition …

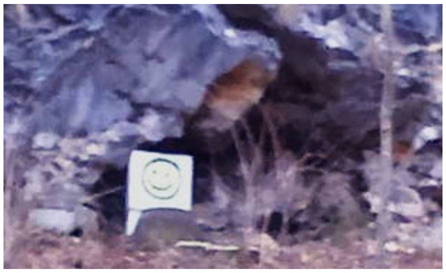
"It's easier to die than to watch someone die" … that's what the young female doctor on the TV-series "House" just said … I have the series on while I'm writing … Fuck yes.

So … "**Dr. House**" … wow, this **TV-series** shows a lot of medical imagery, what's going on in the body, including on the microscopic level … and his bitter dark sarcasm, it's like a breath of fresh air to me … it's comforting and kind of … I don't know, empowering. The information to be obtained in this series and the presentation of the body as a material machine is just so … well, necessary for me to see that right now. It talks also in much much detail how many mistakes are made in **diagnosis** and **medical treatment**. Thank you … whoever has "made" me discover and watch this … it's helping. *Plus, I'm realizing that for some reason I can work on the c. d.* ***AND*** *watch "House M.D." at the same time.* That's a true blessing.

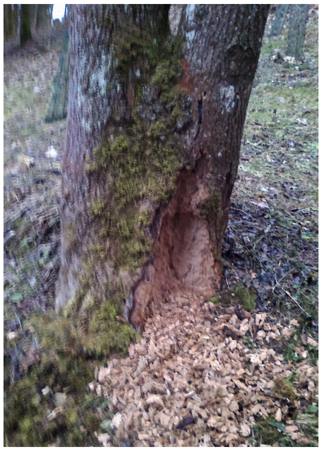
February 10, 2020 **– Hawaiian Greeting**

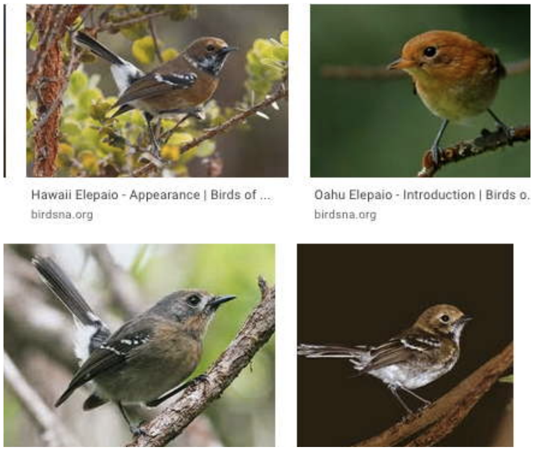
Took an afternoon-walk to Schlossberg … and there is now a **smiley** near the cave where I found the tiny penis …





Plus a **part-eaten tree** … and I immediately thought "Elepaio" …





Hawaii Elepaio - Appearance | Birds of …
birdsna.org

Oahu Elepaio - Introduction | Birds o.
birdsna.org

… strange how Hawaiian things are so present for me. I even talked out loud to some imaginary “students” about *in the old days of Hawaii,* when the ***canoe-makers*** in the islands would walk through the forest and watch out for ***the “elepaio” bird*** (Chasiempis ibidis) on a tree trunk – and that tree they would not use, because of the worms or termites the “elepaio” was hearing …

Also, I felt very drawn to an **amputated tree**, had to put my hand on the “wound”, just in thoughts of what humans are doing to nature, basically what they want, in the unimaginably complex network of the creation of material things that evolve “on their own” …

February 11, 2020

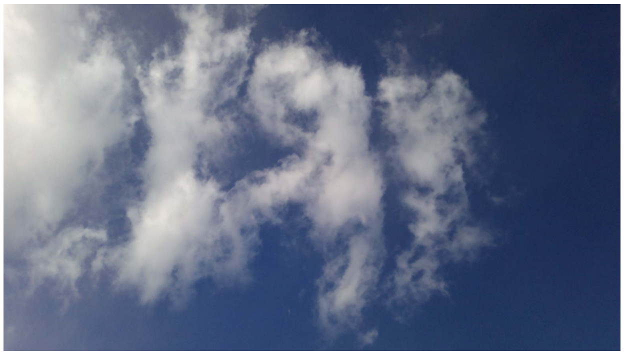
Devastating sadness … yesterday I heard a **song** at the post-office, with a refrain that contained “***My Darling***”, and I cried for the rest of the day, it made Bob be on my mind so intensely, I thought I can’t breathe anymore. I had to lie down in the middle of the day … then pulled myself together.

Watching “Dr. House” with his bitterness and contempt for people along with the medical information, is the only thing that helps me, comforts me right now. And my dog. I so much want to do some traveling with him … mentioned as much to my mother, I want her to get over her aversion against my dog and travel with me … well, one can dream.

February 11, 2020 **– The Heart Stopping Event**

Lesson! Wow! Ranting! Heart flash! Stopped me short, literally! Blue star! Insight: Viktor Beer! “Stern”, star, Peter – my brother answered?!

I took a walk to St. Kollmann … immediately I saw a strangely shaped **cloud**, like a “**dog**”, like someone was telling me that they are “watching” … And there was the “writing”, with **a** *mirror-* **“R”,** and I observed it for a while, and other letters seemed to form around it …



And I got to photograph the “**bird of prey**” made of stone or concrete, that is at the beginning of that path …

And walking along the creek with Jacqui, I began to talk to Bob and the others, reminding them what's at stake, and that I **must** get to make "Regents of Clouds" … I had a horrible night, sweating, in pain, and the *thoughts were just flooding me during that walk* … I told them that I'm feeling my mortality these days. And that I do believe now that I've been around many times, in the mortal realm, for previous life-times in the obstructed universe, and I believe that in this current incarnation I've come the furthest so far, with all my awareness.

And I was standing on a **bridge** between two fields, and I suddenly thought, that *"I am the bridge"* in some way, right now. Between attempts of times past and the future. I can make a difference.

Trust me, it's odd to stand as an older woman in a Carinthian countryside with only my dog around, talking with invisible folks about wanting to make the connection between the realm of the mortals and the realm of the discarnates a general reality for future mortals …

Along the way I suddenly realized that … **Peter**, the old "friend" of mine whose email I first appreciated but whose response was off-putting, may not have contacted me actually *for his sake*. I had asked **my brother Peter** urgently to let me know if he is around and with me … and just then, the email from *Peter* St. came! And Peter's last name is *Stern*, which means "**star**". And ***just** as I was thinking about that* (and I kid you not) … I found … **a blue star** on the path. Just that **single star**. In the middle of nowhere. No other stuff around.

But before that … I had been ranting to "them", asking them to do as I say and support me here, not to waste this mortal phase of mine, now, that we've come so far … and I even told them that I was their "boss", that they are in my service … and I've said that before. It just came out when I didn't "censor" my thoughts or words. The events of when I was in my twenties came back to my mind … when that strange group of people approached me and told me that over millennia I had been the most effective and powerful at "collecting patterns" … Sounds like a made up story, but it happened to me. My mother knows about it, and Bob knew, too.

And then I thought back, suddenly, at my old friend **Viktor Beer (like "bear")**! Viktor! He had written a spiritual-philosophical book about human evolution in several stages … and I had sat on the floor of his kitchen in the Neustiftgasse in Vienna, it had been a job for me, and I had typed that book … about "*Akon and Cela*" and the fourteen stages of development of a human spirit… and then I traveled to Africa, and Viktor killed himself, just a few weeks after I'd been back from my first travel, in 1990, .. and the circumstances were horrible: I had meant to contact him, but kept postponing it. Even Sigi said back then that I should finally call Viktor, so that I could stop thinking about how he was or what he was doing. I couldn't – until one evening. One aspect you need to know: Just before I had left for my Africa adventure, I had come to visit Viktor – but had found him locked inside his apartment, and the neighbors all over the stairwell, as Viktor was raging and screaming that he wanted to be left alone. Loud music was playing in his apartment (and I think that had been the reason for the neighbors to come and talk to him in the first place). I told him that it was me, and that he should calm down and let me in. He got quiet and soft and sweet, but he said that he was sorry, and he couldn't let me inside. And I left (and never saw him again; I do have a photograph of him, but not digitally.)

(Note/edit: I wrote an entire novel in Viktor's honor and with many autobiographical incidents, including Sigi's role in my life and my trials and aspirations as an artist back then, and I called it "The Silkworm", that I later turned into a screenplay.)

So, after postponing my contacting Viktor after that Africa-trip (which I describe in a book called "Uhuru"), one night was the right night. And while feeling my heart pounding, I remember, I sat down on the floor and called. And I couldn't reach him. One of the curious things related to him was one of the first *things* I ever **found** and thought that it was an uncanny coincidence, was the **angry looking head of a doll** (!) on a highway, that Viktor and I had just crossed; We had taken a stroll along the Danube channel in Vienna, and Viktor had told me about "witches" he once encountered in Venezuela and who had kind of stalked him and cursed him and applied voodoo-practices with dolls, like in movies. And a minute later I found that **doll-head**.

I never got to talk to Viktor, but I did find the phone-number of his mother, and she told me that he had hanged himself ***two days ago*** (before my call) in a room that was two heads shorter than he had been tall. She told me that he had thought that this was in accordance to his spiritual philosophy. I asked her for the book about "Akon and Cela" that I had typed for him, and she said she didn't know anything about it. I had also illustrated it with a complex drawing of a "paradise garden". But for the life of me I can't remember what it was about in detail.

This was before everyone had a digital camera, and it didn't occur to me to photograph Viktor's work, that I had typed, sitting on the floor of his kitchen. We never had a romantic relationship, we were kind of … allies. Just back then I didn't know why it felt that way.

Viktor was a beautiful man, very tall, very muscular, with a mane of reddish blond curls and a very sweet voice and demeanor. His apartment was very artsy, with women's shoes as knobs and many fancy details …

I had waited too long to contact him. He had died just before I had called, eventually.

What does that mean? Could I have prevented his death? Obviously I wasn't supposed to.

There is something special about Viktor's death, though. Because after a few days of being inconsolable and devastated**, I met him in my dream.** And it *was the first time that I knew absolutely clearly, that it hadn't been "just a dream".* Nothing like that ever happened with my brother or with any other person who is dead one, except for Bob. But "Vickerl" … **I still "see us" in that attic, all the wood, the golden light,** and he was there and embraced me and smiled and said that all was fine.

But back to my walk along that creek, way past Griffen … Yes, back then I ***knew*** that I had *actually met his spirit* … so long ago …

Wow, my face has started to burn like lava just now, writing this … it has been happening …

So back to my walk along the creek and between the fields, way past Griffen …

Because *something else happened* today:

I was walking and thinking about Viktor and about my brother Peter and talking to “them” to give me the help and support I need, as my mortal body is deteriorating, and I feel that something is wrong with me, also I’m aging very fast now, I see age spots appear all over, and moles and blood sponges … and I’m much weaker than I was only a year ago. I do have bouts of strength and feel youthful, but still … no comparison to the day when I walked down Haleakala on Maui and then swam in Paia, and also the last time I swam at Baldwin Beach with Bob watching me … this feels like ten, twenty years ago, and not barely two years.

So as I was walking and talking to the discarnates … and suddenly **a really loud sound began to roar over my head** … must have been a plane? But nothing flew over me. No plane. And sound was like some motorcycle was in the air! I was in a short stretch of forest, on a short cut ... and I realized that I must have, I don’t know, had some “episode”, some brief dream-like state? There was no noise anymore after those few moments …

I stepped out of the forest and back *onto the path* and kept *ranting* about how I **want** and **need** “the bridge” to be brought forward during my life time by “Regents of Clouds”, as I want all the horror and tragedy that had to be endured by people dear to me and by myself, to matter, and I just **want** to bring it about, the success that I’m so close to …

I pretty much “ordered” “them” to help me with that … to do their part!

And suddenly it felt like a **defibrillator** struck my **heart *full power***. **I received one single immensely strong electrical charge against my heart ... and I stopped short.**

I literally stopped, in the middle of walking,

I stood and didn’t move.

It was so powerful, so strong, in a way *painful and sizzling, just **one** time*, **like an electrical charge had hit me in the chest**.

And I remember standing there, ***talking aloud,*** *baffled and surprised and even strangely amused*, something like “Wow, ***that was strong***. I got that. What’s that supposed to mean? Did someone touch me? **Did you try to touch me?”**

It’s strange that these were my firsts thoughts, that it was an active conscious energetic phenomenon, that there had been a connectedness with the beyond that affected my heart.

right atrium
left atrium
right ventricle

I didn’t think it was a heart attack. In hindsight, that strange loud noise must have had something to do with this electrical heart shock.

But there was no sign of any heart-condition before that. I felt good, I had walked for over an hour at a speedy pace, and I had enjoyed the air, the wind, the views … only that I had been talking out loud to Bob and “them”, kind of in a frenzy, about how I **need** my purpose to come to fruition.

(Note/edit: Maybe that’s what struck by lightning probably feels like … and I was to hear about something like that shortly. It makes much more sense right now, that event.)

I walked on really cautiously, listening into myself. My dog was unfazed, not worried, nothing, so I thought that I’m fine. And I was.

As I walked on I kind of apologized to “them” in case I had been to “strong” with all my “wanting” and “needing” and my efforts to “control” what “they” were doing.

But I can’t help but think that I do have a very distinct job to do here, and that this isn’t the first time. Only this time I got further than ever before. I was also wondering if Stewart White had put anything into his work, a clue, *to recognize “himself” in case he’d “come around” again* … in case he and Betty had realized that they must have been part of that project for a while. And in our mortal human incarnation we normally don’t remember our previous life-times. I don’t. I only had one “past-life”-impression … that day at the Luxor-temple … but that may have been some … I don’t know what. I’m not supposed to speculate here.

But just the fact that I’m writing this right now and here, means that it can remain preserved for the future and for “myself”, **if I should have to come back, again** (*dammit),* or someone who knows me … those are crazy thoughts, I know. For someone else to hear about. But not for me.

And at the same time I thought, wow, my heart might as well have stopped. Over and out.

Was it a warning? Did I “call down” those “forces” that I was talking to because I talked to them so intensely? *Did I muster up that kind of power, suddenly, without knowing or intending it?* I only wanted to be heard. I also told them that “I as their boss” “ordered” them to do this and that. I did. Say that. Maybe that was the reason for the **electrical shock against my chest and my heart?**

What if my heart stopped, though, without me noticing … and what I experienced was some kind of “natural defibrillation”? What if the **loud sound in my head** before that was some kind of stroke? And I was revived, somehow? There must be a connection between those two events that happened within several minutes, preceded by my trance-like rant towards the beyond. So three events, really.

I’ve been having strange feelings in my heart for a while … and maybe that “defibrillation” was some kind of “cure”?

And only a few minutes later I found the aforementioned **blue star** …

As I looked up to the castle … Amazing **cloud** formation with “**puka lani**” … unusual, and I’ve seen a lot of strange and amazing cloud patterns over the castle hill. It somehow “*resembled*” my heart-experience, that view of that strange cloud …

Of course I’ve been thinking that me watching “House”, about that doctor, with all the heart-resuscitating stuff … maybe it’s a message in that sense … but also, I’ve been feeling ill for a while, too …

Whatever it was. *I have never before experienced something like that before.* Maybe it was a heart-attack. It was no regular pain like pinching or pressure or the drawing and pulling and at the same time pushing pain I know from the heart-area, it was a full-on electrical charge.

It was scary and baffling and fascinating. I looked at my dog while I was kind of waiting what would happen next. *Nothing happened*. I didn’t feel nauseous or dizzy or anything, hadn’t felt during my walk … I just kept walking after a minute, thinking to myself that maybe it meant that I was supposed to **take care of my heart** and of my emotional health … and that it’s all “in the works” … but then, I don’t know that for sure … *but what do I know, anyway?*

Later, at night, some new thought occurred to me:

What if Bob and I fucked up the project that we, ourselves, had concocted in the “unobstructed universe” before we both chose to “come back” and “live it”?

This question has so many implications … that I can’t even go into them here.

We could have made the films we wanted to make, now, that he’d be finally free of the damned “Taylor Camp” disaster. We’d have manifested “Regents of Clouds”. And now … I’m supposed to do that alone? Seriously? It’s so much harder! And in the time since Bob’s death that I’ve been sitting here and grieving and writing a contact diary and dealing with my mother, Bob and I could have made movies that would have gotten a lot of attention – which would have totally enabled us to make “Regents of Clouds”.

*(Note/edit: Okay, I just realize this moment, on April 16, 2020, that I’m editing this, how **wrong** that thought is. If Bob hadn’t died … there **wouldn’t be** a concept of “Creators of Stone” or “Masters of Choices”, and those are the sequels of “Regents of Clouds”, where the “unobstructed universe” is actually fully dealt with, while it’s only hinted at in “Regents of Clouds” …)*

I keep hearing this poem in my head, **“Baby I’m not moving on, love you long after you’re gone”.**

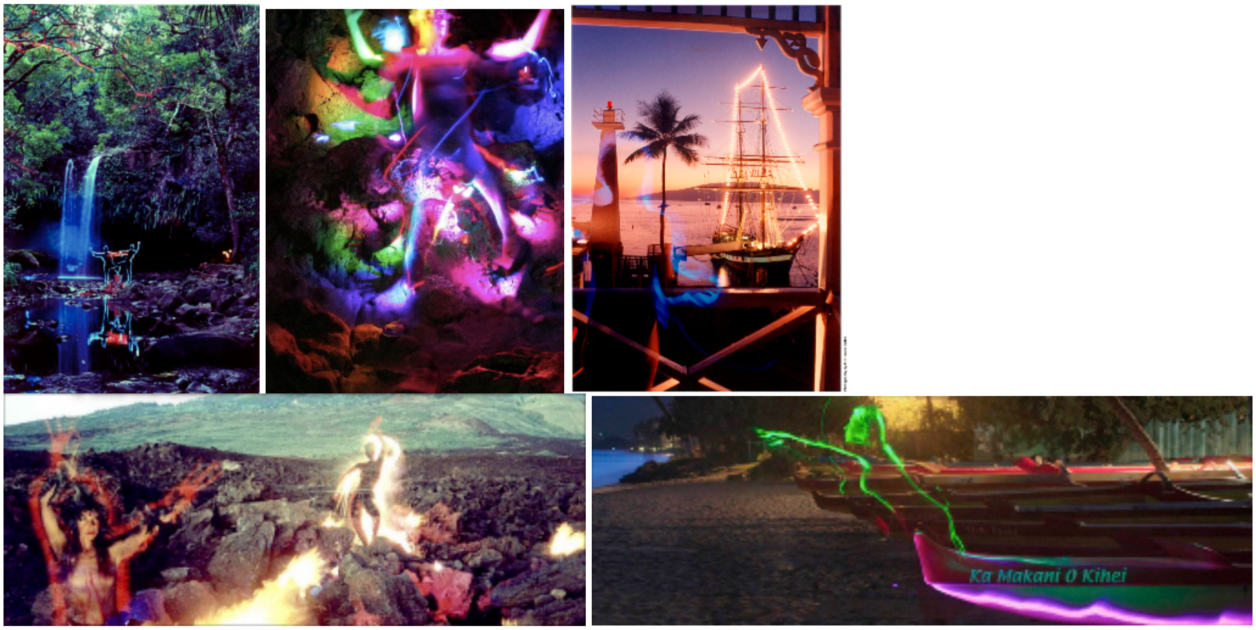
Gone from this realm, yes, that’s what Bob is. But isn’t it the point – that I keep **“loving him after his body is gone”,** which means that **I keep projecting my heart energy** – HA! – **to him to enable him to stick around in this realm** to help me finalize our projects, as he promised?

(Note/edit: Big emotional flash right now, tears and all …)

Was my heart experience a hint at the power of “heart energy” as an **actual force**?!

*(Note/edit: Some of those thoughts were only fragmentary in the original entry, and I wrote them out in the edit … interesting insight, just now, as I thought I needed to look for a cool depiction of “heart energy” right now: The only person who has always deal with it and **bothered** Bob and me with his **heart-***

***craziness** always – is **Peter Rosen**! When I met him, in 2002 at a rave in the rocks above Ma'alaea harbor on Maui, he immediately introduced his song “Cool in the Shade” to me and H., and his “**spirit body photography**”! See photos, all © Peter H. Rosen)*



I don’t want to live without Bob.

Did we fuck up, Bob, you and I? But maybe we can still rescue some of the impetus and the resulting events, that were meant to lead to a break-through-awareness inside mankind regarding the continuation of “life” after “death”?

I’m up for it.

This afternoon, my heart gave me an impression who I really am, I think. A shell with a motor that houses a mysterious creature. Yes, I’m mysterious to myself, I got to admit. What keeps our hearts pumping?

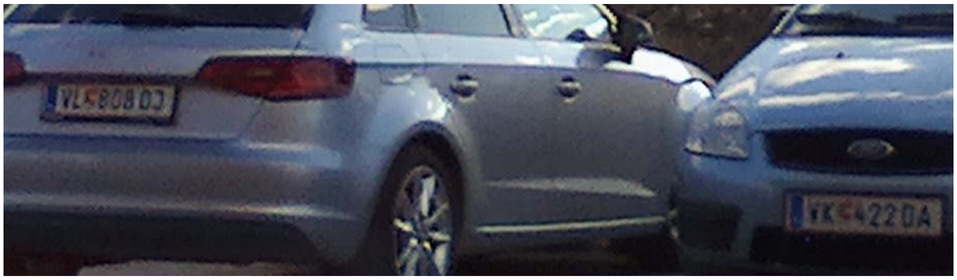
Can’t wait to get back to “House M.D.”, I’m greedy for medical stuff. That said, my head gives me hell, I’m hot, and my heart has started aching again. (Adrenaline, probably.)

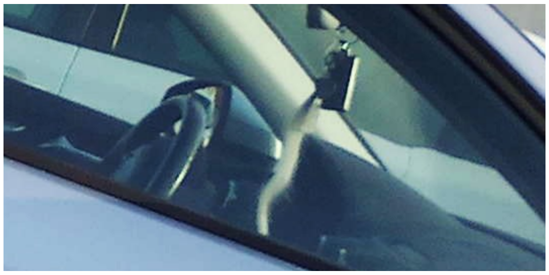
February 12, 2020 **– BOB = 808, the White Hair & the Heart**

Went to Velden, visited my mother and my father and took Beagle Sandy for a walk.

(Edited for privacy … both parents not well.)

Then I went shopping in Selpritsch, near Velden, and I went to a store that I usually don’t visit for a certain dog food … and as I stood at the register and looked outside, a car was parked **next** to mine with the license plate number “**808 DJ**”.





Okay. The Hawaii area code **“808” equals “BOB”**, **visually**! I never fully realized this! And of course my initials with it. It felt like a distinct message, especially because I saw what was *hanging from the mirror in that car:* a **long strand of white hair and a heart along with it**! I have long white hair! I took a picture secretly, because there were people all over the place …

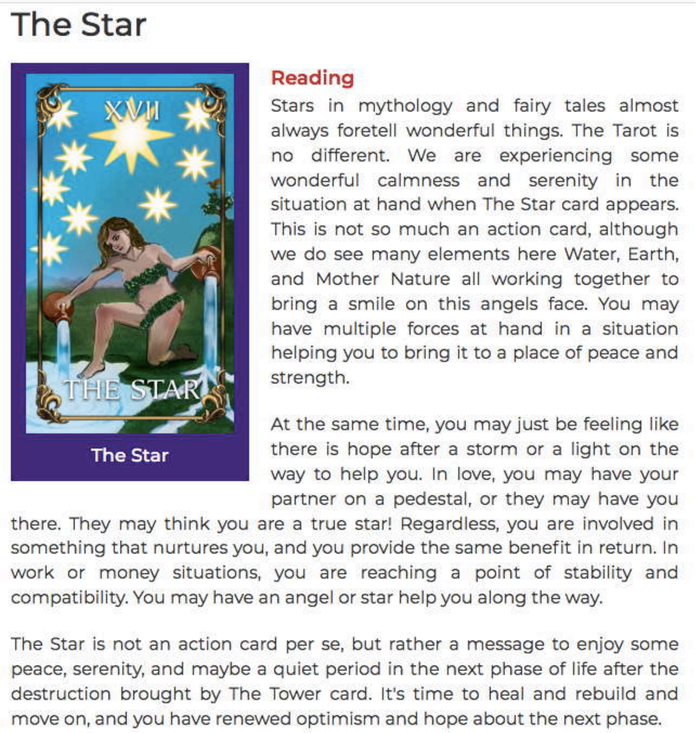
But with my heart-experience … “BOB” and “DJ” and “white hair” and “heart” …? Doesn’t sound like “by chance” to me.

*(**Note**: Most stunning time synchronicity – it’s not two years later that I’m editing this for picture size, and I now live in the place where I went shopping that day – and **I see “808 DJ” all the time!** The person who owns it lives around here!)*

On the way back from Velden, I had severe breathing problems. Felt like my lungs were full with something. Back home I took the Thyme-drops, “Pilka”, and it immediately was better.

The **blue star** needs to be addressed, too:

I opened my astrology-advisor email today … and as usual, I’m baffled. It’s just all so true. All the way to the “Tarot”-card “the **star**”. Remember that Peter “Star” contacted me, right before I found a … blue star? Okay, here it is, then.



The Star

The Star

Reading

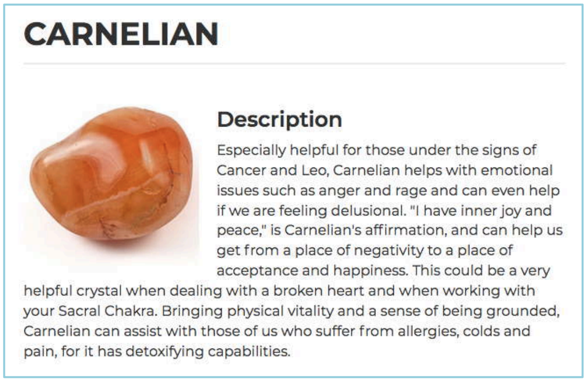
Stars in mythology and fairy tales almost always foretell wonderful things. The Tarot is no different. We are experiencing some wonderful calmness and serenity in the situation at hand when The Star card appears. This is not so much an action card, although we do see many elements here Water, Earth, and Mother Nature all working together to bring a smile on this angels face. You may have multiple forces at hand in a situation helping you to bring it to a place of peace and strength.

At the same time, you may just be feeling like there is hope after a storm or a light on the way to help you. In love, you may have your partner on a pedestal, or they may have you there. They may think you are a true star! Regardless, you are involved in something that nurtures you, and you provide the same benefit in return. In work or money situations, you are reaching a point of stability and compatibility. You may have an angel or star help you along the way.

The Star is not an action card per se, but rather a message to enjoy some peace, serenity, and maybe a quiet period in the next phase of life after the destruction brought by The Tower card. It's time to heal and rebuild and move on, and you have renewed optimism and hope about the next phase.

“Destruction brought by the Tower card”? Never saw that. But makes sense. Plus – the “**Carnelian**”.

As mentioned, I found **this carnelian ring** last year … and I’ve been wearing it in the last weeks, ever again, it lies right under my mirror, but it got loose, as my fingers got skinnier, so I was worried to wear it and lose it … It reminds me for the Carnelian ring I had as a child but lost it while swimming in Lake Klopeinersee in Carinthia.



CARNELIAN

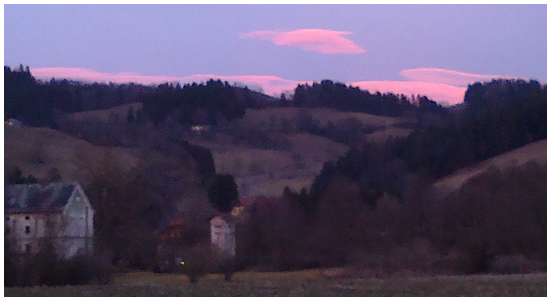
Description

Especially helpful for those under the signs of Cancer and Leo, Carnelian helps with emotional issues such as anger and rage and can even help if we are feeling delusional. "I have inner joy and peace," is Carnelian's affirmation, and can help us get from a place of negativity to a place of acceptance and happiness. This could be a very helpful crystal when dealing with a broken heart and when working with your Sacral Chakra. Bringing physical vitality and a sense of being grounded, Carnelian can assist with those of us who suffer from allergies, colds and pain, for it has detoxifying capabilities.

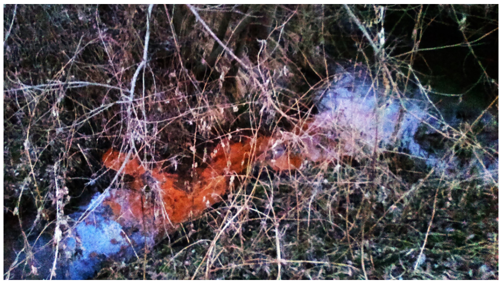
Plus …. Elisabeth sent me the “**coral**” **necklace** I’d asked her for, that I received as gift from the wife of Pundy Yokouchi on Maui, at a shoot in about 2004 (not sure, when … but that’s when I met Willie K for the first time). I don’t remember exactly where the Yokouchis lived, but I remember his wife handing me the necklace as a gift after the interview and the shoot … and today, when I took it out from the case, it was all right back in me, all over me, my time on Maui … and it hurts like hell. And, it’s ***not coral*** at all, I totally had it wrong in my memory: It’s red “**snail shells**”!

Kind of funny … as I’m thinking about how our ***bodies are just “shells”*** … all the time. And when you look how these shells are strung together, so closely … but just empty remnants of formerly living creatures …

I took a late afternoon walk with Jacqui … just felt drawn outside, and as I stepped outside, I saw this **bright cloud formation** in the North-west …

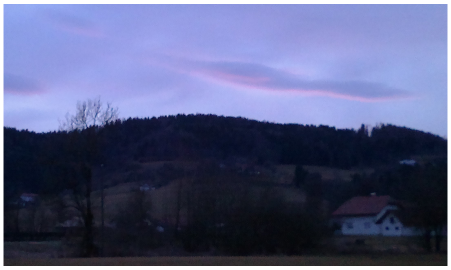


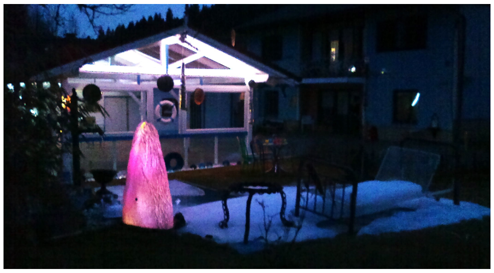
… and then the most fascinating **sunset** developed – in almost the opposite direction, right “in my back”! **Bob loved sunsets** – and to photograph them!



And as I walked onto the field, to my right, where I never go … I suddenly said out loud that I've been saying to myself a lot: **"as above, so below"** … See the **orange puddle** on the ground? It's probably some waste water from a pipe … but it seemed to ***mirror*** the bright ***orange*** that had just been in the sky earlier! This puddle was actually orange, in a ditch, the color is no reflection.

The sunset faded out … and I felt so sad being reminded of Maui, and how often Bob and I sat there watching what the clouds would "do" after the sun was gone …





On the way home, as it got dark, I went by the big bright stone again … with the bed still next to him … everytime it’s like I’m in **Bob’s bedroom** again, where he would lie on his bed, where I saw him last … it is truly strange that something like this …

… even exists right across from where I live now. And I get to see it every night. And it was dark like this when I left Bob to never see him again, on that September 11, 2018. I closed the door to our brightly lit Pukalani housie that night, went out into the pouring rain … leaving Bob behind. I had promised to return. So … is that Bob’s way of telling me ***“Dani, you did return, look! It’s me, the stone, it’s the bed … it’s all good.”***

Oh wishful thinking, right?

It’s like … the stone, standing there, away from the bed … light, bright, beautiful. Kind of looking at the bed that seems to be in a different “world” … Isn’t that a very strangely direct image of … well, Bob Stone “being dead” and better and brighter than ever?

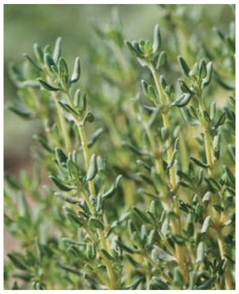
Strangely, this interpretation came to me just now, as I’m writing this. But the stone and the ice-bed *have been there for weeks* … now the ice is melting. It’s not every night that I go there, because normally I take Jacqui out later, and to reach the stone we must pass by a small swamp, and Jacqui is spooked in that area, when it’s entirely dark …

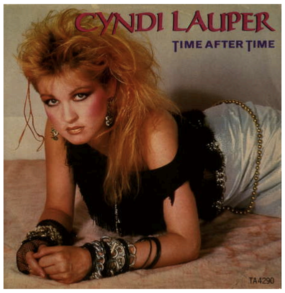
I feel like I want to share the meaning of this stone with the people who created this installation. It would be nice to learn what their story behind it is.

February 13, 2020 – **Thyme After Thyme**

Took an early afternoon walk with J, as I had to get to the pharmacy before they closed … and I’m mentioning this because it’s meant to indicate that I’m willing to support my mortal shell for as long as possible, as I got myself an ointment for my knee that hurts sometimes like crazy as well as cell salt number 2, for J and me, and also “**Pilka drops**”, which is a pure **Thyme tincture**, as that’s the best for breathing, clears out the airways, helps immediately with any kind of cough.

It came to my mind how Bob and I had joked about the “thyme”, that sounds like “time” they way I’d say it with my accent, and we’d said and sung “***Thyme after thyme***”, featuring Cyndie Lauper’s famous song *“Time after time”.*





So we took the walk, and found a new path that leads under a bridge (!) and on the other side to nice spots along a creek. Just earlier, after leaving the car I had thought that I’d like to get the blooming **hazel** with the “**Palmkätzchen**”, “palm tree kittens” for my mother, she’d enjoy them … and along that creek grew cultivated hazel with fat big “palm tree kittens”! And someone had cut the branches, … so I got the perfect palm tree kittens! Wow! That felt so guided.

After the walk, I went to the Billa-store to find a nice bone to chew on for Jacqui, and as I entered, a song was playing that I hadn’t heard literally in decades: Cyndie Lauper’s “**Time after time**”. I kid you not. I drove home, the **thyme** medicine in my car, the palm kittens next to .me, humming “Thyme after thyme”, stunned again.

February 13 **– The Biggest Insight, revisited**

While photo-editing the early September 2019 entries, I came across “**At-Swim-Two-Birds**”, and all the events around it, so many years ago … wow, I have the impression that this is so big, it’s major, a huge aspect of “the bridge” and what it’s like in the “beyond” … maybe. Somehow it’s on my mind and wants to be reflected on.

When we invent stories, we create creatures in our **imagination** … and **everything stays alive in essence**, will we have to do with all of the beings we imagined in they beyond, too?

So now: can we actually create fictitious people consciously, **who’ll we then face in the beyond**, even if they never were “real people”? Can “they” be spirits with their own life? Is that something I, as a writer, can do? Or am doing? Creating “Creatures”? So are all the horrible figures in movies and books “real” in some way? Are they the “entities” that can haunt us in the “afterlife”, because they are mere products of our imagination, and that’s an attribute of consciousness?

This subject is actually quite big. I can’t wrap my mind around it, really.

Related to that, though: All the characters from “**Regents of Clouds**”, the way I made them, do they exist **really**, right now in my mind, as essence of thought, and when I shed my body, they’ll exist as energetic entities along with me … tied to me?

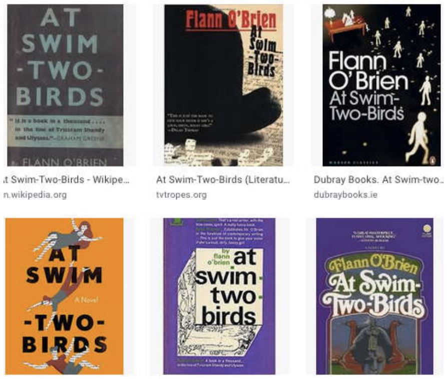
I wrote the above as a quote to the September entry, but really it deserves some actual thought right now.

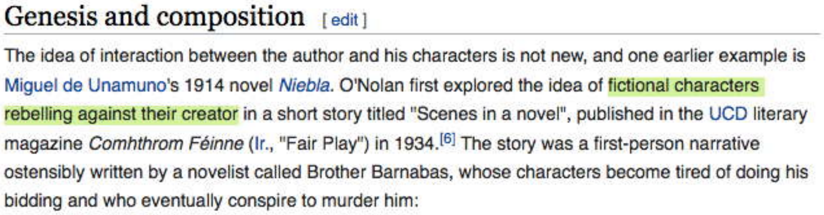
At Swim Two Birds … I remember it so well. It was the first big “case” of synchronicity that really baffled me. I was working on my research for “We Creators” back then, and so I was aware that things like that can happen. What I had no real clue about was, how and on what or whose initiative. I always thought that my own “higher self” was “communicating” with me through my own “subconscious”, also know as “body spirit”. It never occurred to me, that the Hawaiian term “Aumakua” – which pretty much means “I’m my own parent” – for “higher self” also means “ancestor” for a reason! It’s the discarnates that communicate with us through synchronicity. But stuff like that hadn’t crossed my mind, really.

Wow, the idea that characters, people, I imagined, or that just anyone imagines, are somehow truly *alive* in the Beyond!? Why not? They are certain types of essence … so maybe they are then real ghosts? They never had a flesh and blood life, but … they still exist as the essence of thought that they were made of, and that essence of thought has to do with everything we, the ones thinking them into being, ever had … so … they do exist, they are, maybe, ***the real ghosts.***

This would mean:

People *who were written,* ***with features, characteristics, lives and experiences made up,*** for books or movies, have never been real mortal humans but yet are ***alive*** because of a mortal human’s ***capacity of imagination***, which is a majorly powerful energetic tool, has created them from their knowledge pool? Wow.


AT SWIM -TWO- BIRDS
FLANN O'BRIEN
At Swim-Two-Birds - Wikipe…
n.wikipedia.org
Flann O'Brien At Swim-Two-Birds
At Swim-Two-Birds (Literatu…
tvtropes.org
Flann O'Brien At Swim-Two-Birds
Dubray Books. At Swim-two…
dubraybooks.ie
AT SWIM -TWO- BIRDS
by flann o'brien at swim two birds
Flann O'Brien At Swim-Two-Birds



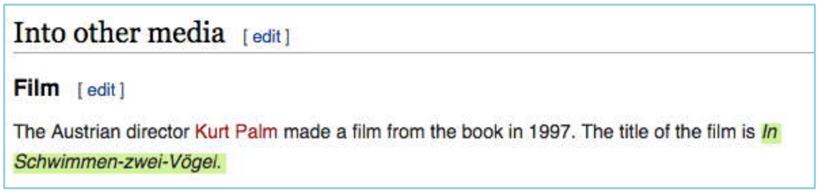
Genesis and composition [edit]

The idea of interaction between the author and his characters is not new, and one earlier example is Miguel de Unamuno's 1914 novel *Niebla*. O'Nolan first explored the idea of fictional characters rebelling against their creator in a short story titled "Scenes in a novel", published in the UCD literary magazine *Comhthrom Féinne* (Ir., "Fair Play") in 1934.[6] The story was a first-person narrative ostensibly written by a novelist called Brother Barnabas, whose characters become tired of doing his bidding and who eventually conspire to murder him:

Yes, it ties right in to something I experienced so many years ago, in relation to the book **“At Swim Two Birds”,** and the related movie … the original is linked to two high-ranking women in the ancient days of Ireland, some people think they were of druidic training … The story is in principle about treating the characters one has created, as an author, well. Because if you don’t treat them well, they might turn at you …

Okay, here is the story in short: In about 1997 several friends in Vienna wanted me to go see the movie ***“In-Schwimmen-Zwei-Vögel”****, which means “At-Swim-Two-Birds”, with them, but I found it just not interesting and the name weird, so I kept* ***refusing****. Back then I was writing my book “We Creators of the World”, about the true nature of thought and the energetic core of a human … yeah, well, I left out the beyond, but I was to learn … anyway. A friend, B. came visiting me from some other part of Austria, and he wanted to check out some books at a* ***bookstore****; Back then I had very little money and would only borrow books from the public library; I never ever went to bookstores. But my friend B. went in, and I followed him, with my then young dog Kimba. I was going to wait in the lobby, but suddenly I felt like pulled or drawn or forced downstairs, into another department of the book-store, where I had never been, I hadn’t been to any store in that quarter of Vienna, to begin with. So I walked downstairs, straight up to a* ***bookshelf*** *in the background, and I grabbed a book, yellow, I recall, which was still wrapped in plastic. And I peeled the plastic off and* ***opened*** *the book on one* ***random*** *page, just one page, didn’t thumb through it, didn’t look what the book was about, and as I looked, the* ***first thing I read*** *was* ***“Swim-Two-Bird”*** *… yes, it was a book about that famous spot in ancient Ireland …*

So, yes, I stood there, and I looked “up”, as if somebody was hovering in the air and I said “Okay, okay, I’m going to watch the stupid film, I get it!”



Into other media [edit]

Film [edit]

The Austrian director Kurt Palm made a film from the book in 1997. The title of the film is *In Schwimmen-zwei-Vögel.*

*And I did watch the **movie** “In-Schwimmen-Zwei-Vögel”, and besides the basic plot that you have to be **nice to your own book-characters that you wrote, or they’ll take revenge at you!** … there was virtually **everything** that had **relevance** in **my life** at that time …*

Wow, my face is burning right now, as I’m writing this, February 13, 2020 … *I had a hurting knee and I didn’t know the reason for it … and believe it or not, since a few days ago I have the same thing now, today, February 13, 2020! … there was the number “42” as major number, climbing on trees, a man who looked like my Karate-teacher, which who I had an intense affair, there was a dog who looked just like mine, and much more … that I can’t share for privacy reasons.*

*But see … I was **supposed** to watch the movie, and I was “**made**” going to watch it … and only today … am I able and willing to **understand how it came about**.*

Talk about synchronicity.

If everything exists in essence, so that, in the beyond, ***we can then recreate anything we want*** and go wherever we want, choosing from our memories, then all that we’ve imagined also ***is “alive”*** somehow? Maybe it’s one of the ***tasks*** in the beyond to deal with such “***entities***”?

I start to begin to “see” how the “Beyond” is really quite the busy place. I also start to see how mortals can possibly really support discarnates with projecting energetic gifts towards them, any kind of peak experience, like the enjoyment of food or an orgasm!

Are there spirits, born from the ***thought-forms*** that were once the creatures that we, the mortal humans, ***invented*** during a life’s phase in the obstructed realm?

Wow. This is a big aspect to it all … and it goes full circle back to … my book **“We Creators of the World”**. It would mean, that **the power of thoughts** and how it’s related to the energetic nature of a human being in the mortal life, **is actually majorly influential to the life-circumstances in the beyond.** Of course it is, because the mind and it’s functions are attributes of consciousness … and consciousness is all-powerful.

Is that why I found this crystal ball, which is obviously a human creation, and an artistic one at that? I mean, who finds something like that – without a reason? In the night?

Was I totally “on” with my decades long work on “We Creators”? Then I gave up working on it when I met Bob … now that Bob is gone … and I keep flashing back to him saying ***“You’re my writer”*** … is it really that I must write “Creators of Stone” and “Masters of Choices” to complete what I’ve started with “We Creators” and with “Regents of Clouds”? Does it not matter whether or not the films are made for the mortal audiences here on Earth?

Do the stories – and in them: the **characters** I'm inventing and the events that take place – **matter in the beyond?**

I'm making all this up right now.

It's pouring out of me.

My head is hot, and I think I have a fever. My cheeks are burning up all of a sudden again, like they have been , for a few days.

Is Stewart White my … friend, guardian spirit, being a writer like me, the only writer except for Serge Kahili King, who ever had true influence on me? Now I'm breaking out in tears, too … those emotional flashes, in the past days …

Have I become such an **avid writer to create** people in my mind? Are "Alexis" and "Namaka" and "King Donvelin" and "Amarin" and **all alive** already? ***In me?*** I know they are, but **do they remain alive in essence**, no matter what I do?

Of course the negative characters must, then, be "alive", too. But then: I didn't infuse them with love and power, they were only vehicles … is there a difference in the quality of "creation" in the sense of "making up human beings in one's mind"?

Are we "creators", literally – just because we imagine beings that only exist in our minds?

Is "God" doing the same things – and we are his "products of thought"? Are we all parts of a giant story? That "God" invented? Who the f*ck is God? Is "he" pure "love" as people share in regards to their recollections of "near-death-experiences"? Does he create the nice creatures? But is there some other "creator" or "God" that makes the bad creatures?

Of course this all is ridiculous.

I understand the power of "love" as "heart-energy", because the human mortal's heart is literally "run" by an energetic charge of which nobody knows where and how it originates. It simply starts working one day … a constant succession of energetic impulses that get a piece of flesh to contract and start to run a complex machine that's our body.

But in that body, another machine gets to "function", and that is the energetic aspect of us, generally called "the mind". And that thing, along with it's tools "emotions" and "imagination" is the actual creative "force" in the human mortal existence and … drumroll! … **beyond**.

What develops inside that material machine, remains intact in the beyond. It's impossible not to see that, I think – if you only consider again, that the thing that keeps the mortal life going, is an energetic charge that activates a muscle more than once per second! The heart.

And now the research has started about "heart energy" and how it can reach beyond geography and material barriers! This is the path onto the "bridge". We must keep on it.

Will the people I invented be released when my consciousness is released from my body?

Does my imagination affect the actual people I know or once knew, alive or dead, in who they are in their energetic make-up?

Oh, I know, one day, all that will be back in my awareness … and I'll "know" again, because I always knew.

Geez, where do those thoughts come from, they actually are so natural and free flowing right now … right now …

Am I supposed to **write** – and by that I mean: invent – **characters in my film stories so that they'll live and be active in the beyond with me, when I'm physically dead, so that we, together, there, can then help the evolution of human consciousness along?**

Will those characters that I'm creating now in "Regents of Clouds" and the follow up stories later

help bring forth new humans, consciousness incarnated, to help mankind really?

Well.

I sure want to know what of all this is true and real and factual and what is just a fever fantasy. (Rhetorical question. I know the answer.)

I want the discarnates to let me know.
There is a reason why I'm coming up with all that.
Why I developed those thoughts.
I'm Bob's writer.
So yes, I must write and make the films … and I must accept that I'm that person to do that.

The human existence, in it's facets and intricate network … is huge. And it's not really possible to grasp it all in detail … but I think I just got a glimpse. **"Keep your thoughts right"** … I wrote this for my Hawaii-documentary "Native of Owhyhee". Yes, and it has much more meaning, that sentence, than I ever realized before. And we are creators. **And we are creators literally.** And as writers … we create actual beings … who then have a more or less "real" essence, depending on **who we, the writers were, when we invented those people**, as they reflect us in many aspects of our consciousness, and depending on our personal goals in mortal life and depending on our values and spiritual maturity …

So all the horrible brutal and destructive creatures that have been created by human minds … do they need their counterparts … through writers? Is "writing stories" something that's done in the "beyond", too?

Only now do I realize that I can imagine a counter-weight to the dumb, violent and mislead humans that live. I can imagine the "Maoli", as I called then in "Regents of Clouds" … or, actually, I have already imagined them into being?!

Wow.

This is … big.. It's kind of like having vomited. A lot is out of me. I see what was inside of me better now. I know what has been heavy all the time … at least, that's my feeling right now.

There is some truth to it, on the eternal scale, I'm sure.

To what extent I can't possibly know. But yes … I keep writing.

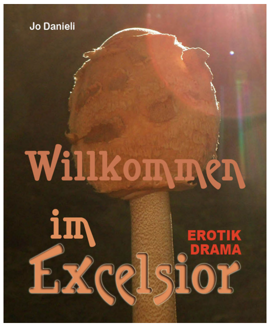
I feel …

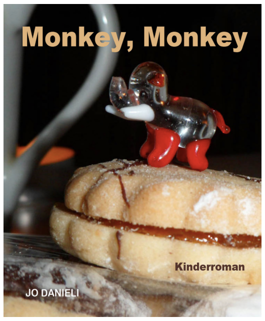
relieved a bit. I even took a sigh just now, as I wrote this. My face feels cooler now. I feel like using the covers of the books I wrote, some of them I made out of my screenplays as some kind of … I was gonna write "barrier" … but it's only some kind of ornamental … signal.

Signal for … a new chapter starting.

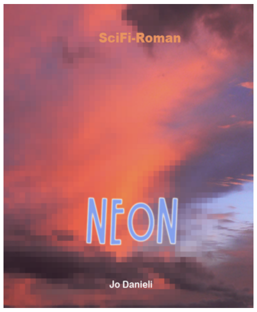
DIE SCHWELLE
UTOPISCHE SATIRE
Jo Danieli

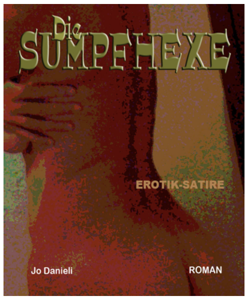
FEUER
SALAMANDER
KRIMI
JO DANIELI


Jo Danieli
Willkommen
im
Excelsior
EROTIK
DRAMA


Monkey, Monkey
Kinderroman
JO DANIELI

Regenlicht
Die Geschichte einer
unwahrscheinlichen Liebe
Jo Danieli
ROMAN





JO DANIELI
TOTGELACHT
Thriller / Drama

Zeitgeist-Drama
Roman
WURMSPUREN
Jo Danieli

Jo Danieli
Roman
Beduinenkind

(Note/edit: I must admit, that today, April 16, 2020, that I’m editing this part, I realize that I have entirely forgotten about it all. Reading this felt like seeing and thinking it for the first time. It tells me that my mental capacity is not as “wide” and “sharp” as it used to be.)

I start to realize one more thing:

Being mortal is a cool thing. It’s a phase of **protection**. Limited range of action, of experience, of being, yes. But for a reason. “Individualization” is what Betty and Stephen called it. Clear to me. But **within that limited range of experience**, the part of consciousness that is **our “self”** with the attributes “mind” and “memory” and what not, **is kind of sheltered**. From what?

Remember the huge storm on Danube Island? I received the answer to that very question there: **from the elements.** From the impact of all the energetic stuff that a human person without a material shell is exposed to. Reading from Betty, for example in “The Road I Know” how she had to learn to maneuver in the “beyond”, and how hard it was, to learn to deal with the “new body” and the “new senses” … oh I do know that “life after death” is no “resting in peace”, at all.

After shedding the body … boy, does life take off, then.

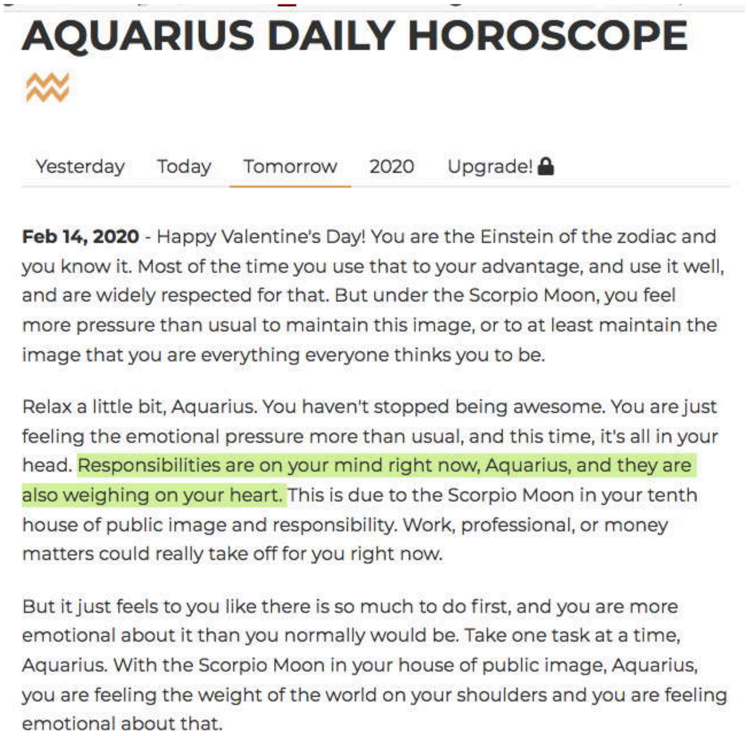
That’s my feeling right now. That what dawned on me during that storm … **that a body helps us, the energetic creatures we are, to be safe from the elements and their very strong energies**, is actually quite the point! I mean, look at a human body swimming in the huge ocean … it seems lost and fragile, but it does have certain attributes and abilities that a spirit in the ocean does not have. And to a spirit or rather a “discarnate”, the entire ocean for sure is something different than for a human from a mortal perspective.

And everything we experience with our senses and interpret with our brains during our mortal phase, remains with us … and **those impressions, that energetic knowledge, may then, in the beyond**, when we don’t have the body anymore, that brought us those experiences and that knowledge, **come in handy in dealing with the vast energetic universe.**

How’s that for insight?

So being mortal isn’t something we should deem inferior to being “in spirit”. It’s a God-given feature that give us a break, actually.

With “God” I mean the very highest form of self-aware energetic existence, whatever that is. And the identity and self-awareness and distinct personality that we develop during our mortal phase, form some kind of “tool”, with the abilities of our very Self, the way it developed on Earth, to deal with the conditions and circumstances in the unobstructed universe better. And this identity as a “tool” adds to all the identities as “tools” that we, as consciousness have gathered in all our incarnations.



AQUARIUS DAILY HOROSCOPE

Feb 14, 2020 - Happy Valentine's Day! You are the Einstein of the zodiac and you know it. Most of the time you use that to your advantage, and use it well, and are widely respected for that. But under the Scorpio Moon, you feel more pressure than usual to maintain this image, or to at least maintain the image that you are everything everyone thinks you to be.

Relax a little bit, Aquarius. You haven't stopped being awesome. You are just feeling the emotional pressure more than usual, and this time, it's all in your head. Responsibilities are on your mind right now, Aquarius, and they are also weighing on your heart. This is due to the Scorpio Moon in your tenth house of public image and responsibility. Work, professional, or money matters could really take off for you right now.

But it just feels to you like there is so much to do first, and you are more emotional about it than you normally would be. Take one task at a time, Aquarius. With the Scorpio Moon in your house of public image, Aquarius, you are feeling the weight of the world on your shoulders and you are feeling emotional about that.

No shit.

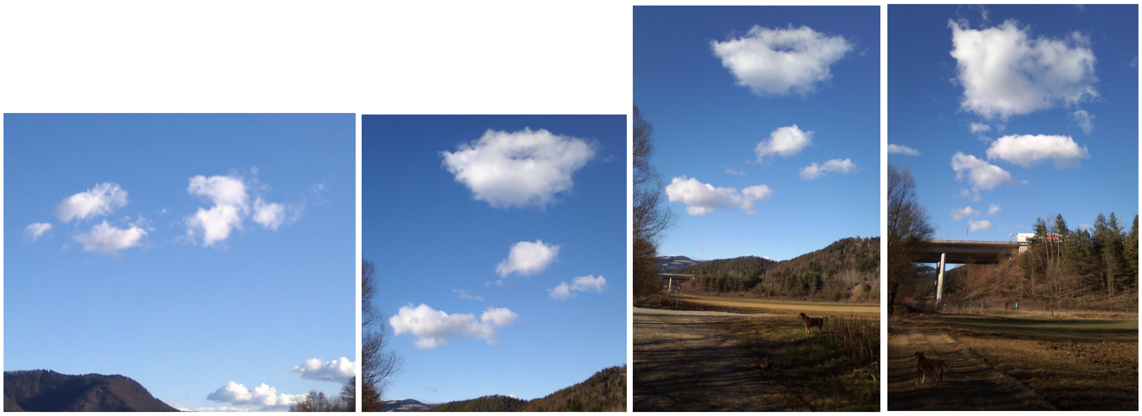
(Note: Hahaha, this was nothing compared to what was about to come wayyyyy later.)

February 14 – Regents of Clouds

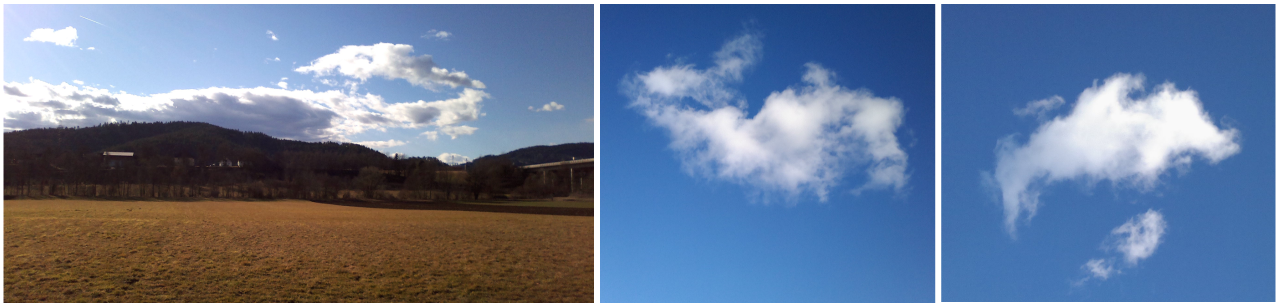
Yes, a new chapter it is.

My mother called me today to tell me that she doesn't want to see me anymore … and I realize that she is mentally ill, but also, that she is a bit better and remembers that she hates me. So … I feel so very hurt. It has all been so hard … but not sure what to do.

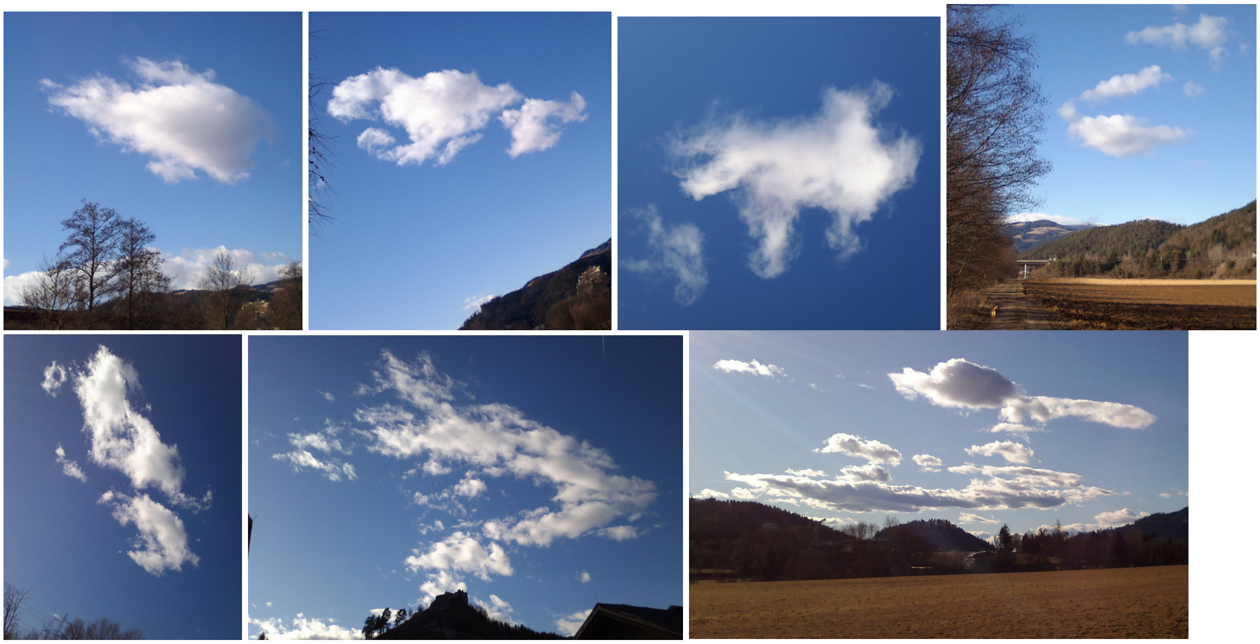
Today I was totally reminded of my project "Regents of Clouds", during my afternoon walk, because the clouds were simply … I don't know … like … performing some kind of "act". Just look at the symmetry of these clouds!



Mimicking what I see? Like a **white long truck** over a **bridge**? (You can still see the truck to the right, just before it disappears behind the trees!)



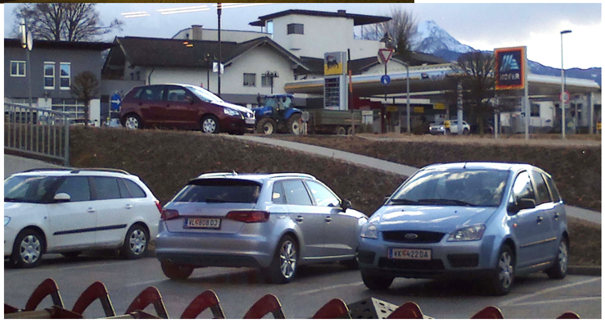
Just … so “expressive”, but I don’t understand it … skull of a T-Rex? All the formations below formed just above my head as I was walking …



The odd thing about watching those clouds shift was that there was nobody else around than me. Ever again I'd see some other person walking in the distance or a few cars *(Note/edit: And that was before the Corona-"crisis"!*). I was "alone" with that sky spectacle. Of course I kept flashing back all the time to sitting with Bob on the lanai on Maui, watching the clouds, saying "Clouds are thoughts!"

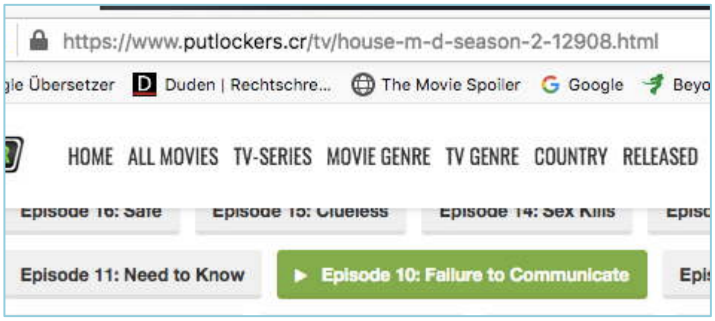
This I hadn't talked to the discarnates at all, during my hike. I do believe that water and thus clouds are very close in energetic substance as thoughts, and I do think that the discarnates can influence clouds easily. The question now is, why don't they give clearer "messages" then? Well, imagine, people who have no clue about such aspects of life like "the dead are communicating with the living", and then they see ***"Hello Dani, turn left!" in the sky!*** Or an image of a perfect shark?!

But for people like me who "*know how to look",* it does appear "clear" what it means when "**ocean waves**" *are formed by the clouds,* just when they are intensely reminiscing their years at the ocean with their loved one who is now "in the beyond"! Just look at this:



Just for the fun of it … look at the picture of the cars I took a few days ago, with one's license plate number being "808 DJ", next to mine – see the "**shark's teeth**"? I was inside the store, and outside was a kind of "*toothed fence*" between the wall and the parking lot!

And just at the end of that hike, back at my car, the clouds gave me **a scene** from "**Regents of Clouds**", the first part, when "Amarin" sees in the sky *that she is going to* ***give birth*** soon …



https://www.putlockers.cr/tv/house-m-d-season-2-12908.html

Then I switched on "House M.D.", and the name of the patient in the season 2 episode 10 "**Failure to Communicate**" (yeah, that title!) is **Stone**, Fletcher *Stone* … And his problem is "*Aphasia*" … wow, that's exactly what I experienced with Bob … geez.

The episode deals a lot with bipolar disorder … and finally with – *Malaria*! Of course that immediately brings an association … me thinking that Bob got his HPV in Cambodia, the one that his immune system couldn't handle anymore so that he developed a huge tumor from a wart.

I got interrupted by my mother calling and giving me shit … and she talked like she did decades ago when she was just mean and nasty, she said that she finds my life-style impossible to accept … and there was and is nothing wrong with my life-style, I'm busting my ass for everyone and I'm working and all … but I know that. I know that she is mentally confused. Still. It reminded me how hard my "family life" (hahaha, good one!) really was. Has been. I had found a home on Maui. Now I'm back in hell.

Tomorrow I'll have to call my mother, pretending nothing happened, to see if she remembers what she said to me today. *(Note/edit: She didn't remember a thing.)*

I remember the ***February-day in 2011*** *when I saw my mother like I knew her for the last time the way she was* … perky, youthful, healthy … and resentful towards me. I remember her standing in the small porch of her apartment and looking after me, distant and with the cold relief that I was going away. I knew she'd immediately clean everything where I had been in her apartment … After the death of the love of her life by a tragic car accident and many other dramas and disappointments, it was just me who she could unload all her frustrations and blame onto … I always knew that. But it still hurt and still does. I remember that I felt my heart and my stomach "sink" at the view of her on her tiny terrace … looking after me as I walked down to the train station; We had actually gotten along well, but I had the suspicion that she wasn't honest to me, as I had caught her, at times, looking at me with distinct hostility; she has done that a lot, all through my life, and especially after my brother's death, so I winced but I didn't think too much of it.

Still … during the train ride that day I felt different. Like something had shifted. I had a book with me, where I read about "**Rigani**", the Celtic "goddess" of everything female and that's when my hands kind of did the "Rigani"-gesture on their own … against the winter-landscape next to the speeding train … I felt so strange … I would travel to Bob soon after that, for another few months … Six years later, in 2017 my mother was already only half herself and with beginning dementia … but well, I had always been told by advisors and friends and psychologists that I needed to *“respect her wish”* to not see me and be left alone. And she herself had written letters to me that she didn’t want to see me, after 2011. She never explained herself why. I think she didn’t know and never bothered to try and find out. I also understand now that after all her losses she simply wanted to be alone and not deal with anything or anyone anymore. I can’t imagine experiencing the losses she did and not having *something* to hold on to or to invest one’s thinking into. Or a dog as a companion. She broke off all connections to friends and began to stay at home. She refuses any help and began drinking again. Eventually she had to go into rehab, I only found that out recently. Of course to her mind, everything negative was my fault, … she didn’t know better than to deal with her frustrations this way.

It’s not fair. No human mortal should have to live under such circumstances with “family” who despises of them for no other reason but their own mental and emotional shortcomings. And yet being tied to those unloving persons by a moral code, like “love your parents” (even if they’d like to see you dead). I get it – every fate is connected to other fates. And what we experience, leads us somewhere … but: **There is the fact of free will.** And free will depends on what kind of dogma and codes and “laws” we learn or are forced to obey to or to accept.

I found consolation for a while in the lore of ancient Hawaii, where **the system of “hanai” was a wonderful approach to the truth about human relations:** The Hawaiians of old knew that a true connection on the soul-level must not necessarily exist or ever happen between blood related family members. They were only involved in the creation of your physical existence. But true love and soulmateship happens with people you meet or find and feel genuinely attracted to. And so people could “adopt” any children they feel very close to, and the children’s parents would be fine with that – just because they knew about the difference between spiritual-energetic “relatedness” and physical relatedness*. (Note/edit: I’ve written about that extensively in “We Creators of the World”.)*

Of course, there is **the aspect of “love” that complicates everything** … and that makes you love people who don’t love us back. This is also an energetic aspect of the network of cause and effect that’s supposed to “get us somewhere”. We have a “job” in mortal life, that’s what I’ve been reading and hearing from people who visited the beyond or are there.

And yet … there still is the factor of “free will”, and that depends upon what we learn to deem true and important with our mortal minds. And that depends on what information we are fed and urged to accept as basis of our life. And that depends on what educational systems we are born into. And that depends on what kind of authorities rule us … and that depends on what kind of lore those authorities deem “true”.

So …

No, it does not ***not*** matter what kind of lore about their own existence mankind generally believes to be true! It does totally matter what we think about ourselves and our true nature and how life and death relate to our existence! But right now … mankind is entirely degenerated and dumb in that respect.

I have only ever come across one piece of writing that **“gets it right”.** And that is **“Regents of Clouds”**. My own writing. I don’t even remember why and how I started writing that epic spiritual sci-fi story. I only know that Bob was very excited about it.

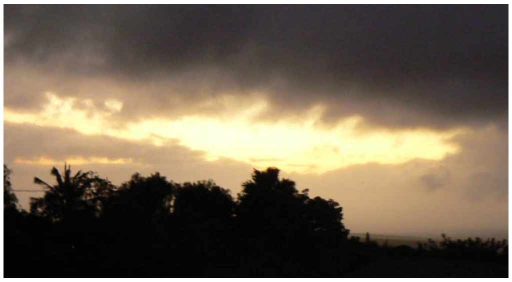
(Note/edit: Today, April 17, 2020, as I’m editing this section, I have just found out, that all my pitches to production companies were declined. So … you know, I may be hopeful and optimistic at times, but then … How in the fucking world am I supposed to move forward with Bob’s and my projects without Bob? And no, I don’t think that I’m not supposed to move forward. My kuleana is entirely clear to me … and was made clear to me. And also … remember the free will part?)

“House M.D., season 2, episode 11 **“Need to Know”:**

Dr. Wilson to Dr. House: *“You don’t like yourself. But you do admire yourself. It’s all you’ve got, so you cling to it. You’re so afraid if you change, you’ll lose what makes you special. Being miserable doesn’t make you better than anybody else, House. It just makes you miserable.”*

"Dr. Wilson" said that to "Dr. House" after the latter broke up with his former partner, "Stacy", who had admitted she still loved him and wanted to give it another go. And that after "House" himself had pursued her, even though she was married now. Wilson realized that "House" didn't break up with "Stacy" because he heroically wanted to protect her from him, no, he did it because … well, and that's the point! Dr. Wilson: ***"You have no idea why you did it!"*** And then came the talk about "being miserable".

Exactly. And that's *Bob talking to me*. That's ***Bob explaining himself to me.*** He is making sense now of all that happened and did not happen between us on Maui. He tried to push me away early in our relationship … only to be entirely dedicated and sweet a minute later …



That was Bob's thing … being miserable. He often was. It felt, sometimes, as if he sought it.

And *he got himself* into situations where people would take advantage of him, and he'd be miserable. He was miserable, because of chronic health-conditions and mental and emotional problems. But if nobody pissed him off, he made mistakes and was pissed off at himself, and that made him miserable. He couldn't help it. He didn't do it on purpose. He was incredibly sensitive and in a way blind to other people's faults. I knew that. I saw that. I thought that *because I loved him so much it would make him feel good and that he'd relax and be strong and well* … It worked, for phases.

And I will always cherish our times when he was fun and strong and self-confident and sweet. But those highs were inevitably followed by lows … and I won't get into this any further. Only want to point out that ***watching "Dr. House"*** *helped me find some clarity. And I'm sure that I was "lead" to watch that*

February 15, 2020 **– Freedom & House, M. D. & BIBBI**

I'm very much in shock today, but in a good way, maybe? After last night's call from my **mother** that she doesn't want me around … my father gave me some similar shit. (Edited for privacy.)

But what I learned from this mother and father situation: I should consider myself free of them. I can't help them. They don't want me. They don't need me, they need *someone* to help them do their thing. I have to see them just as what they are … two old people who need some kind of help. They do not need "me".

I took a long **walk** with Jacqui, in the **wide fields**, with view of the large sky, and I thought "wow, I will exactly do what I think I have to do" … in whatever way that will come about.

My parents were there to **give me the physical basis for developing a body**, and a little bit of stuff around that, and of course they are part of the big network, and they have their **roles** in the making of “me”, the individualization I’m going through in this life-time …

(Edited for privacy.)

It’s no coincidence that I have felt so **“forced” to watch “House M.D.”** (but I only made it through two seasons.) I watched greedily and frantically in the past days … It’s mostly about **mental problems,** and it has become so clear to me how big the mental problems in my and Bob’s family have brought about Bob and my inability to really connect – for a lasting relationship. We connected on a very deep level, inseparably, but on the level of mind and reason, we were often at odds with each other.

I’m content that Bob knows now the true nature of our feelings – and there are two kinds “people” we’re talking about here: The mortals that he and I became due to our lives’ decisions based on free will. And the Discarnates that he and I are and were and always will be – and who develop and change with every reincarnation.

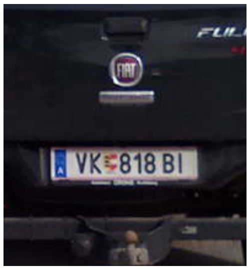
“**House M.D.”** has shown me behavior of people that was so familiar, although, of course, dramatized, and I have seen that in family members and in Bob … and in other friends, and it all had to do with **malfunctions of the brain** and related body parts and functions, from glands to tumors (in terms of behavior), causing horrible experiences for themselves and for others, for all kinds of reasons. So, there, got it why I had to watch that. *Mahalo, Stoneman!*

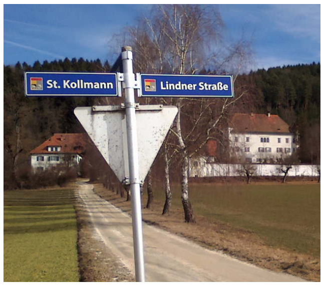
Bob the mortal loved me, too, but a part of me disliked me, because he had so many problems with himself and he found a way of blaming me, weirdly. Was I an “angel”? Certainly not. But one thing I know: I’m a good and well-meaning person, and I have not ever done him any harm or meant to do it. I can’t think of anything I could have done to hurt him – except for existing. I’m very talented, and maybe as he witnessed his own mind starting to deteriorate, he developed some resentment against my increasing expertise and skill in all things video production? Did he feel inferior to me? But I thought that I always made myself “mousy” enough to not make him feel inferior. Whatever we did … we developed a love-hate-relationship that was painful, but our being drawn to each other was irresistible, too. I must have hurt Bob somehow, but I honestly don’t know how. My father never loved me, when I was born, he was but a boy in pain, confused and unloved by his mother. So I know what I’m dealing with, here, in a man, who never felt “good enough” … and Bob often complained bitterly how his family did not appreciate the path he had chosen. And my mother had always been kind of rejected and even hated by her own mother … so there.

Now – “imua”, move forward!

Walking … I noticed how the **stripes** in the sky crosses paths …

*(Note/edit: … and the “**818 BI**” license plate number of the car that was parked at the parking lot where I also parked to start my hike, shows an interesting pattern, besides the Hawaii-related “area code”: **“B I B B I”.)***





The weirdest thing … I finally walked to that **mansion** that I’ve been seeing from afar … so quiet there, nobody around … and the street there is called “**Lindner** Strasse”, and that’s the name of the street where my mother lives.

(Note/edit: In terms of the ability of “creative imagination and manifestation” of our own highest self, this seems like a manifestation of my wish to visit my mother, by ending up “in her street”, while in reality she doesn’t want me to visit her because she wants to live on her own. Which has nothing to do with someone visiting, living on one’s own, does it? And which is, of course, bitter-ironic, because it I hadn’t visited her in the last months, she’d now be in a psychiatric home, probably.)

February 15 – “Play me?” & Dancing

Remember the line “Play me!” that Bob has sung to me, and that has been a major aspect of my communication with me?

Well. I want to stop watching “House”, and I read through the plot-descriptions on Wikipedia. Still, I couldn’t stop watching the episode 1 of season 3, and the title is “**Meaning**”. Just as I was about to switch off, not having been interested for a while and reading online news along with watching, the character “Dr. Wilson” (who I love) says to “***House***”: “**Don’t play me!**”

And in the corner is a picture of a **man who kind of *runs into the sun.***

Okay. That’s that. No idea what it means, but I haven’t heard anyone say “Play me” in whatsoever form ever, except for Bob singing it to me in 2002. Okay. Now I did … with “Don’t” attached to it.

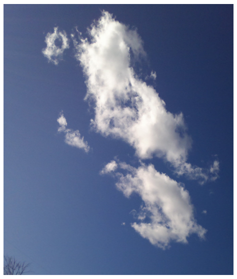
Also, something odd happened during my field walk this afternoon.

I was just walking, allowing thoughts to just come and go, but I kept thinking about my parents and what I should do. And then I said out loud “I **should** …” and the next words that came out were **“… be dancing, yeah!”**

So I stopped, somehow baffled, and I looked around and remembered that **one of the Bee Gees** was dead, too … *(Note/edit: Or more of them are?)* I also thought that almost in the same spot I had seen “**clouds dancing**” just yesterday …

So I walked on and a whole circle around the fields. And about in the same area, on the way back, suddenly **music** started to sound, in some village nearby … and the song was “… **I wanna dance with somebody”** by Whitney Houston!

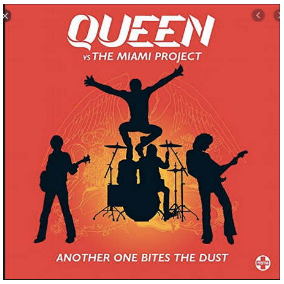
Whitney Houston
I Wanna Dance with Somebody



Wow, I thought. That's … strange. **Music** in the quietness of the fields? Turned out some folks were doing some work on one of the farms with music playing, and the wind carried the sounds over … but then, do you see the meaning? **Sound**! In the air! **Transmission of sound!**

I was intrigued … and now I realized: The song was "**Another One Bites the Dust**"! And that I found actually funny.

(Note: Meanwhile I googled both songs …) Now look at the **picture of "Another One Bites the Dust"** that I found … and then the background-image in the "House"-snippet **"Don't play me!",** and remember, Bob **sang** (!) the song to me, accompanying himself with his **guitar**!



Good one, Bob.

"**Private Practice**" … that's what Bob and I did to save his life … and that's *the spin-off to "Grey's Anatomy"* that I just discovered and started watching. And wow … in episode 3 about "magic" one of the characters, Peter, a naturopathic health practitioner, tells his dead wife at the cemetery what a bad partner she had been …

"You never took my side … you were cold … you withheld sex … You were mean to me." And he even kicked the grave stone and said he hated his ex-wife so much. After the big emotions were out, he gently touched the grave stone and said he was sorry he couldn't help her.

I got to admit, that it could have been me saying these things.

And he shared with a colleague, that they **"never had a perfect night"**. They never had anything perfect … and now she's gone. I can truly relate … and then, in the end, the last shot, a **"lanai"** (porch, veranda) *from the outside, in the rain* … it was just like being back on Maui. Sometimes, like now, I just can't believe all that I've lost.

42:20 / 43:03
Vidcloud

Really, truly this felt like a message. And I'm not looking for "entertainment" or "messages". I'm going with the flow. And this series is a surprise. I totally like the characters and the very emotional stories. Make me cry a lot … but I guess I need that.

February 16, Sunday **– Right On Plan?**

After morning round with J and breakfast I started watching *"Private Practice"* again, watched Season 1 until episode 6, so now it's episode 7 …

"Remember the visualizations we worked on? Focus on those images! Okay? **We're following the plan. Everything is right on schedule …**" Says holistic doctor "Pete" to a pregnant patient.

It totally went right through me … and I had to stop the show to write it down. ***The patient is mourning the death of her partner***, a police officer, and she keeps thinking back at his death, but she shouldn't, because she's about to give birth. It relates to me, entirely. I'm also about to "give birth" … to something big. I can't allow myself to think of the horrible loss … but I have been doing that very much in the last days. This morning, I wished so much to be on Maui … I could barely get up.

And then I saw the myriads of **dust particles** float right in front of my face in the sun rays that came through the blinds … it was strange how I could not catch them, as they would be repelled immediately at my fingers and hand approaching them …

I needed that statement of the TV-doctor … there is nobody to talk to me, at all, in "real life", but I keep finding help in those TV-shows … And if you had told me that two years ago, I'd have told you: "*Well, that's why mankind invented filmmaking, and that's why watching TV and go to the movies and watch stories online is great, because humans can't experience enough in their limited range mortal lives that can stimulate their brains and therefore their thinking enough, so watching films gives humans the much needed opportunity to experience more than is possible to them in their lives' routines."*

Didn't see that coming, right?

Well, I did not think that one could actually "by chance" (without looking for it) find "messages" and comforting and revealing "information" in fictional films.

Also, walking along my usual forest path (along the creek with the heavy beaver-bite, where I'm always get pissed off seeing that damage done by beavers), I was attracted to some kind of light spot, and although I was about to turn around, I went a few steps further … where a strange **tree** caught my attention. As I stood and looked at it, I turned to the side … and there was a **twig** *hanging on another*

twig … and the way it was propped up, I couldn’t help but think that just one gust of wind or some other impact, and the twig drops. But for the time being it’s “caught” by the other twig that’s a firm part of the tree. As I looked more closely, another twig caught my eyes … it also had fallen, obviously and got caught on another twig … **“Hang in there”** came to my mind, but also I realized how fragile “balance” is …

Also I looked at the **ice bridge** I had photographed weeks ago …

… and the ice was thinner now … Of course I like to think about how it was a symbol for the “**barrier**” between the realms and how it can get *thinner* …

February 17, 2020 – The Cloud, the Wood & the Dead Birthgiver

Spent a horrible night … the heating making a kind of “subliminal” sound again, because of too much pressure in the pipes … no way to sleep, I immediately get dizzy and nauseous and get heavy palpitations when I only lie down in my bed. So I tried to sleep on the kitchen floor, but even there I heard the fucking sound. Still is on, during the day. It started again (like in October) after the oil in the basement burner was refilled … and at first it was slight, but last night the landlady and her hubby came back home, from a lovely quiet weekend in the mountains, I’m sure, and the sounds got horrible. I thought I wait, maybe they stop. But no such luck. And at 1.30 am I was too exhausted to go knocking.

In the morning – strange, to find oneself lying on the kitchen floor with the sun in one’s face.

I realized I had a **big fat dream of Bob**, and he was so **close**, and it was about his **car**, but it wasn’t his car, but a *large gray combi,* and somehow I had to get it to Bob, or was I just reminiscing being in it with Bob? That **dream** was so deeply **emotional** like not in many weeks. It felt like I had met Bob in my dreamstate, and the realization that I had to part from him again, made me so sad in the morning, that I doubted everything I though I knew about the meaning of the remainder of my life.

It has remained in me, that memory, *that feeling of being so close*, during the day, but yet, losing him out of sight … horrible. I remember I tried desperately to explain to **someone *what that car meant and what Bob meant*** … but Bob himself was not there, it was the “feeling” of him, the presence of him … but he wasn’t visible to me … There was a **woman** and I tried, *under tears*, to explain everything to her … but I couldn’t do that as **I didn’t find the right words … and I didn’t have the time, in a way … or the breath** … I was crying so hard and trying to get a hold of Bob … At the same time, *in my dream*, even, I thought to myself, “*He is gone, this is only his car, and I can get to him through it, but I can’t right now .. let me do it!*” But **whoever** was with me, didn’t let me do it! And I cried and longed to be with Bob … but then I woke up.

My dog licking my hand.

Looks like a **cloud** tried to mimic that situation later … showing me a **lying down dog** …

My 56th birthday is today. Wondering if my mother will call. (Note/edit: She didn’t call and never even mentioned my birthday, even though she keeps telling me all the time about other relatives’ birthdays.) She called my niece for her birthday, in December, although my niece never gave a shit about my mother and hadn’t been in contact for years. But me … why contact me, right? I’m only the one busting my ass … anyway. It’s a day of decisions. Depending on whether or not I hear from my mother. Then, tomorrow, I’ll call her, and I’ll go from there.

Took Jacqui on a walk in the way too hot sun … and I came a **US-mail-box** that I had never seen before, even I’ve walked there so often … very close to the **brown cap** I had found a little while ago, strange ….

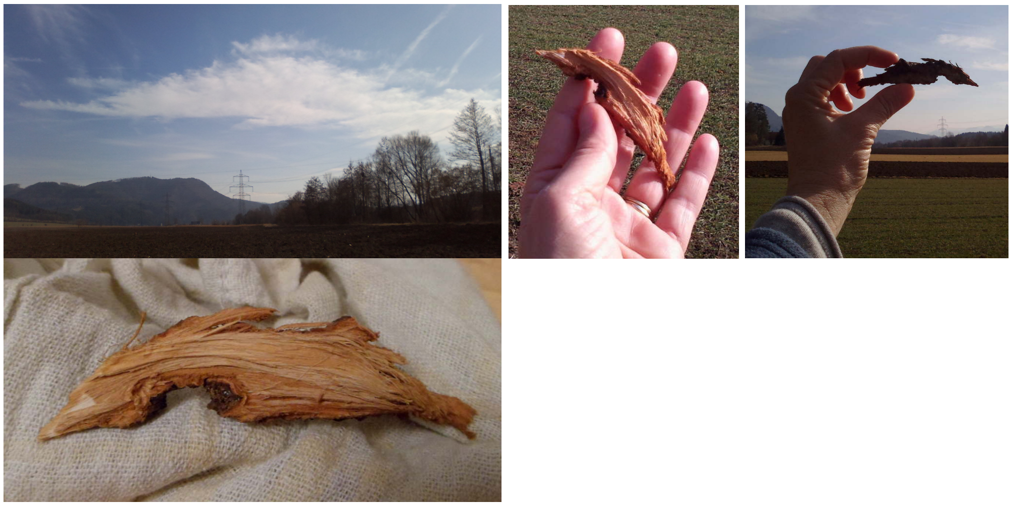
… and I found **30 cents** on the path next to a horse-shoe-imprint. It’s interesting because just there I photographed the “33” made of clouds, recently. And just on that path, **I had imagined finding money** … but I was thinking of folded paper money … yet!

That I found the two coins just there, seems to signal to me: “I know what you’re thinking!” It’s just not likely a coincidence that I find the money **there** – on the very spot where I had imagined finding money!

– and not some other random place! I have **not** found any (!) money, no coins, nothing, ever anywhere in Griffen and the area, since I moved here! So there. (Note/edit: Haven't found anything since either.)

Also, yesterday, upon photo-editing this c. d., I came across the ***golden nutshell*** again, and promptly I found one **single nutshell** today!

And last but not least: A very strange **cloud formation** appeared, kind of **arched** and with strange ends … Then I walked on and saw the trunks of some **cut down trees**, and **I broke off a piece** of the **bark** *to smell it* … it had a nice woody-spicy fragrance … and I shared it with Bob. And then I noticed that the **wood bark piece had the shape of that strange cloud** I had just photographed! Arched … like a mix between dinosaur and shark!



I read "C's" email from a day ago … and she tells me *never being able to be outspoken* to her partner, and *walking on egg shells* around her … And she sent me a wonderful poem by Dickinson.

In the evening … I felt so drawn to the **lit stone** again … I needed to "see Bob" …

Also, I watched a little *"Private Practice",* it's kind of interesting, and there was a shot of a ***mother***

who had died at birth of her baby that was next to her, alive. Very touching and kind of revealing and exactly (!) what I had been thinking about last night:

My parents gave me the basis of my physical shell. They made my mortal basis. That's it. *That shot in that TV-series* … spookily emphasized those thoughts of mine!

I admit it: I'm really sad about my mother. She didn't call for my birthday. Whatever the reason is … all that I thought we had accomplished in the last weeks and months was worth nothing. And we didn't end up in the place that I've been hoping for … that I was so sure we'd reach.

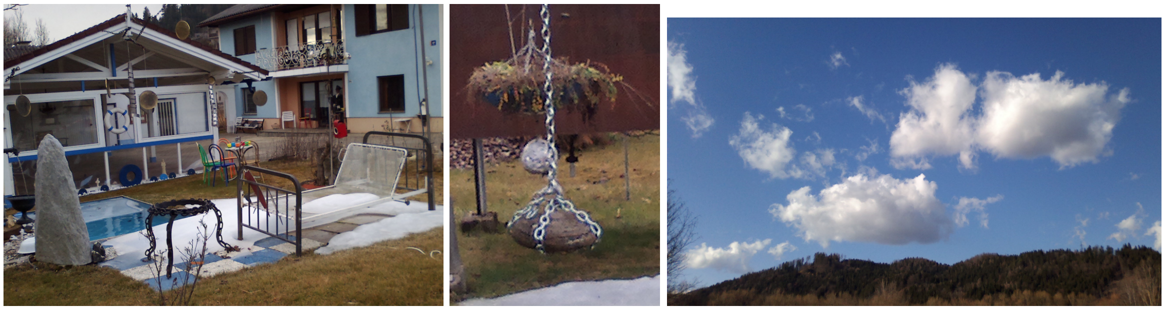
Four girlfriends of mine called me for my birthday. That's big. That's a lot. I'm grateful.

February 18, 2020

Some days I manage to be kind of "quiet" inside, just walk with Jacqui, look at the **clouds**, or the spaces between them …

And I'm stunned by the strange beauty of some plants, like the **reeds** … how they seem so "solid" and then just dissolve … oh, I know the symbolism in it … I wouldn't miss it …

Also I went to look at the **stone** by day … next the bed … it's uncanny, everytime I see it … Bob in his bed … now he is out of it. Free, forever … I don't think there are many such installations anywhere, except where I live …



I also realized that behind the upright stone, there is another **stone**, and that one is **suspended** from a tree and it's **in chains!**

Here is something semi-funny:

I could swear that since I've been watching *"Private Practice",* I've seen **vaginas** in the sky. Yes, **clouds** forming vaginas. Seriously – there were clouds, in the past few days, that depicted vaginas. And I mean … serious gynecological images. Today, too.

"Private Practice" deals with fertility, birth, sex and female genitalia only. So is Bob telling me that he is seeing what I'm seeing?

I'll remain attentive for the vagina clouds … and no, it's not selective perception. If there had been vaginal clouds before, I would have seen them. Because that's my thing, noticing clouds. And I don't write about every great cloud image I see. I've seen shapes of elephants and palaces and bird cages …. but they are just clouds that look a little bit like those things … it's different when *clouds images **attract** you "magnetically", and they happen to relate to an important theme in your current life.* Then it becomes relevant what Bob and I always talked about: "Clouds are thoughts." Either mine or "his" … and since he pretty much "is thought" right now, he might as well use his new features to communicate with me.

If that's the case … wow, are there possibilities …

Also … I found **a carnival paper snake** … and an **apple**, floating in the ice cold creek …

February 19, 2020 **– Trip to a Dream Shoreline & Hotel**

Dream of **Bob**. Of **hugging him**. So **intensely**, that *I thought in my dream,* "wow, this is real." It was real in a tearful and desperate kind of way. Holding him, being held by him … I think we really **met** in the beyond, and that intense long hug, with me running my hands over his back, shoulders, neck and into his hair … *that's how my subconscious uses my memories to express an experience that's beyond my mortal world …*

But then another guy showed up, and he looked like R., my first "serious" boyfriend, the only one of my three major relationships of my life who is still alive, and I kind of liked him, but he was very thin and scruffy, and I'm not sure what I wanted with him …

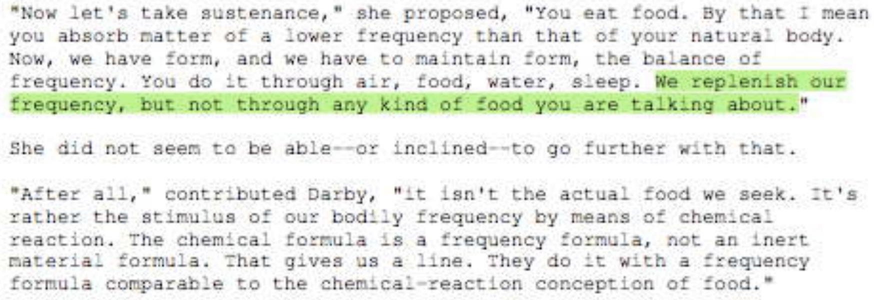
All through my dream I wanted to go back to hugging Bob and being with him. Right now, I can still remember how distinctly "physical" it was, **how it felt to touch Bob and be touched by him** … his hair, his chest, his back … and we even sat in the car and drove along the shoreline of Hawaii like we had many times, and I was so happy … but while I was dreaming this, I kind of "thought" that something was strange about that shoreline …

And only when I woke up I realized what it was: *That **shoreline**, that car ride with Bob – that has never happened in real life, **but it has happened many times in my dreams!*** So I have actually **dreamed about a dream-"reality" with Bob!** There was another place in that dream, that begins to fade, so I don't recall it clearly, *that I have been at in my dreams several times!* Oh, now I remember! It's a place in Vienna, a **fancy hotel** with a square in front of it, but it's situated in the district of "Wieden", close to "Favoriten", which is not a nice place to be or live in … and ***in previous dreams over the years*** that hotel has been the place where the celebrities and the famous and rich people had been out and about, and I had made it in, several times. There was also something about a **bicycle** in one of those dreams, and another time there was grave danger, almost like a major tornado or a tidal wave coming, but *I have never belonged to the crowd of that hotel* … at one point I kind of crawled in, I think, and there I was a table under which I could hide … but not in tonight's dream. I know that in the real word that hotel does not exist at the spot where it shows up in my dreams, the very spot in that district is not exactly the same, but very similar. And at last twice in dreams about that place I had to **hide** … **from the fancy party crowd**, from the rich people who were there in the dining room, which for some reason didn't have windows, it was like an open terrace … yes, now I remember! It had been about food and dining and not being allowed in that place … but I had dreamed that many years ago, when Bob was still alive …

… and it's so strange that I revisited that place today. There is a railing, some kind of fence or barrier, **in gold,** at that hotel! In tonight's dream I didn't see it, but I know it's there. Once there was something about a **baby**, that I needed to … I don't know, feed or protect … I carried it on my bosom, in some kind of scarf, I think. Everytime I ended up in that hotel, I was kind of sneaking around and hiding out, literally hiding, too, like under an awning or a cover or a table … The hotel even had a name, I realize right now, but can't recall it, I want to say something with "Re …", but not sure. It's kind of isolated, as of the mood of it, yes, it feels "remote", but it's right in the city of Vienna …

But back to hugging Bob … it was such a relief, such a comfort, so intense, that I have the feeling that I must have met him, really, in the dream-state … **it feels so rich and big and full right now, our encounter tonight,** as I think about it …

I did some major sharing of "**Tiramisu**" with him last night, too, and of food, generally …

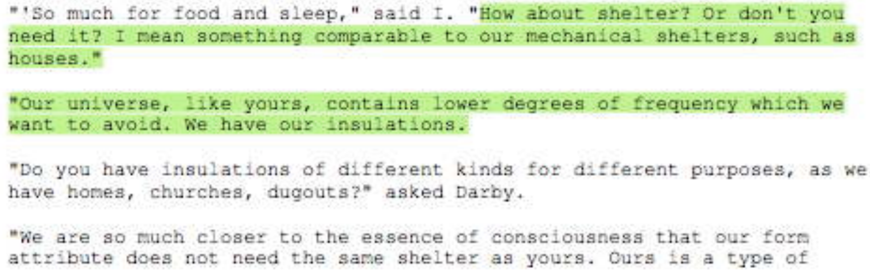


"Now let's take sustenance," she proposed, "You eat food. By that I mean you absorb matter of a lower frequency than that of your natural body. Now, we have form, and we have to maintain form, the balance of frequency. You do it through air, food, water, sleep. We replenish our frequency, but not through any kind of food you are talking about."

She did not seem to be able--or inclined--to go further with that.

"After all," contributed Darby, "it isn't the actual food we seek. It's rather the stimulus of our bodily frequency by means of chemical reaction. The chemical formula is a frequency formula, not an inert material formula. That gives us a line. They do it with a frequency formula comparable to the chemical-reaction conception of food."

(Excerpts from "The Unobstructed Universe")



"'So much for food and sleep," said I. "How about shelter? Or don't you need it? I mean something comparable to our mechanical shelters, such as houses."

"Our universe, like yours, contains lower degrees of frequency which we want to avoid. We have our insulations.

"Do you have insulations of different kinds for different purposes, as we have homes, churches, dugouts?" asked Darby.

"We are so much closer to the essence of consciousness that our form attribute does not need the same shelter as yours. Ours is a type of

About my ex R. in my dream … I don't know, he kept looking at me (and I know for a fact that he is not dead) and I wanted to relate to him, but somehow it still was all about Bob … and that car ride along that shore that I know from other dreams … it felt dramatic, too, like I knew that it wouldn't last.

Can this be a recollection of an actual visit in the "beyond"? The phenomenon of falling asleep means to fall unconscious … and consciousness is in a way "free" to dwell in it's own habitat, the energetic realm of the beyond …

It was like a birthday-hug, a gift, an effort, **but** I did **not** get to talk to Bob or look at him frontally, he didn't say anything, it was just his "being", "body" that I held … It was so sweet and bitter and strangely fulfilling ….

(That's us, in 2008.)

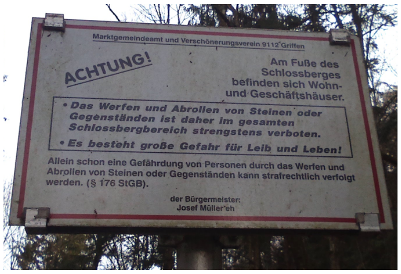
Then my "friend" S. called, at 8.30 am, to ask me if it was the birthday of another friend, T., who had actually called me for my birthday and who lives in the German mountains and who I will visit soon … looking forward to that. But S., again, like many times before, just talked meaningless stuff and didn't really listen to what I said, and I was really desperate, and I got so fed up by her ignorant behavior, and when she started clunking with stuff and not even listening, **I hung up**. I can't stand this anymore. I'm not supposed to.

I must move forward. My French "friend" Eric, who has disappointed me so many times and is a pot addict, keeps emailing, he has physical problems and begins to whine, and I told him what he can do for *himself*, but I've told him many times, and if he doesn't do it but still has problems and keeps whining, I don't want to hear from him anymore. I can never trust that he'll remember the next day what we talked about any given day.

More distinct clouds … looking like **vaginas** or women with spread thighs, from the perspective of a gynecologist … and **dicks** and **balls** …

… and **clouds** that just look significant …

And yes, it means something to me when a **butterfly** comes along and sits down right next to me … because there are hardly and butterflies anywhere…



Marktgemeindeamt und Verschönerungsverein 9112 Griffen

ACHTUNG!

Am Fuße des Schlossberges befinden sich Wohn- und Geschäftshäuser.

- Das Werfen und Abrollen von Steinen oder Gegenständen ist daher im gesamten Schlossbergbereich strengstens verboten.
- Es besteht große Gefahr für Leib und Leben!

Allein schon eine Gefährdung von Personen durch das Werfen und Abrollen von Steinen oder Gegenständen kann strafrechtlich verfolgt werden. (§ 176 StGB).

der Bürgermeister:
Josef Müller eh

And a freakin’ smiley on Schlossberg … what’s there to laugh about, anyway?

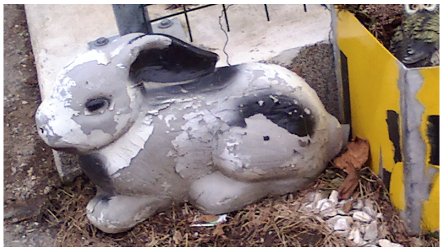
I found it kind of amusing to read that **“danger”-sign** on the path, telling people *not to drop stones* (hahahaha!) from the slopes, because it reads that *there is danger “für Leib und Leben”, which means “**for body and life**”.* So … what does that even mean?

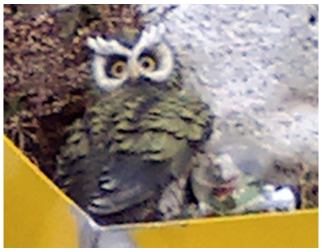
The dementia-counselor, B., on the phone, was very helpful and encouraging, two days ago. I had called her, I’m a bit desperate about my mother.

My dog was afraid of me this morning … geez, my energy must suck. He really deserves better.

Plus, something else …

walking down from Schlossberg today … the big **rabbit** that had been out of my reach (as of useful photography), the black and white one, made of concrete or stone or something, **sat right next to the street!**





And here is something to notice … the tiny **owl** next to it. In our first year together, I had **sewn a tiny gray owl into Bob’s gray sweat jogging pants**, for his protection, many years ago. He still wore those sweat-pants in the last months of his life. With the owl on them.

February 20, 2020

Last night I watched an episode of “*Private Practice*” which featured horrible horrible traumatic events. And this morning , right now, I realize that I might be watching those doctors-series because I enjoy the pain strangers go through, the trauma they experience. I cry a lot. I cry all the time, just briefly, mostly, but that’s because it always ends up in some kind of vacuum. I need the pain of others … because my own is really unbearable. It may sound strange and dry and all, but I know that as a mortal I’m all fucked up.

I called my mother last night, and just ignored everything I felt and wanted to say, and she behaved as if nothing had happened. It’s okay. She is fine. But I’m not. And nobody cares. Except for my dog, really. Maybe.

My landlord thanked me last night for the “Native of Owhyhee”-DVD I gave them for Christmas, but he barely understood anything because of lacking English knowledge. Too bad.

February 20 **– Start of a New Phase**

Walking with Jacqui in the forest I realized my parents won’t ever like me, see me or have the slightest interest in me or love for me. Not in this mortal lifetime anymore.

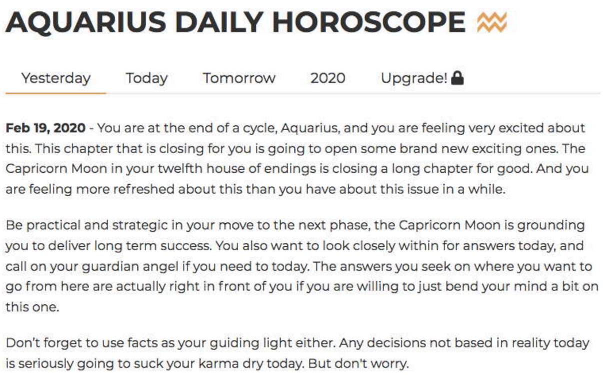
There was the strangest **cloud** today … a perfect **snake** … just perfect, but I didn’t get my phone out in time, because my hands were too cold, and once it was out, I couldn’t get it on quickly enough … So I only caught it when it was already “hiding” behind the trees …

And then an odd “**gap in the clouds**” formed … as if that “snake” had been cut out of the clouds.

Of course I saw some plants, again, that seemed to want to remind me of … well of how “the discarnates” are everywhere all the time, numerous … like these **Alder tree blossoms**.

So okay. I had the impulse today to literally distance myself, internally and geographically, I simply have to fulfill my “kuleana”, and I wrote to Italia (the agent) that we need to move forward or not at all.

My **horoscope** says that yesterday, a phase ended, and today a new phase began. Fine.

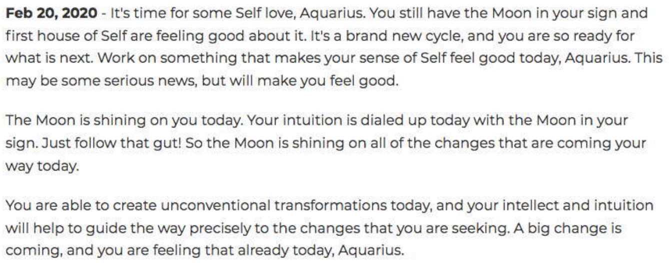


AQUARIUS DAILY HOROSCOPE

Feb 19, 2020 - You are at the end of a cycle, Aquarius, and you are feeling very excited about this. This chapter that is closing for you is going to open some brand new exciting ones. The Capricorn Moon in your twelfth house of endings is closing a long chapter for good. And you are feeling more refreshed about this than you have about this issue in a while.

Be practical and strategic in your move to the next phase, the Capricorn Moon is grounding you to deliver long term success. You also want to look closely within for answers today, and call on your guardian angel if you need to today. The answers you seek on where you want to go from here are actually right in front of you if you are willing to just bend your mind a bit on this one.

Don't forget to use facts as your guiding light either. Any decisions not based in reality today is seriously going to suck your karma dry today. But don't worry.



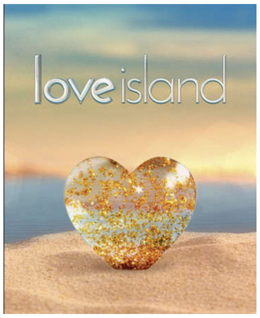
Feb 20, 2020 - It's time for some Self love, Aquarius. You still have the Moon in your sign and first house of Self are feeling good about it. It's a brand new cycle, and you are so ready for what is next. Work on something that makes your sense of Self feel good today, Aquarius. This may be some serious news, but will make you feel good.

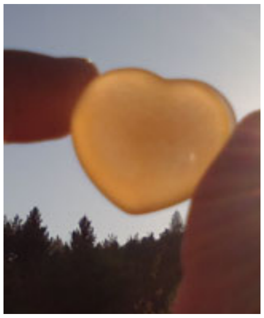
The Moon is shining on you today. Your intuition is dialed up today with the Moon in your sign. Just follow that gut! So the Moon is shining on all of the changes that are coming your way today.

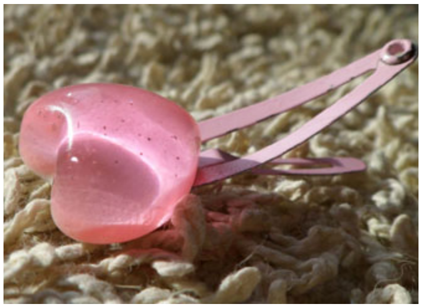
You are able to create unconventional transformations today, and your intellect and intuition will help to guide the way precisely to the changes that you are seeking. A big change is coming, and you are feeling that already today, Aquarius.

It’s true, the stuff about the “unconventional streak”. I have some kind of urge to connect … for the sake of “**Regents of Clouds**” …

Done with *“Private Practice*”, I only read up on the storyline after the beginning of season 3. Okay. As I was randomly browsing for other TV-series, I saw a nice poster for “Love Island” … and it reminds me of the **heart** *I found at the lake,* a few months back. Of course my TV-series is “Paradise” and also has to do with my “love island”, Maui. And the pink heart I found on April 27, 2019:





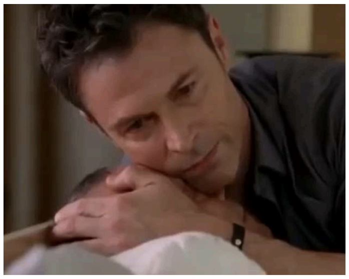


February 21, 2020

Woke up, alert, in the night, not sure what it was. Jacqui was up, too. I had **dreams** of Bob again, but some strange feeling dreams … like actual memories of Maui, like ***I had just been there*** … strange feelings. I’ve been having a very strong feeling of closeness with Bob since dream of hugging.

Strangely, my knee keeps hurting, my left one … and of course I realize that *“**knees**” represent the strongest “joint” or connection with someone* … and since it’s the left side, it’s a connection or relationship with a female, either my mother or myself … and it’s very painful … I got to do something about it … no shit.

But nothing compared to the pain of realizing on a new level, that Bob is dead … A scene like this, in “*Private Practice*” can undo me … Pete being with a **dying man**, who said that nobody would know that he was even there, ever, when he is dead … and Pete assures him ***“You were here.”*** So touching.



So then, I was looking through TV-series again, and I thought I’d try something that I’ve never watched but is famous and funny, *“How I Met Your Mother”* … turns out that a main-character’s name is “**Marshall**”. And in the pilot credits I saw that also a character’s real name is **Marshall** … strange, I thought, I’ve never had to do with any “**Marshall**” … until a few weeks ago, when a baby dog moved in next door, poor puppy, so scared, barks hysterically all the time, is only 15 weeks now: ***A golden Cocker spaniel named*** “**Marshall**”! Just yesterday I talked with Marshall’s owner about him and I see him every day, how he sits in front of the door and waits for someone to come and do something with him. ***They don’t.*** The baby girl they have is too small to deal with a puppy, and the parents don’t have time or patience for him, the owner (my landlady’s daughter) is heavily pregnant. Jacqui greets him friendly, but not that much excited. Marshall freaks out when he sees us. He doesn’t bark anymore, but still is very shy. This is a baby! He has no other dog to show him something, and the owners don’t teach him anything! I can’t believe this! *This poor puppy is alone out in the cold in front of the door all the time!*

Also, in “HIMYM” there was a mentioning of a “**Monkey playing Ukulele**”, and of course I flashed back to the many Ukulele-festivals Bob was filming in Hawaii …

Today, I took a walk in the **forest**, and I got so sad, and I sat down and thought that I really want Bob to be with me, and that I need him to give me something, a response, a sign …

And I was quiet in the windy forest, and just when I kind of thought "**have my back**", Jacqui sat down right behind me, **his back to mine** and snuggled up to me strongly!

I thought, wow. But then, Jacqui does that, it's not new to me. He is a watch dog, and he always sits down to look into the opposite direction of where I'm looking. Still, it felt so suiting, that he did the "have your back" thing.

February 21, 2020 – Real Hug With a Dead Man

Okay, I'm doing it. After I ended up at a website featuring a gif … and that gif was just like my **dream of Bob and me hugging**. And the best thing about that gif: It's a *movie-character hugging her dead love.*

I'm talking about "**Grey's Anatomy" season 5**, when the dead "Denny" appears to "Izzie". I read about it and could barely believe it that something like that is in a TV-series! I didn't dare to watch it right away. Now, after the reunion-dream with Bob and the Marshall-and-the-dog-happenings … I feel inclined.

My knee is giving me shit, such pain, suddenly, that I'm afraid I can't walk again, but so far I have made it go away after a few minutes, everytime, and today I spotted a black-blue spot in the inside of my knees … so something about t veins … Tomorrow I'm getting a veins-crème …

And now … Grey's A … **Izzie seeing her dead beloved again** …

Today I've had the feeling of Bob being so *close the entire time* … It's like he's happy for me to get to live through my wishful thinking by watching a TV-series.

February 22, 2020 – Love With a Dead Man

Okay, getting what I wanted … I've ended up at the episode of "Grey's Anatomy", season 5, episode 8, when **Izzie meets Denny again … who is actually dead.** It's … hard to describe, how satisfying it is, how heartbreaking and how catastrophic in the realization that this is likely going to have an ending that puts the entire reunion into a corner of "fantasy" …

An **American Indian** or some other native guy is in the hospital for a heart transplant, and he talks about things of bodyparts having “ghosts” or “spirits” “attached” … which is pretty much the idea and concept of “**Unihipili**”, of ancient Hawaii. And about that I know a lot. It’s an inkling of what Betty and her folks revealed, but it’s not entirely factual … that “spirits” can “stick to” things that the mortal once owned … but that said, I wrote an entire film about that, “**Kaweli**”. In 2017. And that was the last thing Bob read in his life, the screenplay “Kaweli” … about a young man being able to “call” his dead mother using her scarf … (wow, this totally flowed out of my fingers just now, it wasn’t even on my mind so far …)

Wow! The “Kaweli”-connection is actually strong, right now, feels different than before … now that it was directly said by that Native American what it’s about … ***what my film*** is about!

“I don’t need any extra ghosts in my operating room …” says that American Indian, who looks a lot like me, now, that I’ve decided to not cut my gray hair anymore, and it’s getting long.

Anyway … the character **“Izzie” starts seeing “Denny”,** just standing there, like real, and nobody else can see him, of course. So she talks to him and tells him how *every days since he died she’d wished to see him again … Yes!* ***Me too!*** Is that Bob telling me that he knows what I’m thinking? Well, every grieving person thinks that, obviously. But not every grieving person is lead to medical TV-dramas they have always despised of to get very clearly relating … stuff to look at!

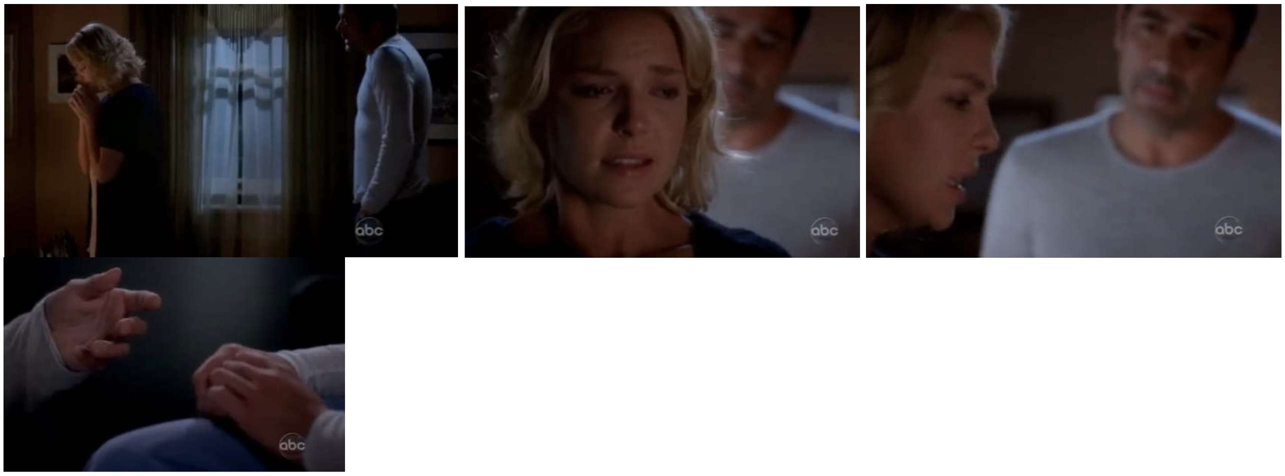
Izzie*: “I would have given anything just to see you one more time …”* Later*:* “Looking at you and knowing that I can’t touch you is hurting me.”

Denny: “… you can touch me.”

The **touching** … it happened in my dream, when Bob and I hugged and I got to feel his body … and that ***before*** I was given to watch the same scene with “Denny” and “Izzie”. It felt entirely real. Izzie doubts … she is afraid to “wake up”, in a way … she wants to remain sane … but she so much longs for Denny to be real …

Izzie says, "You're not real. You can't be real. So that means that I'm sick, or that there's something wrong with me …" Oh, I can imagine that many people have felt that way before when they were in contact with their dead loved ones!

Denny: "I'm as real as you …"

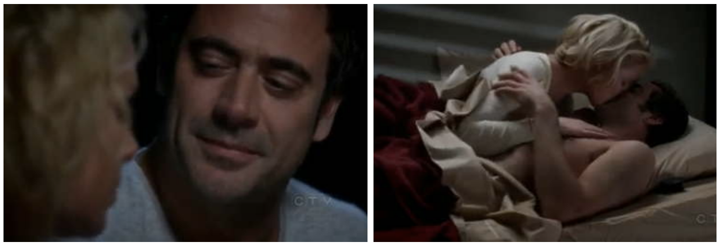


"… touch my hand, I'll prove it to you."

And then … all that happened in that silly TV-series **… just felt so good**. I know why, but I won't deny that **I savored it as if it was me and if it was true** … It's fascinating, that someone writes such a story … and that was already years ago that it aired …

Izzie: "Why are you here?"

Denny: "**I am here for you**, Izzie Stevens …"



They have sex. Oh Jesus, that’s fulfillment to the max. It was much better than all chocolate in the world …

The American Indian talks about how science is just a belief: “You only believe in what you can see and touch … **I believe in more**.” No kidding.

He then tells Izzie about the idea that “spirit” clings to something the person owned … but the truth about “spirits” is so different … but I immediately got reminded of the ancient Hawaiian concept of “**Unihipili**”, the spirit that stays attached to things that belonged to a dead person or to his bones. In the old days, Hawaiians would keep the spirits of their dead loved ones close by keeping one of their bones under their pillows. And it’s told that they could “send” those spirits on missions for them, in the “realm of Ku”, the realm of sleep, of death, the subtle realm, in which “Ku” or “Unihipili”, our body-spirits, always lives … when we are awake too. See – to me all that makes so much sense because I’ve studied those things for so many years when I wrote “We Creators of the World”!

Izzie tells Denny that she loves him and how she is sorry that it didn’t work out, and then he asks why she is telling him all that, and she says that *she wants to let him go so that his soul can have peace*. Denny says “**I have peace**. I’m here for you.”

It feels so so so strange that I get to see all that … it’s really some kind of **manifestation** …

The character “Meredith Grey” later says as a voice over, in the end of that episode … “The ties that bind us are sometimes impossible to explain” … “They connect us even after it seems like the ties should be broken” …”Sometimes defy distance and time and logic”.

And dead “Denny” shows up again, even *after* Izzie had burned the only thing she had from him: his sweater that she had knitted for him and that he had worn.

What do I have from Bob, actually? Laptops, socks, the Sony recorder.

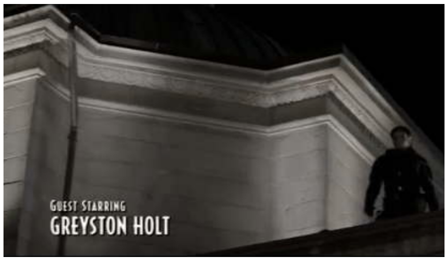
“… because some ties are simply … meant to be.”

And then I lost interest in watching. It was all about seeing a dead person being with a mortal … that’s what I needed. That’s what I got. Of course I cried … have cried before, today, walking a new field.

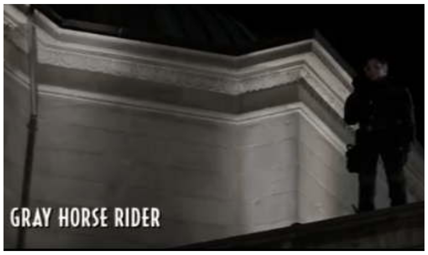
That’s why I had to watch Grey’s Anatomy. **Bob fulfilled my wish, lead me there, I believe.** I wouldn’t have ever watched that series … but now I’ve seen *what was in there for me*.

I had talked to Bob this afternoon, walking a new field … a huge field, with a huge view … all the way to the Koralpe-mountain, that looks just like Haleakala mountain … with the structures on top and the snow and all … and I asked Bob if I had been given the chance to have a near-death experience by a blood cloth in my leg … that horrible pain and the blue stain in the back of my knee … it felt kind of real like that … but I told him that I don’t ever want to cause harm to my dog, or scare him, and if I’d die, meet “them” and wake right back up, without going to a hospital, ***fine***, but anything other than that is unacceptable for me. I won’t leave my dog alone. He is the only friend I have here … that I accept as friend. I’m not willing to make compromises in terms of friends.

Weirdly, after closing “Grey’s A.”, I clicked on the first image of a TV-series I saw, and it was “**Batwoman**”. An **American Indian** just like the one I had just seen and who had talked about ghosts, showed up … maybe the same actor. Looked again like me!



And then, in the credits, the word “**Greyston**” showed up … And I had just watched “**Grey’s** Anatomy” to “see” my dead Bob **Stone**. It may sound odd, but it’s not random … Also, one of the credits read “**Gray Horse Rider**” … I’m assuming that’s the Native in the film …



I’m almost sure something else will follow in that regard. Also … I really don’t want to watch that series, “**Batwoman**”, and I think I’m not supposed to. It was only for those few things, like in the beginning:

“**You find way, own way**,” says the American Indian, “Tomorrow, find faster!” (His young female trainee had broken into the **ice** and found her way back up.)

Oh! I get it! **The ice**! I had just taken the photos from **“under the ice”!**

The bridge! Remember?
Wow! I feel like giggling right now, because it fits so perfectly!

Oh! And I had broken out in tears on the field today, saying to my friends in the “beyond” that we just must make sense of all that has happened in this life time … ***we are so close to make a big difference***, so that we don’t have to come back and suffer again and again in the mortal forms …

And I knew so distinctly that I had done that before …

… and *I knew* also because I remembered those days in my twenties, when that woman, K., had shown up at my workplace to bring me to secret meetings of some kind of society who told me that for thousand years I had been the most efficient and powerful of them all … (*Note/edit: I’ve mentioned that before, can’t go into more details.)*

I must make the most of my time left here in this body on this plane. I feel my body deteriorating. I have a harder time walking. Getting up after kneeling down to my dog. My left hand still gets numb, I know it’s the blood circulation. I will get a veins crème next week. My skin seems to wither. My body forms are changing … hormones, I know.

Today I had some kind of “urge” to contact people about “Regents of Clouds”, agents, Socrates B. … maybe a few more will come to my mind … so I’m kind of motivated, but in the next minute I realize how close Bob and I were to manifest those projects and to being together … and how I screwed up not trusting him in those years when we were apart when he told me that he missed me and that he loved me and wanted me to come.

Ever again memories flash into my mind, and they make me cry … like in our second or third year, I think, when I was in Austria, and I returned, and all our pictures were gone. All the photographs of Bob and me together … gone from the house. And then I found out that a female friend from LA had been there … the same who he involved later in “Taylor Camp” instead of me … geez, I felt all the hurt and the pain all over again just today … but I kept sticking to that relationship that I believed in so much … only to be rejected and hurt and disrespected again and again … I just couldn’t make myself believe Bob anymore … especially not after he had spent ten full days in that winter cabin in the woods with P., in 2013. And I saw the picture of them, that he had on his computer desktop, P. is a truly beautiful woman.

And then it hit me … today on the field! ***He simply didn’t find me attractive!*** Oh fuck, my cheeks are on fire right now, all of a sudden … jackpot, right? He didn’t find me pretty enough, and you know what? I wasn’t that pretty, ever. I’m not a pretty person. He didn’t find me pretty! Just that. In the mortal realm it was as simple as that. I’m not a “feminine” kind of woman … I saw the women with who he was before and after me, they were stunningly beautiful. And real women, with nailpolish and great hair and very feminine clothes … I was more like a … well … a not so fancy woman. And I have crooked teeth and an irregular face. I did have a great body. Kept that until just a few months ago. I was surprised seeing my body in the mirror, when I moved here, to Griffen … my body was very youthful and fit. But right now, it’s aging. Okay with me.

Okay. I did continue watching “Grey’s Anatomy”. In episode 9 “Denny” tells “Izzie” that he loves her. The dead man tells his mortal women that he loves her.

In the end, “Meredith’s” voice-over says: ***“Nighttime isn’t so scary, because we realize that we aren’t all alone in the dark.”***

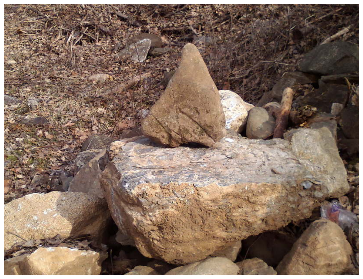
February 22, 2020 – The Big Stone on the Field

I just went for a walk with Jacqui, as usual … but I "found" a "**new field**" to walk on … with a wonderful view …

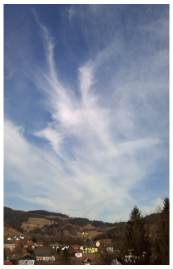
And there it was: a huge stone. Yup. Another **stone**. In the middle of the field. More a rock, or some rock formation. Just that I hadn't been there before ever!

Like Bob was "doing the field" with me … **a stone, with me, on a field.** Just … when I think there can't be "anything else" around here to be of meaning … there it is.

Also, there was a small triangular **"Kane"-stone** right in front of the big fat **rock** …



And then, there was a **cloud** that seemed to **gesture** to me … like Bob had, back then, last year, after I had almost been run over by the tramway in Vienna …



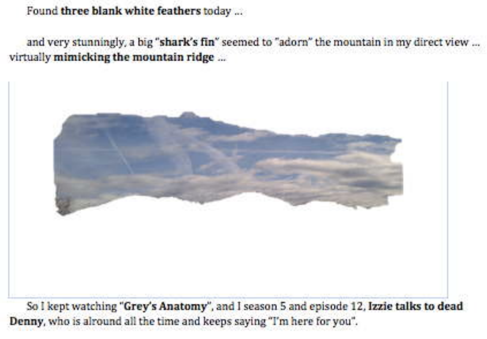
And then, in the evening … looking out of the window, once again I was stunned by a **mirror image** … the **clouds** mimicking what I was seeing … the **mountain silhouette** …

And finally … one **single V-shaped cloud arrow** … No other clouds. Anywhere.

February 23, 2020 **– Shark Fin Ahead!**

Very stunningly, a big "**shark's fin**" seemed to "adorn" the mountain in my direct view … virtually *mimicking the mountain ridge* … I mean, just look at that! It's right in front of my kitchen window where I always sit and write!

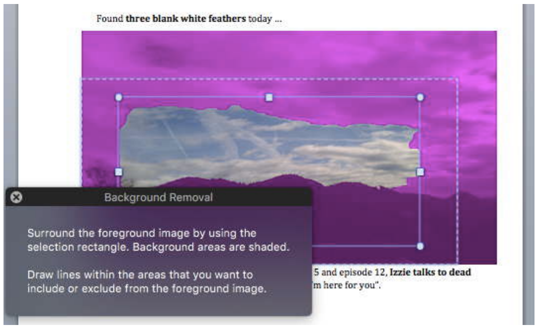
And as I tried to size the image, the most **strange editing effects happened**, and I did not (!) do them … I mean, of course I did, but not consciously. If I'd want to do that, I wouldn't know how to do it! So … wow.



Found **three blank white feathers** today …

and very stunningly, a big "**shark's fin**" seemed to "adorn" the mountain in my direct view … virtually **mimicking the mountain ridge** …

So I kept watching "**Grey's Anatomy**", and I season 5 and episode 12, **Izzie talks to dead Denny**, who is alround all the time and keeps saying "I'm here for you".



Found **three blank white feathers** today …

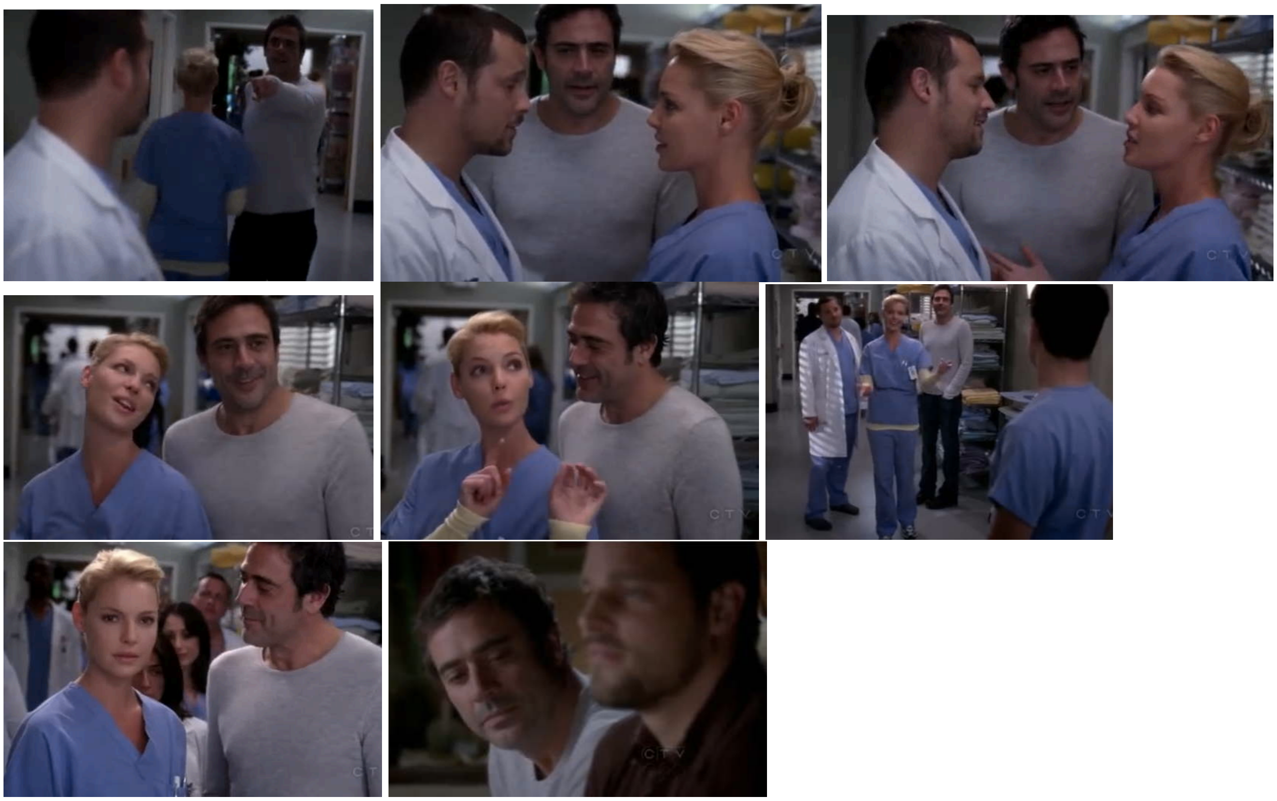
Background Removal

Surround the foreground image by using the selection rectangle. Background areas are shaded.

Draw lines within the areas that you want to include or exclude from the foreground image.

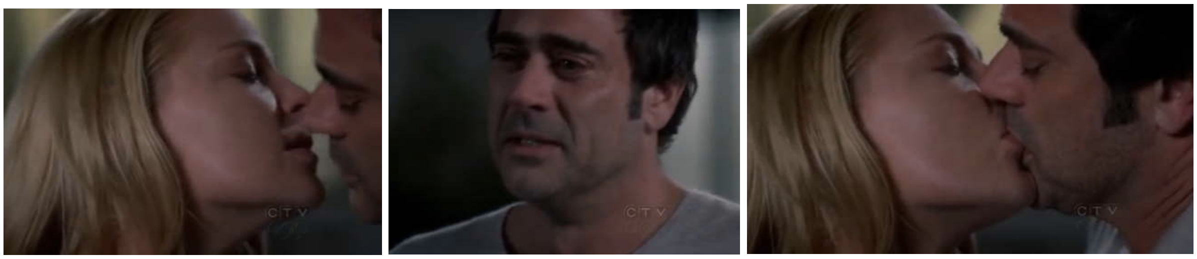
5 and episode 12, **Izzie talks to dead**
m here for you".

So I kept watching "**Grey's Anatomy**", and in season 5 and episode 12, **Izzie talks to dead Denny**, who is around all the time and keeps saying *"I'm here for you".*



She says "I want **to hold your hand** walking down the street with you … I want you alive." And all that happens … just that other people can't see Denny.

Then, later "Izzie" wants Denny to go away … because she is a aware that he is "not real". That's in the story. But in my world it would never be like that … and I'd think that it's just our two different realms … still, it's very heartbreaking, because it depicts that **the dead man also has feelings and longings and choices to make** …



"Are you breaking up with me, Izzie Stevens?" So it turns out that Denny can't go away … until Izzie understands what he meant by "I'm here for you".

Finally, Denny says good-bye … and he his heartbroken. Why? Because "Izzie", realizing that she is actually sick, doesn't want to die and chooses to fight for her mortal existence.

Interestingly, though: The story tells that there was a ***choice for him to be made***, if she'd have chosen him, he could have stayed close to the realm of the living …but she chose to live on …

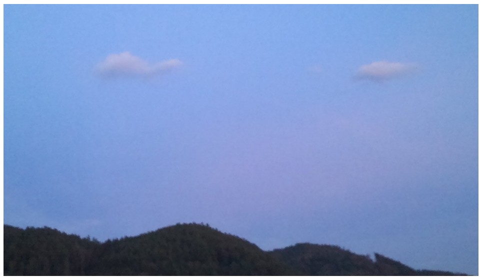
In the end, the "Meredith"-character watches the **execution** of the patient, a serial killer, who she had tried to help, who had played her …

The question if a death-sentence is actually a "punishment" can only be answered with "No!" Dying is a good thing. People who should be punished must be given a very long and hard life!

Okay, just started watching episode 15 of season 5, and "Naomi" (from "*Private Practice",* because two episodes of each series are overlapping) reminded "Derek" (from "Grey's Anatomy") that **he sang a song** to his ex-wife "Addison" … aw. Really. And "Meredith" tells "Cristina" that "Derek" used to play the guitar – seriously!? ***That's Bob! Singing a song and playing the guitar!***

Today, walking with Jacqui, I brought an apple to feed to that **wild pig** in it's open air den, where we've been walking by repeatedly. It was so sweet how gentle that pig was as it took the apple … It was interesting, because at some distance from the den I was thinking about taking the apple out of my belly-pouch for the pig … and it stood right there at the fence when I was still way away, and when I opened by belly-pouch the pig pricked its ears, and I could see it from that distance! Can it be that it smelled that apple as I walked by and saw me coming back and kind of hoped or *knew* … in any event … I was very touched, and sad, too. Those brown eyes, so smart and soft … and it (it may be a she) then stood there watching us walk away.

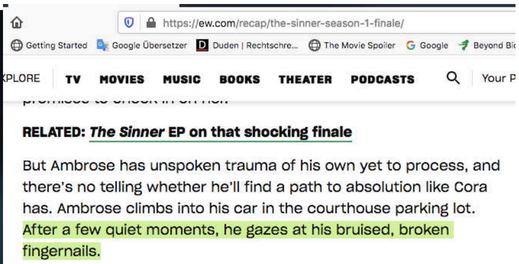
With all that has happened in the past weeks and months … I feel I "know". I know for sure. And like just now … I was sitting at **my writing spot** at the table, totally immersed, writing and editing this c. d. and at the same time watching "Grey's Anatomy" … and suddenly I feel drawn to take a closer look outside … and there they are…



Just two clouds in front of my window. One turns into a perfect "**turtle**", and the other just hovers there, seems to want to become a "shark" … and then dusk sets in heavily and they disappear. No other clouds. Just those two. In my view.

I've been feeling pain in my abdomen again. Kind of strange. The pain keeps shifting around. My heart, my lungs and my back are fine. Even my knee is fine today …

I somehow came across a poster of "**The Sinner**", a crime-TV-series, and I felt attracted to it because the actor **Bill Pullman** was featured, so I started to watch … and I was baffled!



RELATED: *The Sinner* EP on that shocking finale

But Ambrose has unspoken trauma of his own yet to process, and there's no telling whether he'll find a path to absolution like Cora has. Ambrose climbs into his car in the courthouse parking lot. After a few quiet moments, he gazes at his bruised, broken fingernails.

There was a shot of Pullman’s character “Ambrose’s” **fingernails**! They were bruised and broken … and not only is Pullman a **Bob-lookalike**, but Bob’s fingernails were always a subject in his life … and I thought about them so much in the past days … I don’t know exactly why … but maybe because I’ve been flashing back how timid Bob was at confronting people who mistreated and disrespected him, including family members … and his fingernails were very straight or slightly turned upward (when they grew longer, and he let them grow very long). That, to me, always signified, that he couldn’t and wouldn’t really “grab” something …

There was also a scene of Pullman with a **bird**, and *Bob loved birds* … and ***just today*** I saw a bird swoop by and I couldn’t help saying what Bob would always say: “**Incoming**!” *Yesterday, I photo-edited the section with the “**Myna birds**” from June 2019 …*

February 23, 2020 – **Return of the Sparkle in the Meadow**

Wow! Baffling “deja-vu”: The **sparkle** in the meadow that I had written about and ***that I had just reviewed yesterday*** … the June-18-2019-entry!

First: In “Grey’s Anatomy”, season 5, episode 17, “Meredith” says to desperate “Derek”: “I’m not bailing, ***we’re in this together****.”* Oh, yes, that’s exactly what Bob said to me, literally. And yes, I know, a gazillion people have said that before, but … here it comes: “Derek” then hits the diamond engagement ring he had intended to give to “Meredith” with a baseball bat, and it lands somewhere **in the meadow and sparkles there** … and that’s exactly what I’ve seen, last year, in the meadow, at Mitterbach … wow!

There are no (!) odds that all this comes together “by chance”, because there are no odds that I’m working on the c. d. section *about that* ***diamond sparkle in the meadow*** *and that it was so special,* and the *next day* I watch an episode of a TV-series that I meant to quit many times but keep watching and that’s where **in a meadow, an actual diamond sparkles!**

There was no way for me to know this!

Bob is telling me that he “sees” what I’m doing and that “time” doesn’t exist where he now is … in that dimension. He is right here. Right here. And synchronicities can be “warped”, in ways.

February 24, 2020 – **White Ball**

I found a single **velvet white ball or pouch** or hat along the creek where I always walk … looks like a hat of a doll … since someone lost it, I left it there …

February 25, 2020 **– The Huge Stone & The Contrary of Things**

Went to visit my mother … kind of sad, she is sweet, but seems “off” … at least, kind of fine, physically, for now.

I took Jacqui to the **Drau river** … for a long walk, nice river air, fields … calm, green water. Of course … I ended up at … you guessed it**: a big stone.** Yup. A few metres from a random parking lot that I found by chance, I found myself facing a “**stone bench**”! I kid you not.

Steinerne
BANK

(As above, so below.)

I was talking out loud, something that I haven’t really expressed that clearly to myself or to Bob, but it has been on my mind recently. The question … what if it’s **contrary** to what I’ve been thinking?!

What if I’m not supposed to move forward and manifest “Regents of Clouds” … but the contrary? What if I’m supposed to stop it all? Why?

Because *with Bob I was on such a clear path*, we ***were going to make those films***, “Hulihuli Moon”, “Kaweli”, “Ka Nui Puckerfiddle” and the “Paradise” pilot … and it would have gotten us “out there” … and we’d have manifested “Regents of Clouds”.

Now, I don’t have Bob at my side anymore, and I don’t have his expertise, his studio and his connections. This sure looks like I’m **not** supposed to make those films, doesn’t it?

Yes, I've learned so much since Bob's death … that had to be put into the storyline. And the sequels need to be written. But …

My head is full with "but" and "what if" …

My love, gone. My spirit, broken. My heart, crushed. My trauma, huge. Not the best circumstances to get to any kind of "success" … a big problem is my lack of … everything. I'm still in the freaking mortal realm! I can't just "think" everything into existence around me!

Maybe the fact that all has been taken from me is meant to discourage me, to destroy me?

Isn't that likely? I was such a strong influence in Bob's life, Bob was, after all, on my side, has always been, and he was now ready and able to commit … and then he died. I mean, doesn't that look like … he was taken from me to get me to give up, to weaken me?

I even thought about what those people had told me, so many years ago, that there was a *counter-force* that was trying to hinder "our" progress … So now, that Bob is gone … am I not supposed to diminish, disintegrate, die … move on?

So that's what I was thinking about … A car drove by with "**818 GO**"! That felt like "Move on to Hawaii again", or "Continue what you started in Hawaii".

So then, while driving, I said out loud all the above, and I asked that question, if I wasn't rather supposed to give up and give in and stop and just … live somehow until I die … I said it … *and just then* **a yellow car** drove by me, and the license plate number was "**SCH 202**"! It sounded like a distinct clear loud "**Shush**!", and it actually made me shut up, literally.

Right then, I realized that I had caught up with a truck, and on it there was written "**Energie Doppler**", which means "double energy" or "the one who doubles energy" …

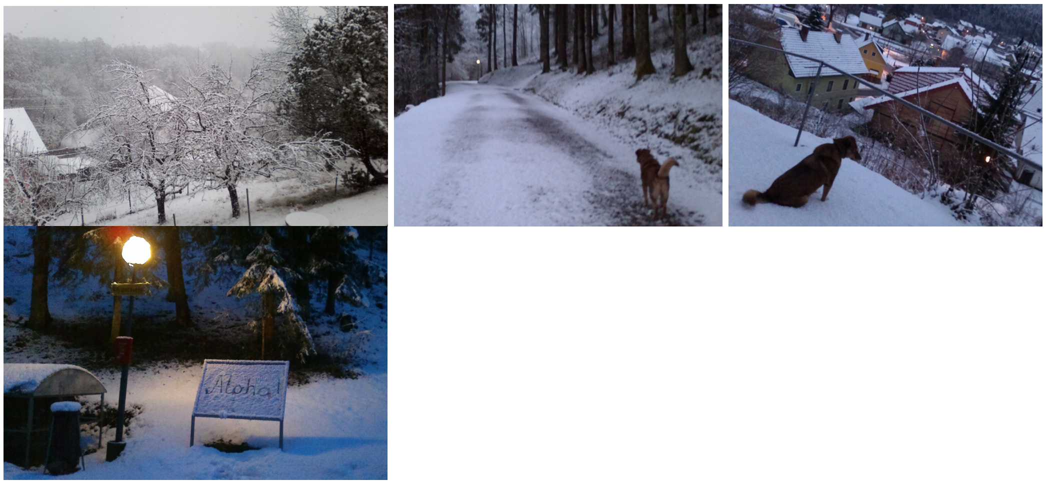
DOPPLER
ENERGIE

DOPPLER
ENERGIE

… and I took it as that " on the contrary I should double my efforts". And as I pondered upon where all that was supposed to lead, a **car** drove by, an it had a long **sticker** on it's trunk, reading "**dieteekanne.at**", which means "**the tea pot**", but in my it rang "**Abwarten und Tee trinken**", it's a saying and it means "be patient and await what comes and it will be right".

So I felt "shushed". Okay. For now.

I keep thinking that **yesterday** I found that strange **white velvet pouch**, that can only be for a doll … It suddenly makes sense now, because … **snow** came. Nobody would have expected it anymore this winter. But suddenly … **a huge big amount of snow in a very short time!**



Later tonight I started watching the season 2 of ***“The Sinner”*** … I like Bill Pullman.

The season is about a **commune** called “Mosswood Grove” … like “Taylor Camp” was a commune! But “Mosswood Grove” is dangerous … how strange … Bill Pullman who looks so much like Bob, getting involved with that commune, trying to solve the circumstances that lead to a young boy poisoning his parents …

How in the world did I end up with “The Sinner” season 2?

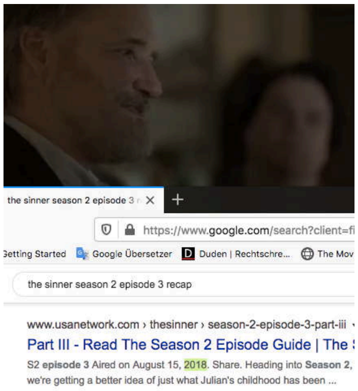
Oh shit … I’ve been watching while writing, and there is a … wait for it! … **giant stone! *A big stone that’s some kind of … item of worship!***

A stone! In the TV-series I’m watching! Right now! Remember the stone in “Parasites” and the one in my neighborhood? And Bob Stone, my Stoneman? And now a **stone in a commune**?!

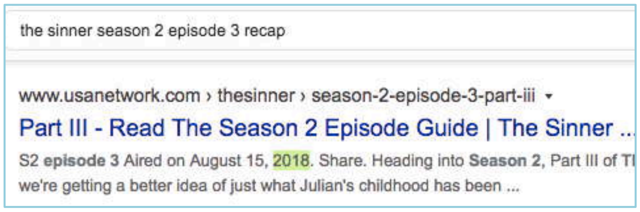
When it was the work on the documentary film on the **“Taylor Camp” commune** that pretty much ruined Bob’s life?

Asked what the commune is all about, what “the work” is about that they are supposedly doing, in “

Mosswood Grove", a woman, "Vera", says "… it's not for the faint of heart, but it's rewarding … teaches you how to trust yourself."


the sinner season 2 episode 3 r
https://www.google.com/search?client=fi
Getting Started
Google Übersetzer
Duden | Rechtschre...
The Mov
the sinner season 2 episode 3 recap

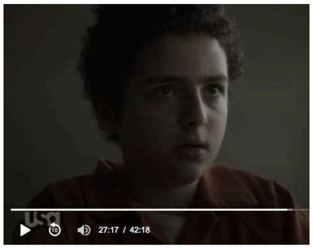
www.usanetwork.com › thesinner › season-2-episode-3-part-iii ▾
Part III - Read The Season 2 Episode Guide | The S
S2 **episode 3** Aired on August 15, 2018. Share. Heading into **Season** 2,
we're getting a better idea of just what Julian's childhood has been ...


the sinner season 2 episode 3 recap

www.usanetwork.com › thesinner › season-2-episode-3-part-iii ▾
Part III - Read The Season 2 Episode Guide | The Sinner ...
S2 **episode 3** Aired on August 15, 2018. Share. Heading into **Season 2**, Part III of T
we're getting a better idea of just what Julian's childhood has been ...

Alright. Getting it. I think I will also try to watch episode 3, then. Just read, it aired on August 15, 2018. That's when I was with Bob. My Stone.

Oh, cool, it's just now (episode 3, 27 minutes in) about that after one dies, one starts over again, "in different forms". "Is that what happens when you die, you start over?" asks the interrogator. Too cool, that I noted a car license plate number today, just before arriving back at Griffen, that read "**27 JO**". And I thought, "okay, that will mean something". It does, right now. It's about the kid who killed the two people saying "**They passed through death, and now they're starting over again.**"



The Cobble Stone

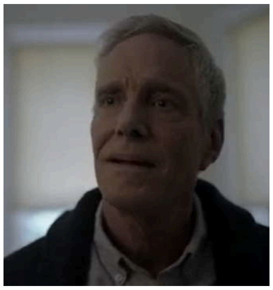
Stone
Est 1933

It's kind of numbing to hear that, because … **what are the odds?** There was no way for me to anticipate a "life-after-death" theme in a random crime-TV-series!

Also … there is a sign in the city of "Keller" where the season plays, reading "The Cobble Stone, established 1933". And this year is important in Betty's and Stewart's story, it was the last year of their "training" by the invisibles.

So the kid "Julian" says, **"We're all mixed together, pieces of us."** Hey! Wow. Wow.

"Who taught you that?" asks the interrogator. And I'm at a point where I don't want to watch anymore. I want to know the story, though … so I might just read it up. Later, the white-haired doctor who had more to do in the commune that he'd admit, kills himself … oh geez, he looked a bit like John W. Now how is that possible … also, in the very end of that episode, it's revealed that the **doctor** has a **small replica of the big giant stone** in his office … so, well, I just stumbled upon a story about a "stone cult".

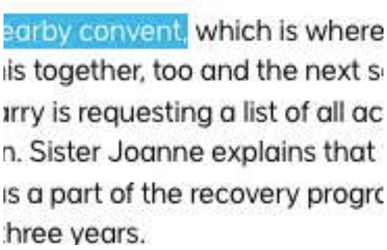


Ha! I can't even be … I don't know … surprised. It's almost … normal to face that kind of stuff. And yet … I don't know what to do, really. But as the "teekanne" sticker told me today … I got to be patient. Fuck patience.

All that, it's just … here for me. I found what I was supposed to find today.

I don't agree with the "**after death you start over**." Not necessarily I want to tell them. It's your choice.

Also, in "The Sinner" there were two things that relate to me … the "Grey Daughters" and "Marin", as the heroine of the first installment of "Regents of Clouds" is called "Amarin".



earby convent, which is where
is together, too and the next s
rry is requesting a list of all ac
n. Sister Joanne explains that
s a part of the recovery progr
hree years.

Baffling, how "Harry Ambrose", played by Bill Pullman, resembles Bob at times …

February 27, 2020 **– The Stone, the Scarf & the Voice**

A very deep and sad day … I had to think of Bob and me shooting a commercial at Ma'alaea Harbor, and how he would record my voice over saying **"Something for Everyone"**. I was kind of embarrassed speaking in different voices into the microphone, and as I kind of blushed, I remember Bob making a small grimace of amusement. And as I recalled that, I experienced a very intense **emotional flash** … and I felt like *catapulted close to Bob*.

It took me a few moments to realize why that was?! Because of his reaction and the way he acknowledged my embarrassment I had the very rare impression, that Bob actually "saw" and noticed me, **Bob gave me his attention!** I'm getting entirely hot right now, writing this, like burning up, and I'm tearing up, too … so I flashed back to how often Bob had made decisions without even asking me or sharing anything with me, even when it concerned me …

I had a very intense talk **on the new field**, as I walked towards that **giant "stone".** And then I saw the **small upright triangular stone** again … and I got very pensive.

Also I realized that maybe "**it's not good to worship the Stone**" … like most everyone does with a lost loved one, glorify or idolize them.

So I was dealing with my blinds in the kitchen, of course being intensely on Maui, in "housie", and I won't ever forget the pattering sounds of the blinds in the island wind … oh, it was so hot in that house! Living on a tropical island is a whole other story than most people would think, especially when you work in video production. So, I thought that at the window next to me I should keep the blinds up, at all times, because they are very fragile, and that I should **put a scarf as a curtain** in front of the glass, attach it somehow.

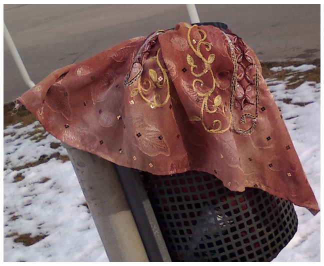
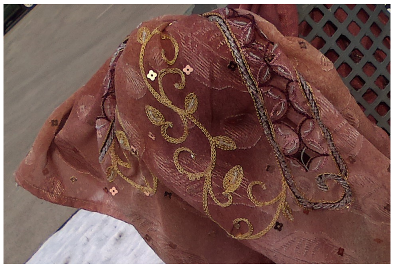
And of course, I flashed back to our Pukalani house again … where I had done just that at the front door; I had draped a **scarf** of mine there, a **red-brown scarf** that I had once received as a gift …. so that the air wouldn't just blow in through the screen from the porch … and when I returned in 2014 ***that same scarf was still there*** …

So I grabbed a red scarf and held it in front of the window briefly, *but it wouldn't fit.*

Then, walking that field, I asked "them" and especially Fe and Bob to show themselves, to give me signs that they are there and that it's all in the works …

I told them that if all that's true that those people told me, when I was in my twenties … then *I'm calling the shots now* … Jacqui enjoyed the snow … and then I walked towards the parking lot, *and I literally stopped short.*

There was *something* hanging out of the *garbage*-basket that I sometimes use to drop my dog's droppings (in doggy bags): **a red brown scarf**, with embroidery.

A scarf. On my path. **Today**. *When the scarf had been on my mind and I had handled a red scarf, thinking of the brown scarf of Bob’s an my past.*

A pretty clean scarf. Hanging from the garbage bin right on my path between me and my car. So that I can’t miss it. Someone lost it, and someone else put it there … and I saw it. I photographed it. I wanted to take it. But I didn’t (because I thought it’s such a nice scarf, someone will go look for it). Wow.

Just … I was very … kind of numb inside. It’s an answer. It’s a very clear answer. The answer I’ve been asking for. We are a team, the disca and I.

Then, later, I was eating nuts and raisins … and that was Bob’s thing to do. He loved coming to the kitchen (from the edit-room) and open the cabinet, get the can with nuts and pour a handful. “Care for some nuts?” He’d mostly say. Or I would sometimes go to his edit-room and ask “Would you like some nuts?” And he’d playfully say “Who ‘s nuts?”

And today I sat down in front of my computer how he would sit down, nuts in his hand, and I took the nuts and the raisins how he would do it, and I closed my eyes and ***I felt like being Bob***. I **was** Bob. Then I dedicated and projected the experience and energy of eating those nuts to Bob to “being-Bob” to “Bob-out-there”, and I really felt like I was Bob … and the emotional flash came too, with that tiny bit of certainty that my inner image had “hit” something.

And for the first time I managed to control my impatience and I lingered in the experience just a little bit longer. I felt … different. Now. Very intense. I knew it had **reached** Bob. I had reached Bob.

Then … I had a shitload of editing work to do and was totally focused for many hours … and suddenly, *somewhere very deep in my mind*, felt like “in a pit inside of me” was a **male** and kind of **soft** and **friendly voice**, *not* Bob’s voice, but more muffled, and it said “**I’m there for you”.** I wanted to hear “here”, but it was “there”.

I realized it right away … and since I’m not trained, I flashed out of that kind of “trance” into the full here and now awareness with expectations and all … but for that moment, **that voice was there,** *and it had nothing to do with what I was writing or doing.*

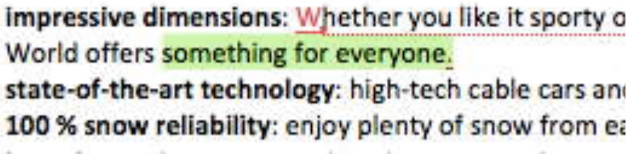
I never have radio on, I don’t own a TV, and there are no sounds around me, except the once my laptop makes … and I hear a bit the highway from far away and some industrial plant in the area … through the closed windows … but no music, no voices … ***so that voice was “real”, and it was “in another realm”.***

Remember the scarf?

Has anything like that ever happened to you?

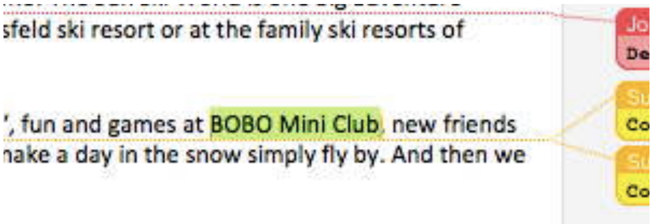
There.

On the field I told “them” that I need some “partner” here in the mortal realm, and since friendship and love and all are abstract things, a “partner”, aside from my wonderful dog who I love the most in the world, I will accept wealth as a “partner”. I want a lot of money. That’s the impetus. I want to be monetarily rich, now, and then I’ll be able to finalize my job here.



impressive dimensions: Whether you like it sporty o
World offers something for everyone.
state-of-the-art technology: high-tech cable cars an
100 % snow reliability: enjoy plenty of snow from e

Then, I saw the term “**Something for everyone**” on a text I was editing … well, can it be any clearer?



sfeld ski resort or at the family ski resorts of

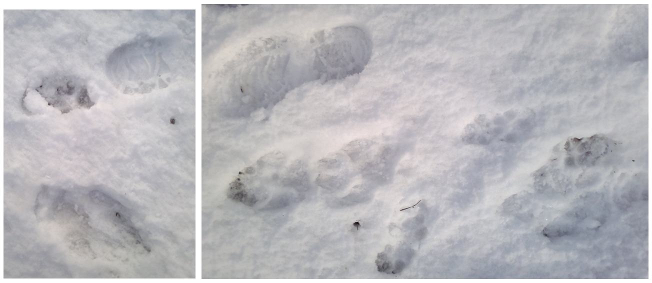
’, fun and games at BOBO Mini Club, new friends
nake a day in the snow simply fly by. And then we

Remember, “Bobo” is the name of ***Bob’s tumor*** …

I discovered the TV-series “***Homeland***” … nice to watch, it gives me relaxation, somehow, although there is much violence, I love the lead, “Carrie” …

And … wild, wild dreams … **very wild dreams**. With lots and lots of people, and me kind of stuck between them …

Also … very **big paw prints** on the path today, don’t know, why it seems meaningful!



Actually, I noticed something strange as I was looking at the photos of the paw prints … I can’t see the “***dimension***” of the big one … the deep parts don’t look deep … as if they were turned outward. You see that?

Vienna-friend “M.” (not really friend, disappointed me much, but also was there for me in the worst first weeks) emailed … and although it’s nice, she told me that the earliest she could think of meeting me if I were to come to Vienna, would be *June*, because before that she is renovating her bath … Jesus Christ! Really! Talk about deja-vu, that’s how important I am, that … oh fuck it all.

February 28, 2020 – **SM in the Sky**

Fuck it all. I found a small wart-size growth on Jacqui’s left knee.

It came back to me, burning hot, how one of the two nice women I had met the other day, actually twice, with white Malteser dogs, one’s name is Balu, the other I don’t remember, how one of the dogs has a tumor on his leg or knee, but it’s not growing, and he is getting Cortison for it. Geez, I thought, I’m so happy that Jacqui doesn’t have anything like that.

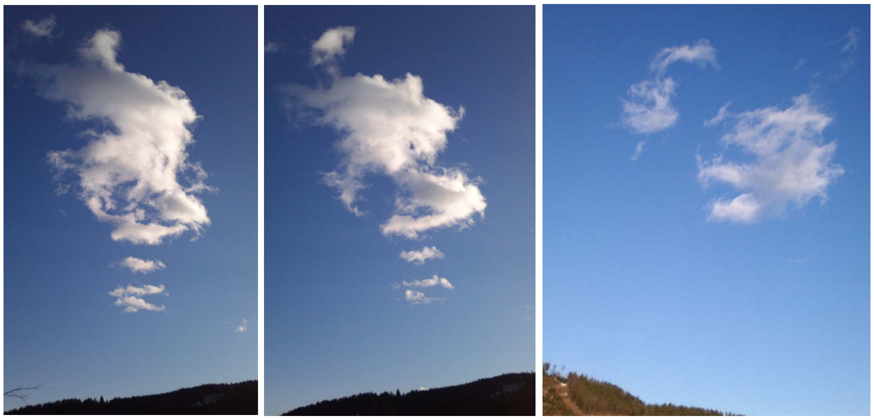
I have seen biting his knee, though, recently. I thought, well, he has joint pain, like all of us. But last night I noticed it and it scared the crap out of me. I put Thuja and Arnica acetic acid clay ointment on it. And in the morning, in broad daylight I saw it: Clearly a small growth with very few hairs sprouting out of it. Can be a *Papilloma*, like he had in his mouth years ago … but then, isn’t HPV, that killed Bob, all about the “Human Papilloma Virus”, motherfucking shit?

It can be a wart, then, it likely is one. Still, a growth … I’m treating it myself: with a cotton wool pad a little of a mix of Thuja and Schöllkraut on it, and then alternating lemon balm extract and the Arnica-ointment, and internally cell salts Nr. 3 and 4. And then we’ll see. He has no trouble walking. But the sight of it … made me fall silent inside. Silent since. (Actually, I looked it up, it’s a “papilloma”, just what Bob had, and it’s normally begnin, the treatment I’m doing is fine. I’m going to add dry Melissa from the capsules I still have.)

In the night, at about 4 o’clock, I woke up because Jacqui was restless. Me too, tossing and turning all night. Then, at about 7 o’clock am I woke up again, because Jacqui was sitting next to me, staring at me, swallowing frantically, and that means he was in pain or needed to go or vomit urgently. I jumped up and wanted to go outside, but he lay down, his legs in the air, and that normally means he doesn’t want to go outside. So I patted him and talked to him, and the frantic swallowing and licking stopped. Maybe he licked off the ointment and felt nauseous …? We both slept deeply until the alarm rang an hour later …. and he was fine. No vomiting. No diarrhea.

I don’t know what will come next … but I’m not into more shit.

We walked our field today, Jacqui and me … and Bob’s **signature** formed in the sky, **“SM”** for “Stoneman”, he’d sign every email like that … see for yourself:



February 28, 2020 **– The Stone in the Ashes**

The documentary that cost Bob’s life, “Taylor Camp”, ends with **that camp being burned down**, that commune. Well, today I revisited “*The Sinner*”, and I read up on the ending of the series … and I couldn’t help myself … so there. The **commune was burned down**.

A burned hippie-commune and a lonely stone in the ashes.
Aside from the **amazing clouds** today … talk about "a **puzzle**" or "things **fitting** together".

… and an insight: We can't escape what's meant for it. How do I know? I was thinking when I took out Jacqui for a walk rather late, that there shouldn't be a risk of meeting one of the two *White Swiss Shepherd* dogs that are out and about in the area, and I'm trying to avoid them, because I know at least one of them is dangerous.

So Jacqui and I walked the field, in the late sunshine and actually very cold air … and then I didn't take the route I kind of intended to take … so I turned around and just walked the field, several paths in the same area … and there came two women with a Swiss shepherd dog. I stopped and took Jacqui on the leash, and only then did the owners take their dogs on leashes too (the other was a Weimaranian dog) … and in walking by, the dog was really big and wanted to get to J, and the owner barely could hold him back. I was fucking upset about that.

So we took another small path, to relax and enjoy the sun, and I took a pictures, asking the clouds what they were telling me … and as I turned around, the second freaking Swiss Shepherd dog came along! Again I stopped, worried because the dog ran free … and the owner did not take him on the leash. So … okay, all went well, because I asked Jacqui to stay with me and waited for the idiot owners to go away with their dogs …

So … I didn't avoid the dogs, on the contrary, I met both on the day I was sure I wouldn't.

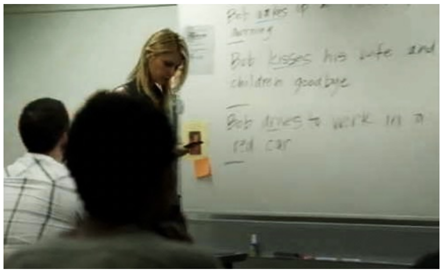
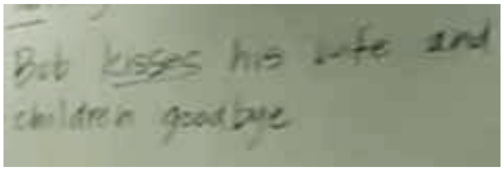
And here is another just … **breathtaking insight** regarding the images of the **"Stone in the Ashes":** *The way that woman stands looking up to the stone* … that's what I've done so many times in the last months, that's what she does. She stands in front of a Stone, in silence, gazing at him as if she didn't even see him. And ***that's me … standing there, looking at my invisible Stone,*** imagining him being there … asking him to be there, "feeding" him by projecting my experiences towards him … wondering if he can see me or if he can see what I see.

So Bob is "showing himself" … the way I've asked him to do so many times … I see a stone in front of me, I see the image of me standing facing Bob Stone, the invisible love of my life … there is on way I fucking heaven or hell that this is just coincidence. This is synchronicity, and in that, it's direct communication between me and Bob.

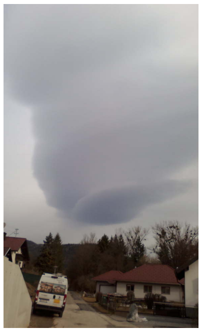
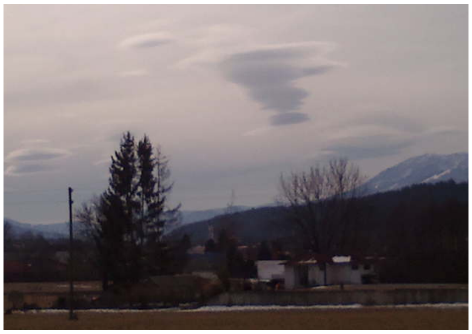
Even the **hand, touching the stone**, that’s my hand, touching Bob … just like in “Grey’s Anatomy”, when dead Denny says to Izzie, that she can touch him.

And just looking at Bill Pullman driving … it’s just like looking at Bob.

February 28, 2020 – **“Bob” in “Homeland”**
Geez, sometimes I’m just stunned breathless … Watching “Homeland”, season 2, episode 3, and the character “Carrie” teaches language and uses **Bob**:
“Bob kisses his wife and children good-bye.”


Bob kisses his wife and children goodbye
Bob drives to work in a red car

Bob kisses his wife and children goodbye

February 29, 2020 – **The Most Amazing Clouds!**
The morning walk already started with pretty amazing **clouds** … unusual in their size.

Went to see my mother today. On the drive, very telling license plate numbers … strangely, I noticed at first the number “**26**” several times in a row. I was wondering, thinking … but couldn’t come up with any sense for **26** … then a car drove by with “AWSM 6”, and that seemed strangely significant. “**MA 88 LY**” also drove by … and all those during a phase of intense connectedness with Bob.

My mother didn’t even try to make me feel welcome. She was nice enough, but she remained entirely silent without a word when I didn’t talk, and I saw in her eyes the old resentment. Okay, I realized that it did have effect what I did for her, she did buy a new mental elixir for herself, which is great. She also contradicts herself or lies to me … mostly about food, I asked her if she had eaten her fish for Aschermittwoch she has told me about, and she said no, and a minute later she said she had eaten it the next day. I really and honestly don’t know what to think of her mental capacity. I noticed that physically she looks so much better, her face and body are not that emaciated anymore, she is a think elderly woman, but not sickly thin anymore. So if I was able to enhance her quality of life, I’m very grateful.

If she keeps rejecting me, I won’t object anymore and won’t take it personal and won’t try to change it anymore. I only care about her being fine and feeling okay.

That’s all that matters.

There were such amazing **cloud** formations today at **Forstsee** (Forest Lake), it was quite stunning.

The **spaceship** "*Hoffnung*" from my SciFi-franchise "Regents of Clouds" also appeared …

Also I found a **scarf** that reads "Run"!

Clouds … just … too many, too fast changing …

At some point I looked up and I "saw" the "**Hoffnung**", the spaceship from "Regents of Clouds" … It was windy, there, even stormy, cool, barely any people … nice.

Then, close to where my mother lives I went for a short walk with Jacqui, and I met a very sweet woman … we chatted about her dogs, she was with a Yorkshire Terrier named "Henry", and she told me about her poodle (!) "Rocky" who had died at the age of 16. That was interesting. The "poodle". My best script win about the poodle Claude …

On the way home, I stopped in Griffen again and took Jacqui on another little walk … where I found a band with the writing "Josef Steiner". **Jo**, that's me. And Steiner means "Stoneman". I kid you not.

JOSEF STEINER
euro-profi

Back home I watched the entire season 2 of "*Homeland*", and then I felt like I didn't need to watch anymore. It was very satisfying, just watching, doing some copying work, nothing else.

March 1, 2020 – **My Brother's Face & Homeland**

Okay, first of March already.

I will tomorrow, during "office time", email to anyone and everyone I have things open with, including the agent. I must move forward with "Regents of Clouds" …

I woke up with pain in my abdomen again, also in my heart, and I had blood on the toilet paper again, and that’s okay. But I just know that I must be efficient in the times to come.

I also, lying in bed, had the **face** of my brother **Peter** (!) flash up in front of me. That has never happened before. I have asked him to give me a sign if he is around, too. He died in 1993, wow, so long ago. His nickname was “***Pedro Programmo***”, and I’ve called him that repeatedly, in the last weeks. He was a genius in terms of computer programming, at a time, when this was quite new.

Maybe … oh-kay, I just had a flash of some kind of insight … that analyst in “Homeland”, by the name of **“Peter Quinn”,** played by Rupert Friend, resembles my brother a bit. So I don’t know what’s first, the chicken or the egg, just my brother Peter’s face was there, when I was in some kind of almost-awake-state … and I noticed it right away. Which immediately drew me out of that state and awake. It was a strange feeling with it, though. It wasn’t a memory. ***The image felt like it was “held in front of me”.*** And it my brother like I’ve seen him so many years ago. But nothing else. Just that view of that face that happened inside of me, not like a vision, something hovering in the air. No, just an inside impression.

Later, after breakfast, I had more thoughts about Bob and me … and how he didn’t find me attractive. That’s the human condition, that’s what we have senses and hormones and chemical processes for – to be attracted to other mortals for certain reasons and to feel repelled by others, even by those who we were attracted to before. We change all the time, physically and energetically and mentally, and of course our reactions to other living things change with that, too.

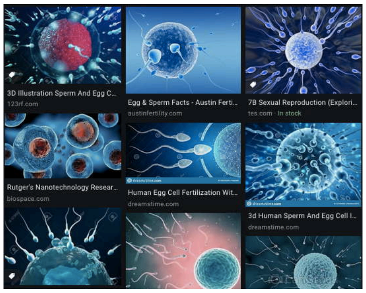
(Note/edit: When people suddenly develop allergies against pollen, they find it “normal”. When they suddenly feel resentment against a nice person they judge themselves as ”abnormal”. Or not. My mother – ***HEY, big insight!*** *– finds it normal that she doesn’t like me, she told me that about five years ago! So she was way more advanced than me, back then already! Also when I think about what she told me when I shared, in one of her very clear moments, how much I grieve over losing Bob: “It only helps to think about it this way:* ***This is what life is like****.” Yup. Nothing to argue there.)*

People always says that it’s not about the optics, it’s about “what’s inside”. (*Reader, remember, all that I’m writing is meant to be used in my writing of “Creators of Stone” and of “Masters of Choices”, because, to quote “C”: You can’t make this sh*t up!)*

Sometimes it’s totally about the outside, the optics, the way people look and move. That’s what attract mortals to each other and that’s what repels them. Who are we kidding? **Our looks and smells are triggers,** and they are meant to be just that. Chemistry, feelings, attraction … all come with that. We are **supposed** to connect, to bond, to kiss and make love and accomplish some mortal goal that we’re supposed to **accomplish together**, and maybe that goal entails separation, too. And for that, we must feel repelled by each other all of a sudden, or one of us must die.

All mortals play together. *(Note/edit: Just last night, April 17, 2020, I stumbled across a video of a talk by a* ***woman*** *who had been dead under a* ***waterfall*** *for a long time, had a suiting experience and then was revived, and she shared that “Jesus” had told her that she has a job do to, and she, like many before, suddenly saw how every action ties into the other, and she also said something along the lines of* ***“God knows every single mortal and is interested in all of us”.*** *I found it cheesy what she said and very* *traditional religious, but today I have a different feel about what she said. I understand better. I discovered a round* ***red "halo"*** *of about 1.5 inches in diameter* ***around a tick-bite*** *on right inner upper arm that I noticed days ago. The tick was still there, a tiny creature. Of course I know that it's possible to have deadly infections by ticks; the spot around that is slightly numb, and I was wondering if the feeling of nausea and dizziness that I had yesterday, briefly, may be related to it. What I'm saying is that* ***things change all the time.*** *We know that, intellectually, but we should realize it as facts. We should observe our lives, be attentive. Realize the connectedness. But: We must keep our goal in mind firmly. Because only that can get us over obstacles, like deadly diseases or devastating losses. And: I myself have written about this extensively in "We Creators". Now about that tick-bite that could have given me Borreliosis (Lyme disease) … of course I won't go to a doctor or take antibiotics, as I know from my staph-infection and later bladder infections that they won't work on me. I've immediately started to take sips of colloidal silver. And I'm taking cell salts and vitamin C to support my immune system. That's it. And I just ordered dried Stevia leaves, and I will make a tincture, because I read that it has proven effective with Borreliosis. I'm sure now I'm infected, read up on the symptoms. That said – most such infections heal spontaneously, if the immune system is working.)*

It's a network of cause and effect … the entire human evolution, but on a smaller level, also the development of the individual mortal in the service of the growth of quantity of consciousness, serving that very quality of consciousness the single body is carrying. The mortal "fate" is all in the service of the evolution of mankind. Our parents, and in that sense the entire spiel of genetics and of procreation, including sex and all, and giving birth and child-rearing and stuff, all of that – called "**procreation**" – is in service of creating the material "pods" for our soul of which our consciousness is a part.


3D Illustration Sperm And Egg C...
123rf.com
Egg & Sperm Facts - Austin Ferti...
austinfertility.com
7B Sexual Reproduction (Explori...
tes.com · In stock
Rutger's Nanotechnology Resear...
biospace.com
Human Egg Cell Fertilization Wit...
dreamstime.com
3d Human Sperm And Egg Cell I...
dreamstime.com

Procreation on the physical level makes sure that the "individualization process" of our consciousness in the "mortal" realm, the "obstructed" phase of existence, can take place. So of course we must see, get infatuated, love and … lose! That's so our consciousness gets triggered to do this and that … we are, in that sense, the "creators of our world", too.

And a new pod for some soul that was already waiting to be incarnated, was killed … my own ***embryo***, because I was misled, and because in the moment I realized, I needed to protect and *grow my baby*, ***strangers took matters in their hands*** and forced an abortion upon me. That's horrible. But that "had to be", in the big picture. They killed "my child" … but really, it was the "mortal shell" that was meant to be of service to "her" consciousness.

And I know I'll find out what kind of "soul" was meant to use the body of the "child" that was killed inside of me *against my will* …

As mortal woman, that experience has fucked me up, big time. I haven't thought about it much, but in the years with Bob, I experienced many times that my menstruation wouldn't come, and I had all signs of pregnancy, from swollen breasts to nausea. But it never worked out. I wonder what if …

I realize it more than ever just this moment as I'm writing this … the moment, so many years ago, when I woke up and realized that the abortion had taken place – which I had insisted it not be done. I had changed my mind. But other mortals ignored my will.

Maybe I even "snapped" on a very deep level. Because I hate mankind. The way they are, the mortal condition, the dumbness, the recklessness of the "pods" that are housing precious energetic and spiritual entities … I really really want to help stop this development of "mind", which is but an attribute of consciousness, but it depends on what's going on in the material realm.

Funnily … all the dumb ***"Alien"-movies with the "pods" where the aliens grow in*** … they really reflect the mortal condition entirely perfectly … yes, the human "mind" in general does ever again get a glimpse of its own true nature … *(Note/edit: How come "aliens" only have the very "Earthly" means of procreating, via "eggs"? Talk about narrow minds.)*

So "**fate**" brought Bob and me together "***knowing***" that his attraction wouldn't last and that it would lead me to struggle and then to heartbreak … in short, to everything that happened.

Watching "*Homeland*" and watching that character "***Carrie***" do her thing, just trusting her instincts – once she's realized that she is mostly right and not the idiots who try to squeezer her into the "usual casts" – satisfied me in a strange way. Whatever happens, ***you must pursue what you've recognized as being your path.*** *(Note/edit: Reminds me of the note "C" sent me once – "You can't screw up what's meant for you.")*

Thank you, "*Homeland*", for getting me to this kind of awareness.

And hello, Pedro. (This picture shows "Peter Quinn" and "Carry Mathison" from "Homeland", but the dreamy style of it is so "beyond-y", that I just can't resist … it's **my brother Peter and me.** *(The picture shows my brother with his new born daughter J. I think he didn't have cancer yet, then.)*

Parents, siblings, friends, lovers … are just players in the big game. **Imua**! Forward! The clock is ticking. Big fucking refugee crisis in Syria again … Corona virus … violence … stupidity, suffering everywhere.

I had another dream of **Keanu** … yesterday. It had to do with *a lot of people who were waiting for me to do something* … and ***he was there***, too. It was *outdoors*, somehow very *colorful*, everything … and ***he was the one to help me***. It was nice. It felt good … Like we accomplished something big together. Nice wishful thinking, huh.

March 1, 2020 – **Fascination with Death as Human Evolution**

Just came across the TV-series "*Mindhunter*" … and it occurred to me, that the answer to the question why people are so *drawn to crime- and death-films and -series* is – because that's what mortal life is all about: to **strip off** the freakin' shell we're stuck in!

Right? I mean, why else would billions of people be obsessed with **watching how people die**! And by "die" I mean "not live on as mortal creatures". It is an obsession. And it really expresses human self-realization better than anything else … in terms of human mortal "persons" being just "pods" for the energetic creatures we truly are. But that said: We're ***only*** "stuck" in a mortal shell when we don't realize our true energetic nature and that everything is consciousness. **Once we realize the facts of our existence – we can make the utmost use of our stints a mortals.** And we should learn how to do that, and recognizing "the bridge", the connectedness of "dead" and "living", is the key to it. Once we're advanced in that regard, as a species, **our energetic evolution in the unobstructed realm will take off big time.**

Currently, the factor "human will" fucks up the progress of evolution significantly. Why? Because humans don't have the propper information about their own very existence. Free will has been misused and abused … because mankind didn't bring about the right leaders. And here it is – full circle: **"Regents of Clouds**" is the work that will put things right. You're welcome.

March 1, 2020 **– HPV Vaccine Incident & the Back-Scratch**

I decided to keep going through my c. d. of the earlier month tonight some more and put on some random TV-series that I've never heard of, *"Burden of Truth".*

"*I'm considering the HPV-vaccine* …" I heard. I was stopped short once again. I've thought about the thing about HPV in Bob's and my life just a few hours ago. And the situation with Jacqui's papilloma *(Note/edit: Which I decided to simply leave alone, after I have read up on it, and I'm only supporting my dog's immune system.)* … and then I pick some ***random*** TV-series, and the woman says it out loud … *"HPV vaccine".*

That's synchronicity … and why? The "HPV"-vaccine was a theme of ridicule for me and for Bob for many years. Everytime we saw the commercials for it on TV (in the US), we'd role our eyes. I was wondering, often, why it came to my awareness that much, whilst other medical commercials I barely noticed.

Well, Bob developed an HPV-related wart that grew into a tumor, and he died from related circumstances. Did I feel something there, a premonition?

Of course I didn't watch that TV-show, there is nothing in it for me, I only needed to hear the topic "HPV vaccine" and how I had felt so bothered about the mere theme so many times in my years on Maui … I had to realize that the subject that Bob was gonna die related to HPV was always in my life.

And now – something else happened to enforce my impression that I’m being “told” that “they” are here with me all the time and working to get me to “realize” what’s going on: **The inter-realm relations** don’t need to be “enabled**”, they happen all the time**. What they need to be is – understood, realized and supported for them to evolve.

I took a look at the first episode of “*Mindhunter*”, and I totally ***did not like*** it … barely watched it, just had it run while writing … and **then my back began to itch horribly**. I had taken a shower, and I have very dry skin and didn’t put crème on my back … so I got really upset about the certain strong itch and **grabbed the silver fork** *that I always have closeby for scratching* … And I cursed, and I said something like “motherf*cking itch”, and I swear exactly in that moment:

A guy in “*Mindhunter*” said “**Alright, I’ll scratch your back** …”

28:11 / 1:00:01
next episode
Mindhunter 1x1
Episode 1

Seriously. I really had to laugh. Good one, folks.

March 2, 2020

Pretty much not a calm night, right the contrary, tossing and turning and waking up all the time.

Erotic dream. Me. Ha! A very young blond tall **doctor**, yes, a physician, in a large **building** with **halls** and very **high doors,** and somehow I ended up in an embrace with him, and his naked torso was so smooth and warm and muscular, and as he snuggled up against me, I felt his long hard penis downward (!) pointing in his pants between my legs, that also wore pants, and I squeezed my thighs closed and he began to rub himself … against me.

The young man seemed familiar … and I kind of remember *thinking in my dream* how weird it was that I’d end up in something erotic like that … we didn’t have sex, but we would, I knew that.

Then I woke up … with that lingering feeling that that young man was around, somehow.

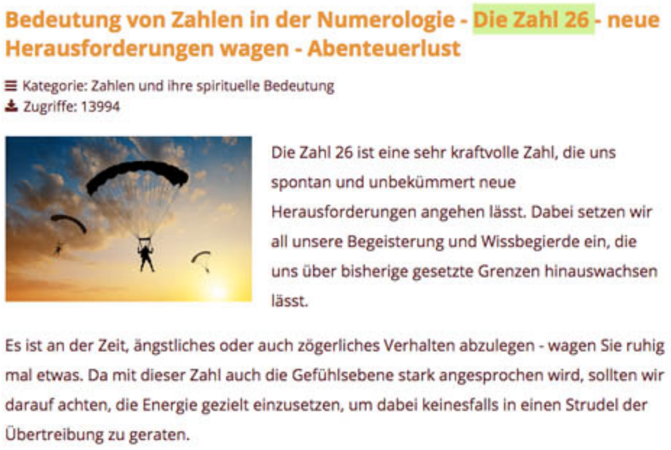
We were involved in some kind of … project, that man and me. And somehow I think there was a **baby**? There were other people, yes.

*(Note/edit: Amazing synchronicity! Just today, April 18, 2020, I had a most impactful **experience** relating to **babies**!)*

I don’t remember when I saw that **cloud** from my window … but it was one of the incidents that I felt urged to open the blinds and gaze outside, in the near dusk …

March 2, 2020 **– Style-coaching, Ines, Angela and Martina**

Also … wow! I’m photo-editing September 16, 2019 now … and that’s the day when **the number “26”** showed up in a **dream**, together with the word “**curmudgeon**” as the name of a **box** (!), and I had looked up numerology. The year 2018 had been mentioned … and so much more! And just yesterday, “**26**” alerted me while driving … one car after the other had “26” in their license plate numbers …



Bedeutung von Zahlen in der Numerologie - Die Zahl 26 - neue Herausforderungen wagen - Abenteuerlust

≡ Kategorie: Zahlen und ihre spirituelle Bedeutung
Zugriffe: 13994

Die Zahl 26 ist eine sehr kraftvolle Zahl, die uns spontan und unbekümmert neue Herausforderungen angehen lässt. Dabei setzen wir all unsere Begeisterung und Wissbegierde ein, die uns über bisherige gesetzte Grenzen hinauswachsen lässt.

Es ist an der Zeit, ängstliches oder auch zögerliches Verhalten abzulegen - wagen Sie ruhig mal etwas. Da mit dieser Zahl auch die Gefühlsebene stark angesprochen wird, sollten wir darauf achten, die Energie gezielt einzusetzen, um dabei keinesfalls in einen Strudel der Übertreibung zu geraten.

“26” has to do with carefully using one’s energies to deal with new challenges … and it’s about one’s impatience and that one must reign it … No shit I’m impatient! I don’t know why! But the number deals also with overcoming limits and new friendships but also this:

“In your professional life it can be that you’re entrusted with a new project …”

It also says “The number 26 is a very powerful number that lets us tackle new challenges spontaneously and carefreely. And for that we are applying all our enthusiasm and eagerness to learn, that lets us grow beyond our limits that had been existing so far.” And we must cautiously use our energies to not end up in a vortex of “exaggeration”.

And guess what? Via my boss at the agency I was entrusted with *editing* a bachelor’s research-documentation-work! That’s a first. And a huge responsibility. *(Note/edit: It worked out great.* And fancily: It’s about style of a person! My client is a style-coach! She writes about the influence of style on a person’s authority! Just the other day I came across my old photos where I helped my former “friend” Ines on Maui with her “style-coaching”-training … I was the Guinnea pig, and she actually taught me a lot of things about that! And the bachelor-project is about style, written by a style-coach! And my boss’s name is “Ines”. My client’s name is “Angela”.

Well, forgot to mention, that **in the Kabbalah, “26” is “the name of God”.**

“26” say I’m supposed to build on my enthusiasm for the things that matter to me. Well, enthusiasm is quite the stretch. I did write to Italia, the agent today, giving her an ultimatum. I’m not worried about her saying no. Then I’ll try something else. What the fuck have I got to lose?

I did realize, yesterday, though, that I must be smarter and more careful with myself: I stretched out on the floor to relax my back. Then I stretched my leg over the other and remained lying like that, with my head turned. It felt good. Just then, when I wanted to get up again – ***pain***! I overstretched, I think. And today I could barely bend over or move my back. So painful, the right side. That’s the side of activity, and the back is, of course, the major support mechanism. *My feeling of a total lack of support has been on my mind all the time.* I feel really abandoned.

That’s simply the truth.

March 3, 2020 – **Stones in my Work**

This is one of today’s work subjects, a tourist spot in northern Waldviertel, close to where I had my Hawaii-experience last year … yes, **stones** … stones of all kinds and forms …

March 4, 2020 – **The Milk & the Disaster**

There was a shift. I felt it right when I woke up this morning. I had been lying awake for a while, during the night, with my eyes open seeing some kind of “window” and through that right **at the ocean on the Ma’alaea Harbor side, as if I was looking down from the lanai of my beloved Maui home with Bob**. I was there. It felt so direct, so real, baffling. Like a wormhole, in a way. I could virtually look through that round … like a “hole in the clouds” … my heart beats faster only thinking about it.

(Note/edit: This picture I only re-discovered yesterday (!), as I edited. Somebody “knew” that I was going to need it today? That I was going to read about a day-dream with a “hole in the clouds”? I looked at the high resolution version of it, and seeing everything in such detail, as if it was possible to return there … it really undoes me right now.)

In a way, I thought it related to my dream. My **mother** was in that dream … so clearly … I think we were both on some kind of holiday, in a resort, not Hawaii, but similar … *a place, where I had been many times in previous dreams,* or a similar place. And somehow we had to move or travel somewhere or catch a flight … and my mother had a separate room, and when I tried to get her, she was under the shower … There was a feeling of despair on my part, in the dream, because for some reason it was trouble trying to get my mother to come with me, but she was sweet and excited and in good spirits … and now that I think about it, the dream had very big storyline dimensions, and ***Bob** was in it too*, but I can’t really remember …

I woke up from that **dream**, and I looked through that “window” down at the *silvery ocean beyond Ma’alaea* … and it was so real, that I even thought that to myself, maybe I said it out loud even, *“How can it be that I’m really there when I’m at the same time in my bed?”*

But that ***window*** didn't just disappear. It kind of became "stuck" in my mind now. It's like I can "visit" it anytime, and as son as I look "through" it again, I'm right there, on Maui.

That's what it is. So immediate. Like being there. Even in my total wake state right now … in recall that window, I see through it, see the ocean … and I feel the immediate excitement of being there.

That was the kind of "shift" I felt.

Also, last night, I had an amazingly intense dream of Bob … but I don't recall anymore. It was so strangely "real", too, that I thought upon waking up, that I must have visited him … also the dream of a few days ago, me in that embrace with that young man, whose body actually was like Bob's body …

So this morning, "***looking at the ocean***", ***I felt Bob so close***. It was so strange.

I've been chatting with him in a certain new way in the last days … I have the **habit of eating** while reading **on my laptop** or working or watching a movie. And I try to be careful and not spill anything, but I've been hearing (!) Bob's voice in my head, "***No food over the keyboard"*** and ***"No eat over da laptop"*** … and I always answered "Of course not" or "I'm trying!" I even made fun of him having said to me, one of the last things I've ever heard from him, on the phone, **"I'm doing my best here"**, and I said that too. The other aspect to that is that Bob loved yogurt, and I had been looking forward to him taste-testing all kinds of Austrian food, when he was supposed to come visit, for real …

So today, I was supposed to finalize the bachelor-doc's editing, and I did take a lot of effort to get through the agency jobs, and I was totally focused. I even cut the walk with Jacqui short. So I sat and edited, and I was so hungry, didn't take the time to eat, except for two tiny slices of dry bread (Knaeckebrot, crispbread) and coffee … So I grabbed a package of **sour milk (Acidophilus milk)** and put it next to me, ready to have a sip. It would be nice and cool, and I was looking forward to it. I unscrewed the lid … and I kept working. Then I grabbed the package again and shook it. And yes, it was open.

And the milk *spilled* over my keyboard and the table, the floor, the wall, the heater and me … wow. *I was literally stunned shitless by my own action.*

"No food over the keyboard!" Right? It was like the total **hint from Bob**, like a piece of sarcasm that could really make me "get" that he was around. Something like that has never happened to me before. It was … baffling.

My **keyboard**! With milk on it that was seeping between the keys … oh well, what shall I say? I cleaned and sprayed cleaning alcohol on the keyboard and wiped and swiped … and all the time, I felt ***strangely observed. I felt Bob so close.*** So close. He had always taken so good care of his stuff … oh I miss our house, his office, his editing room … everything. I do have the feeling of suffocating on my longing, often.

But, I kept thinking that this event means that ***I must be "more aware" than I am***. And the editing job of the Bachelor's paper actually ***deals with awareness and self-reflexion and self-improvement a lot***! Mostly with that, although it's about how the choice of **clothing** affects a person's **authority** and the impression it makes on others … It's really all about self-assertion … and all that on the example of teaching personalities. Seriously: It's about how clothing and self-esteem affects the work and personality and therefore the authority and success of a teacher and their acceptance by the students.

Well, talk about a suiting subject for me …

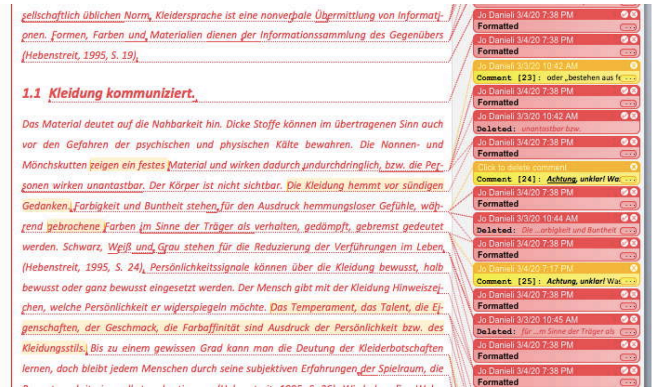
Oh, Bob would have gotten a kick out of the expression **"clothing is a suiting subject".** (Get it? Clothes? Suit?) Maybe that came right from him?

Then, something disastrous happened.

I finalized the Bachelor's paper edit. I was just about to send it to the owner, when I somehow felt the urge to open the document just one more time. And when I saw it, I felt struck by lightning: ***The entire document was wrongly formatted!*** All and everything in Italics … and the way it all was set up and worked on, I had to change every single paragraph back to normal manually, by clicking the "reject"-button at every formatting-box. Jesus Christ! I have no idea how the changing into Italics happened. I certainly didn't do it. We're talking about a precious work her. And I had meticulously edited it, and that's what it was like when I closed it. So long story short … for the second go around it would turn out that there were formatting errors in the document I had received, but there was no way for me to explain that to the owner, who had no clue about that kind of subject and, I think, worked with her sister, so … I had to redo a lot of the work.

The important aspect of it is, though, that when I was with **Bob in August 2018**, he was in the process of **editing and formatting an e-book** for a friend, *and it drove him nuts*, because ***the formatting just would do what it wanted! And the many mistakes and typos …*** he was on edge and desperate when I arrived. And it continued when I had left … only days before he sat down to his computer for the last time in his life, he talked to me on the phone how nerve-wrecking the job still was. I even have emails of him expressing it.

And here I am … so close to Bob, and I had told Bob ***"Play me!***" so often and had tried to "***play him",*** … I seriously got to "be him" facing that disastrous **formatting mystery.**



sellschaftlich üblichen Norm. Kleidersprache ist eine nonverbale Übermittlung von Informationen. Formen, Farben und Materialien dienen der Informationssammlung des Gegenübers (Hebenstreit, 1995, S. 19).

1.1 Kleidung kommuniziert.

Das Material deutet auf die Nahbarkeit hin. Dicke Stoffe können im übertragenen Sinn auch vor den Gefahren der psychischen und physischen Kälte bewahren. Die Nonnen- und Mönchskutten zeigen ein festes Material und wirken dadurch undurchdringlich, bzw. die Personen wirken unantastbar. Der Körper ist nicht sichtbar. Die Kleidung hemmt vor sündigen Gedanken. Farbigkeit und Buntheit stehen für den Ausdruck hemmungsloser Gefühle, während gebrochene Farben im Sinne der Träger als verhalten, gedämpft, gebremst gedeutet werden. Schwarz, Weiß und Grau stehen für die Reduzierung der Verführungen im Leben (Hebenstreit, 1995, S. 24). Persönlichkeitssignale können über die Kleidung bewusst, halb bewusst oder ganz bewusst eingesetzt werden. Der Mensch gibt mit der Kleidung Hinweiszeichen, welche Persönlichkeit er widerspiegeln möchte. Das Temperament, das Talent, die Eigenschaften, der Geschmack, die Farbaffinität sind Ausdruck der Persönlichkeit bzw. des Kleidungsstils. Bis zu einem gewissen Grad kann man die Deutung der Kleiderbotschaften lernen, doch bleibt jedem Menschen durch seine subjektiven Erfahrungen der Spielraum, die

Jo Danieli 3/4/20 7:38 PM
Formatted

Jo Danieli 3/4/20 7:38 PM
Formatted

Jo Danieli 3/3/20 10:42 AM
Comment [23]: oder „bestehen aus f

Jo Danieli 3/4/20 7:38 PM
Formatted

Jo Danieli 3/3/20 10:42 AM
Deleted: unantastbar bzw.

Jo Danieli 3/4/20 7:38 PM
Formatted

Click to delete comment!
Comment [24]: Achtung, unklar! Wa

Jo Danieli 3/4/20 7:38 PM
Formatted

Jo Danieli 3/3/20 10:44 AM
Deleted: Die ...arbigkeit und Buntheit

Jo Danieli 3/4/20 7:38 PM
Formatted

Jo Danieli 3/4/20 7:17 PM
Comment [25]: Achtung, unklar! Was

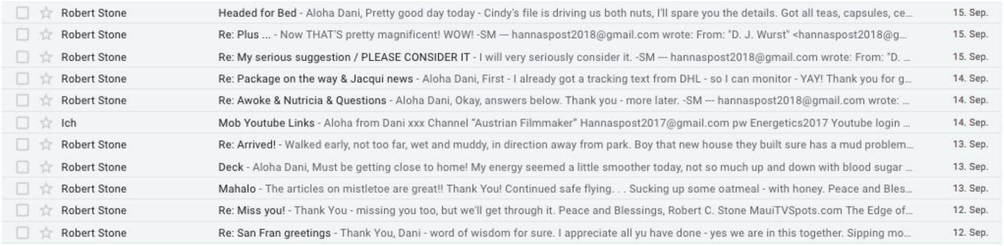
Jo Danieli 3/4/20 7:38 PM
Formatted

Jo Danieli 3/3/20 10:45 AM
Deleted: für ...m Sinne der Träger als

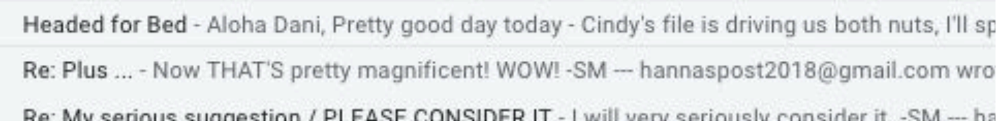
Jo Danieli 3/4/20 7:38 PM
Formatted

Jo Danieli 3/4/20 7:38 PM
Formatted

Yes … just a few days ago I came across a screenshot of an email he had sent me in September 2018, saying that the formatting of the book our friend C. had written and that he helped her publish, drove him and her crazy … Maybe that was the reason for his TIA, in the end, that sent him to the deadly hospital stint? ***That mental stress?*** I that a hint that I'm receiving?



☐ ☆ Robert Stone **Headed for Bed** - Aloha Dani, Pretty good day today - Cindy's file is driving us both nuts, I'll spare you the details. Got all teas, capsules, ce... 15. Sep.
☐ ☆ Robert Stone **Re: Plus ...** - Now THAT'S pretty magnificent! WOW! -SM --- hannaspost2018@gmail.com wrote: From: "D. J. Wurst" <hannaspost2018@g... 15. Sep.
☐ ☆ Robert Stone **Re: My serious suggestion / PLEASE CONSIDER IT** - I will very seriously consider it. -SM --- hannaspost2018@gmail.com wrote: From: "D. ... 15. Sep.
☐ ☆ Robert Stone **Re: Package on the way & Jacqui news** - Aloha Dani, First - I already got a tracking text from DHL - so I can monitor - YAY! Thank you for g... 14. Sep.
☐ ☆ Robert Stone **Re: Awoke & Nutricia & Questions** - Aloha Dani, Okay, answers below. Thank you - more later. -SM --- hannaspost2018@gmail.com wrote: ... 14. Sep.
☐ ☆ Ich **Mob Youtube Links** - Aloha from Dani xxx Channel "Austrian Filmmaker" Hannaspost2017@gmail.com pw Energetics2017 Youtube login ... 14. Sep.
☐ ☆ Robert Stone **Re: Arrived!** - Walked early, not too far, wet and muddy, in direction away from park. Boy that new house they built sure has a mud problem... 13. Sep.
☐ ☆ Robert Stone **Deck** - Aloha Dani, Must be getting close to home! My energy seemed a little smoother today, not so much up and down with blood sugar ... 13. Sep.
☐ ☆ Robert Stone **Mahalo** - The articles on mistletoe are great!! Thank You! Continued safe flying. . . Sucking up some oatmeal - with honey. Peace and Bles... 13. Sep.
☐ ☆ Robert Stone **Re: Miss you!** - Thank You - missing you too, but we'll get through it. Peace and Blessings, Robert C. Stone MauiTVSpots.com The Edge of... 12. Sep.
☐ ☆ Robert Stone **Re: San Fran greetings** - Thank You, Dani - word of wisdom for sure. I appreciate all yu have done - yes we are in this together. Sipping mo... 12. Sep.



Headed for Bed - Aloha Dani, Pretty good day today - Cindy's file is driving us both nuts, I'll sp

Re: Plus ... - Now THAT'S pretty magnificent! WOW! -SM --- hannaspost2018@gmail.com wro

Re: My serious suggestion / PLEASE CONSIDER IT - I will very seriously consider it -SM --- ha

The way I felt when I saw the disaster … was nothing short of despair and rage, and I’m a healthy person, and I thought my heart and my brain will explode!

And I really thought I’ll go nuts over it … and I’ve heard Bob say something along those lines so often. I tried to fix it, but it only went worse … I had to go back to the version before the thorough fine-edit a few hours earlier. (And all the back-ups I had made displayed the same formatting errors, so it must have been in the document itself. ***Note***: Just as I wrote that, I had a very strong and even harsh emotional flash … that made my heart flutter. Still fluttering a bit.)

And here is the **pinnacle of today’s adventure”**

Had I not messed up the formatting and had I not been forced to go through the document with “new eyes”, ***I wouldn’t have become aware of a huge huge huge content mistake!*** I would have sent the author the document as finished – without having noticed that huge mistake – on the part of the author! And it wasn’t even my job to “find” that mistake … but I did. **Because** I had to redo the fine-editing!

Because of the mysterious formatting-mess-up!

So all I could do when I realized that mistake – was say “Mahalo”. I really thanked Bob for helping me.

Today something has shifted. This feels like actually collaborating. **Like actually working together, measurably, concretely, clearly**. It does.

My mind feels entirely clear, too.

Although … I got to say, yesterday, when I had started working on the editing of that bachelor-paper, the *high-pitched sound* in my head had become so loud all of a sudden, that I had to stop doing what I had been doing and had to listen. I sat there, waiting what would happen … it was so loud that I was sure that it must come from “outside”. There is no way my own head would make such a loud noise. Like a tea kettle, almost.

Now … thinking about this, it kind of feels like someone had been **“talking to me”**, you know, in that *“other” frequency.* I can actually hear very high frequencies, I’ve tested that … So maybe “**somebuddy**” already “told” me that I must be careful with the editing. And I had actually finished the editing yesterday. Today was only fine-tuning …

The *crackling* at the window next to me … just a few minutes earlier, when I wrote about the formatting, was the second one, right after the one that happened when I realized that I had almost missed the huge mistake … and yes, I did **realize** that **the mess-up was meant to keep me from sending off the document and to look at it differently.** And maybe this kind of intervention in my mortal-realm-doings is a **hint** at even greater *collaborations to come*? Was it a test? *Are they “listening” and “observing” and checking me out?*

Of course they are.

I found a very fat **strawberry** lying on the ground today. In the grass. A strawberry, yes. Whatever that means.

March 5, 2020 – **The Olive Oil Connection**

Another amazing surprise … and proof that “they” are listening, or in whatever way something like the following comes about:

Yesterday, the word “**Zeit**” (time) swirled around in my mind … in the morning. I’ve been thinking about all my Arabic knowledge, and that I’m forgetting all I’ve learned. At night, when I went to bed, I suddenly remembered that **“zeit” in Arabic means “olive”** and at the same time “oil”. I remember my teacher saying **“… zeit zeitun means olive oil”.** So I tried to recall a few Arabic terms and decided to refresh my knowledge of that language.

Today I finally made it to do my planned shopping trip to Wolfsberg (Wolf’s mountain, the next biggest town to the West) … and just as I was on the highway, a **car** *passed by me,* plastered with words all over: “Oleum Ehrliches Olivenöl”.

It means: **“Oleum Honest Olive Oil”.**

OLEUM
EHRLICHESÖLAT
Gesundheit
Schönheit
Kulinarik
Wellness
OLEUM
EHRLICHESOLIVENÖLAT

Seriously. I actually found the company online … so here it is …

March 6, 2020 - **The Disaster Maximum**

Unbelievable what happened last night.

I’m still kind of numb or in shock or something … yup, shock. I feel like “floating” because of what I went through. Time and the Earth were standing still for a while, I kid you not.

I was working on my beloved laptop that Bob has bought for me and on which he had copied the entire content of the harddrive of my old laptop. And I realized that the laptop was kind of slow. And I thought, “Okay, I’ll clean all files I don’t need”, thinking how Bob had done that so many times. Even I had learned how to do it in the past months.

Let me make it short … I went to an admin level, **and I started deleting files.** I thought they weren’t important ones, I did look at them, I judged by logic. But: I also strangely entered some kind of ***frenzy***. I went faster and faster, and I knew I should look at the files more closely, but I didn’t.

Thinking back, there was some ***haze*** …. and I pressed “Empty Trash”. Then I hit “**Restart**” … and then it happened:

My laptop restarted halfways, and then a window came up telling me that **I was supposed to re-install my entire operating system.**

I was in shock. I knew what that meant. I had deleted something crucial, and my laptop was fucked. I felt hot and cold, and in my racing mind I thought about how I should possibly find someone to fix my laptop when I had no access to internet and nothing …

I took pictures with my cellphone along the way … and my mind raced back to the times on Maui when I had seen Bob reboot and recover and reinstall his operating system or hell knows what … he had a lot of troubles ever again with that …

He’s sit and brood and figure stuff out … but I! I couldn’t tell the first thing about such things! And yet, there I was. Alone. In my kitchen. *My laptop telling me it was empty and that there was no operating system installed.*

The only options I got to were to **reinstall** a new version or find a **backup** somewhere. *Of my operating system.*

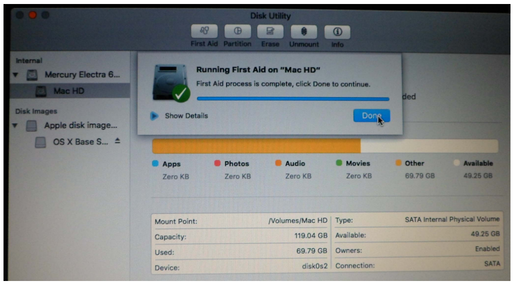
And there was a lot of warning that doing either, **my entire harddrive would be erased. There was no way out. Whatever option I chose, I didn’t get out of that window, and there was only another option … and it again asked me to wipe my harddrive.** I had put my laptop and myself into some kind of “no way out all is gone” situation.

And I couldn’t believe it.

So I thought ***“Bob, please help me, what would you do?”*** In some way I thought why the hell *did Bob let it come to this in the first place* … and one other part of me screamed that I was sure I didn’t do anything really wrong. I mean … I did not delete any files that were related to my operating system. I was sure I hadn’t done that.

And I kept assuring myself that.

I had only wanted my laptop to be faster to be cleaned up, and I’m aware of system software and all, and ***there wasn’t anything of that kind that I had really erased!***



Running First Aid on "Mac HD"

First Aid process is complete, click Done to continue.

Apps	Photos	Audio	Movies	Other	Available
Zero KB	Zero KB	Zero KB	Zero KB	69.79 GB	49.25 GB

Mount Point:	/Volumes/Mac HD	Type:	SATA Internal Physical Volume
Capacity:	119.04 GB	Available:	49.25 GB
Used:	69.79 GB	Owners:	Enabled
Device:	disk0s2	Connection:	SATA

I tried to muster up anything I could remember that Bob had ever told me about … utilities, home levels, recovery, restoration …

So suddenly I had the urge to **“get out and not deal with it”. And I did find a way to simply quit that “Utilities” window.** This time, it worked. It didn’t offer me any other option than “Restart”. And I held my breath and hit “**yes**” – it was like “Get it over with already, just kill me.”

Then the computer asked me **to choose the volume** I wanted to restart from, and that scared the crap out of me … but *there was only one option* – **my harddrive.** So my heart pounding, me actually being close to fainting, I hit “restart”. And my laptop rebooted – fast, this time. It did not get stuck again in the middle, it rebooted all the way. Then a window opened with the contents of **my harddrive – and all I saw was “Zero Items”.**

Zero items on my harddrive.

I sat petrified. We’re talking screenplays and films and stuff. I thought about how I had insisted that I take my old harddrive with me, when Bob wanted to keep it, before I left for the last time. I still have the old version. I thought that this wasn’t possibly really fucking happening to me … that I had destroyed the last thing that Bob gave me, his great act of love, buying a laptop for me with a newer version of an operating system, with Word on it, with a good video editing setup … and I had killed it all.

Had I killed Bob, too?

So I touched my laptop, just the case, brushed over the keyboards … and **I said “please, please**” over and over again … and I said it to Bob, and I did nothing else, just sat there and stared at my screen …

And suddenly everything came back. The entire surface of my “Finder” was there, and the window of the Harddrive contents showed “22 items”.

It was still there. It had rebooted.
It was all still here.
Was Bob still here?
Did he only “reboot”?

Later I realized that I had to redo everything in my Firefox browser, there were none of the usual windows … and I did have to set up all the preferences and the bookmarks again … but everything else is fine.

Is fine.

Nothing lost. And my laptop is faster now.

Jesus Christ. Another proof of Bob and me being connected and working together?

I didn't dare to switch off the laptop over night, I only put it on “Sleep”, and in the morning, everything was still fine.

I woke up this morning, knowing that **“Play me” had played out again**. I've seen Bob numerous times over his computer, entirely desperate because **the harddrive of his main editing Mac had “disappeared”,** and he had to read hours and hours online (on his laptop) about trouble shooting. He was so desperate about computer troubles so often, but he had **always** – always! – **figured it out and fixed it**.

I don't really know what to think about this all. But it was a true shock. Play me? Yes. It's working.

I did share a chocolate desert and yogurt yesterday with him and with … them.

And I rewarded myself with wonderful stories of near-death-experiences in English … it's such a relief, to hear them.

March 6, 2020 – **Falling in the Ocean**

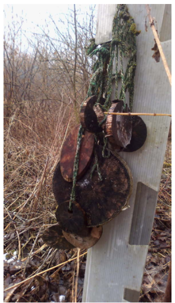
I saw a few minutes of an insufferable movie … *“The Last Thing He Wanted”*, and the only interesting thing about it was the astounding scene of the lead character getting shot and **falling backwards into the ocean** … It's quite intense, that scene.

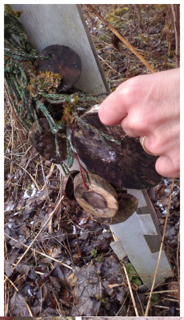
It **snowed** tonight … poor Jacqui woke me up at 4 o'clock, licking and swallowing and swallowing some more … but when I asked him if he wanted out, he just lay down, showing me his belly … I tried to get back to sleep … and so did he, but I felt that he was tense … and finally I found him sitting in front of me, panting … I took him outside, big time diarrhea, like an explosion of mud … poor guy, had to wait so long for me to get my ass up.

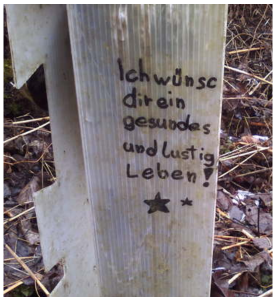
I took a walk in the drizzling rain today, across the **new field**, to the **big stone** …

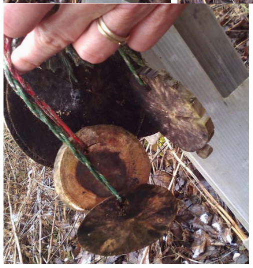
… the small one was pushed over, I put it back up … then I suddenly saw **words on a tree** …. actual words … someone had put **some protective shield** around a young tree and had written **good wishes** for the trees prospering on it …

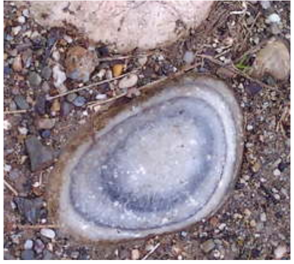
… and tied to that tree was a weird assembly of **wooden pieces** … small and bigger slices, kind of … and one of them totally **resembled** the **stone** on the ground that I had just seen and photographed …

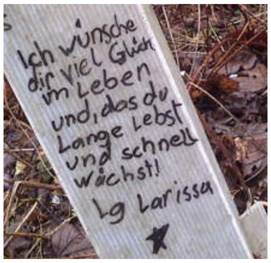




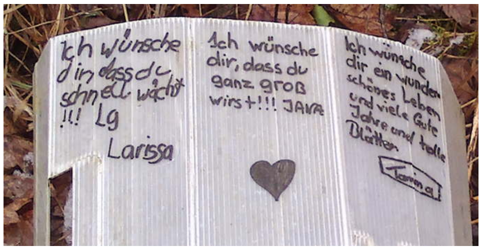

Ich wünsc
dir ein
gesundes
und lustig
Leben!






Ich wünsche
dir viel Glück
im Leben
und, dass du
Lange lebst
und schnell
wächst!
Lg Larissa

It reads "I wish you much luck in life and that you may live long and grow fast! Sweet greetings, Larissa." Aw.

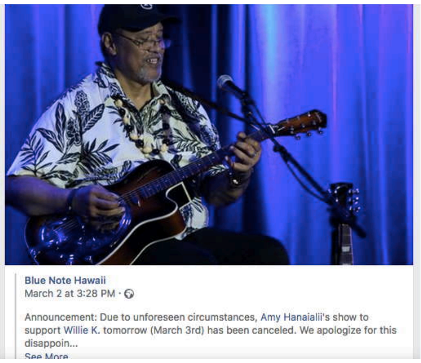

Ich wünsche
dir, dass du
schnell wächst
!!! Lg
Larissa
Ich wünsche
dir, dass du
ganz groß
wirst!!! JANA
Ich wünsche
dir ein wunder
schönes Leben
und viele Gute
Jahre und tolle
Blätter.
Janina

These read: "I wish you that you grow fast!", "I wish for you that you grow very big!", "I wish you a wonderful life and many good years and great leaves." Love the last part.

I thought that Bob wanted to let me know before I'd see the wooden things that he knew what I was about to see … also the "wood & stone" sign came to mind that I had seen last year …

March 6, 2020 – **The Word, the Dream & the Aftermath**

I used to have a very quiet sleep. Not so much in the last weeks, maybe it has to do with menopausal stuff? I'm burning up, at times, but it's not like hot flashes, it's like periodic fever. And my dreams! At the same time I'm always aware of my left arm, and I must be cautious of the way I position it so that I don't hinder blood flow. When I work much on the laptop, I notice that the pinkie and the ring finger get numb, and basically I have barely any grabbing strength in those fingers and half the hand. I have pushing strength and can make a fist, but no grabbing. Anyway. It improves again, and sometimes the hand is entirely fine … so …



Blue Note Hawaii
March 2 at 3:28 PM ·

Announcement: Due to unforeseen circumstances, Amy Hanaialii's show to support Willie K. tomorrow (March 3rd) has been canceled. We apologize for this disappoin...
See More

Well, I had a very very vivid **dream** tonight, of Hawaii … many people, some event, **and Willie K**, the Hawaiian man who I once fell in love with and who had cancer the same time Bob had, and Bob was filming with Emme T. interviews with Willie K about his cancer, while Bob could barely hold himself up anymore.

So Willie K was there, and ***he looked at me,*** *just stood there, bare arms, some kind of skin-revealing colorful top, a serious face,* and he talked to me, but I don't know what … he looked healthy, but somehow concerned. Actually, his expression was very serious, and he kept looking straight at me. I was aware in my dream (!) that I was dreaming of Willie K and that I found it strange (and I knew that in real life he had cancer, I think, but I'm not sure) … and then, I sort of dove out of my dream and realized my dog was next to me.

And suddenly a younger **male voice** with a strange "**crisp**" around it, like some atmospheric interference, **said very loud** one word: "**Bob**".

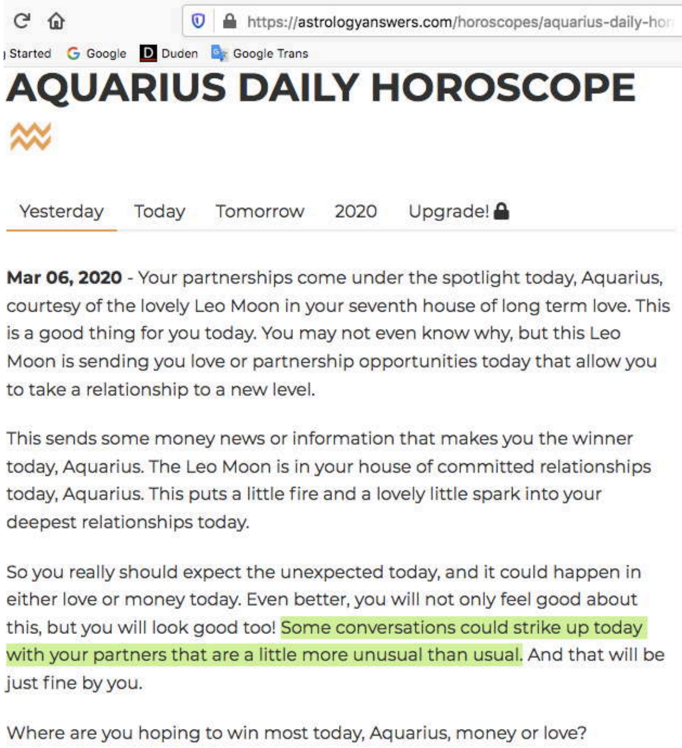
And at the same time **I saw the word**, like written in front of me, and I also saw that face, vaguely, ***a male face***, resembling Bob but not really, also with a very serious expression.

The difference to the dream is, that this voice is totally clear in my memory, like an actual word that someone said. But it was not myself, because I was just waking up when "Bob" was said, just that one word.

I can't remember anything that was said in that dream, and somehow I have the feeling that it was a silent dream. I remember colors, it was colorful, Willie was wearing something colorful, and I saw his dark brown skin … but I don't even remember the ocean …

So that word "**Bob**." was a **statement**, nobody was calling him. Certainly not me.

Funnily … I just looked up my "**Astro**"-news, and even my horoscope "knows" about that "message".



AQUARIUS DAILY HOROSCOPE

Mar 06, 2020 - Your partnerships come under the spotlight today, Aquarius, courtesy of the lovely Leo Moon in your seventh house of long term love. This is a good thing for you today. You may not even know why, but this Leo Moon is sending you love or partnership opportunities today that allow you to take a relationship to a new level.

This sends some money news or information that makes you the winner today, Aquarius. The Leo Moon is in your house of committed relationships today, Aquarius. This puts a little fire and a lovely little spark into your deepest relationships today.

So you really should expect the unexpected today, and it could happen in either love or money today. Even better, you will not only feel good about this, but you will look good too! Some conversations could strike up today with your partners that are a little more unusual than usual. And that will be just fine by you.

Where are you hoping to win most today, Aquarius, money or love?

Later, I took the morning walk with Jacqui and I thought that maybe someone had called him back. It felt like he was with me … but since I'm still connected to my body, I had to return, and he had to "go". Or it was … I don't know what it was. But it was a first.

It's very similar to that one time when another single word was said, *and I heard it and even saw it,* but that time it was spoken by Bob himself. And that word was "***Back***".

Very strange. I'm feeling a bit weird today, maybe also because of the weather, very warm after the snow of yesterday, headache for me.

I'm generally not feeling well, about my mother, about everything … the little dog next door who is so neglected, Marshall … sometimes I think I can't stand it. I watched a few videos yesterday with near-death-experiences-reports … and doing that always calms me down.

Also, another "film-greeting" happened. I scrolled through TV-series, trying to find something fun, and I had seen the poster of the movie "***Emergence***" often, but I'm not attracted to mystery-sci-fi-thrillers, especially not when they are a series … but I thought I give the pilot a shot. So turns out the main character's name is "**Jo**", and that's my name. And then, her father is sick with cancer. In a scene he talks to a little girl and tells her about a certain kind of pills "… **and these are making my hair grow**", and he said that he was excited about that because he always wanted to be a werewolf.

And that was chilling. Because in all those weeks of Bob’s and my struggle for his recovery, there was ***one thing he really enjoyed*** and expressed it in very similar words (even I’m smiling right now) like that character: From the Pygeum Phytosterol (to strengthen his male parts and the prostate) **his body hair began to grow**, on his chest and his belly, and he really got a kick out of it.

So there it was. The reason why I needed to watch the pilot of “Emergence”? Oh, I wish I could add a picture of Bob here, in his bed, smiling, about the time when we had talked about him getting all “macho” and hairy from that African male medicine, but still, it wouldn’t be fair to him to let strangers – you – see him in his declined state; Just let me tell you, he is lying on his back, turning his back to me and smiling the sweetest smile, as if he had just woken up and was stretching and looking forward to the day. *(Note/edit: Not even I have managed to look at these photos since September 2018.)*

I miss him so much. I can’t even express it. Ever. But he knows.

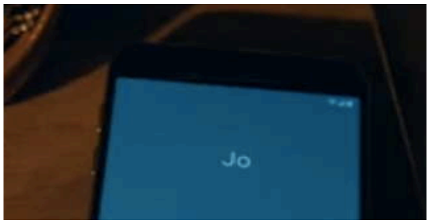
He knows how close I’m to the edge.

Okay, I made myself **google Willie K** … and it turns out he can’t’ perform anymore, because his **cancer** had returned and **metastasized** … so I do believe that my dream was an intense message or a visit from Willie himself … so I **wrote** to his sister and wife about the **6-shogaol** chemical that forms in cooked ginger and how it helps with cancer, and I sent links for them to read. I did it on a whim, I just hope that it’s not too late. But that’s all I can do, right?

I loved Willie and Bob at the same time, at some point in my time on Maui.

This **dream** tonight … I’m kind of curious what the revelation will be. That Willie is dying or has died, or that I was meant to give him a hint how to make it for a little while longer? It’s strange, when I think about it. If he dies, I’ll be sad, but I’ll know that he and Bob are going to chat. If he recovers, I’ll be happy, but sad, because Bob didn’t get to take advantage of the great healing progress we had made.

Also … the view of the cell phone in “***Emergence***” and that it read “**Jo**” was kind of startling last night … so … was that a preview of the coming dream?



Also, something kind of … well, odd.

As mentioned, I was trying to find something “light” and “diverting” and “easy” for me to watch online, as of TV series … and this morning, one other word showed up in my mind (not in a dream, rather while getting ready to take the dog outside) … “*Californication*”. Seriously. That was the word. I’m aware of a TV-series of that title, but it would have been the last thing I would have ever considered. So how come **it showed up in my mind**? Out of the freakin’ blue? I never ever thought about that. *It was there, snap, puff, there!* Okay. “Californication” it is.

(After emailing to Willie K’s folks … and after quite some trembling and heart pounding …) I just started watching the pilot to “Californication”. It’s freaking ridiculous. But then … well, I might as well watch it. Can’t believe it, it actually makes me smile. It’s so ridiculous.)

March 7, 2020 – **Say Hello, the Weather & Stay Gold**

Taking a long walk with Jacqui today, I thought about Willie K and the dream and the way he looked at me, so directly … and all came back to me, falling in love, the documentary project, his concerts … and I was wondering if he was dead already, or what his visit actually meant.

I recalled when I saw him for the very first time in person … before that I had kind of refused to deal with him, because he had the reputation of the Hawaiian superman and the supercool guy, and I felt it sounded scary and off-putting what people said about him … later I realized that I didn’t really know anything about him, just the photos I had seen of him … “the” alpha male, the chief, the boss, the greatest of them all … and then, during a shoot with Emme T., it was about one of the founders of the Maui Arts and Cultural Center, Pundy Yokouchi, a know at the door, and I as the assistant opened … and there stood that tower of a man, tattooed, long curly hair, leather, Hawaiian … it took me a question to Bob and Emme who that was. I fell in love right away, just the way I had fallen in love with Bob a few years earlier.

At that time Bob didn’t want to be with me anymore. Later, Emme told me that Willie had asked her about me that very day, and she had told him that I was with Bob … that was a very bad information … and it wasn’t true … so then, Willie and I got a bit closer, but in the end, I kind of “convinced” him (without really intending to) to clear things up with his partner, and they ended up making up and more kids together …

So all that came back to me … the nights at the club, meeting him, … enough of that, it’s private, but we really loved each other on a certain level.

Starting the years long work on my Hawaii documentary project was the reason for me to be with Bob and with Willie, but it was inspired by the fact that Willie was native Hawaiian.

So tonight … the dream of him.

I’ve never ever dreamed of him.

And during the walk I remembered that the “coral” necklace, that had come back to my mind, and that Elisabeth had sent me upon my request, and it turned out that the “corals” were **snails**, was from the wife of Pundy Yokouchi, and I received it **on the day I had gotten to know Willie, many years ago**. It connects me with both men, closely.

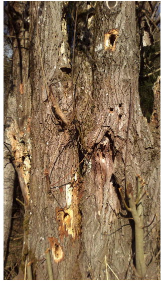
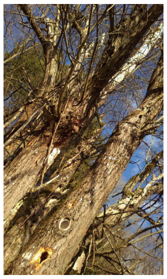
WILLIE K
the uncle in me
Willie K - You Ku'uipo
1.1M views

Oh, I felt so at home on Maui back then, and in what I was doing …

At least I had a nice conversation with my mother on the phone. Will visit her tomorrow.

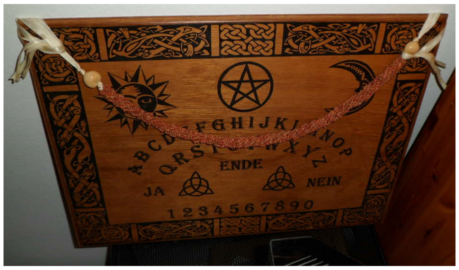
During the walk … there were amazing “speaking” **clouds** … as if actual **letters** were created!

… and a very **strange tree with holes**, possibly made by a bird … and of course I had to think of the “**elepaio**”, that Hawaiian bird that was sacred to canoe makers … an aspect of ancient Hawaiian culture that I was very fascinated with. The “elepaio” story is very much symbolic for all those years in Hawaii when I worked on my documentary … I’ve mentioned as much, I know.

And … a very amazing **pattern** inside a **tree trunk** …

Not sure, why a **dry** piece of **clay** caught my attention … maybe because it was the only one in the big wide field, at least, as far as I could see?

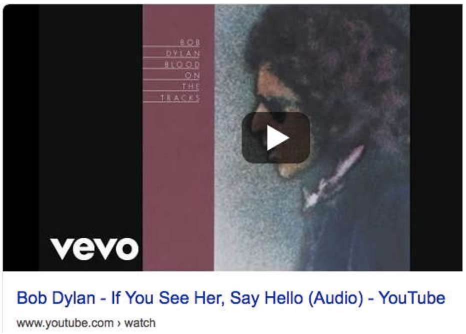


Also, that **US-mailbox** right on my path … seemed very strange again …

The other night, I just remember, I think last night, even, after I had gone to back, the **Ouija board crackled** heavily. That necklace is draped over it. It didn't even scare me, although it was dark in the room.

Just watched some "*Californication*" … and I realized that *there will always be something* to remind me of Bob … like "Hank" says at a radio interview (like Bob did so many about his film) when asked how he was, the he was "**a little bit under the weather**". That's what Bob said to B. at the MACC when he couldn't go shoot the "Hula"-show … because he was deadsick. Later B. told me that her alarm bells rang, because in all those years, Bob never once bailed on a job.

Okay … now the Bob-Dylan-song is in there, something about "**If you see her say hello … tell her that I'm alright, although things get kind of slow … she might think that I've forgotten her … do tell her, it isn't so.**"

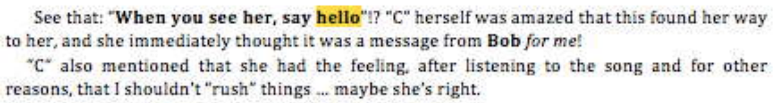

BOB DYLAN BLOOD ON THE TRACKS
vevo
Bob Dylan - If You See Her, Say Hello (Audio) - YouTube
www.youtube.com › watch

That's what I needed to hear. I have such a feeling of emptiness and doom right now …

Remember? "C" had sent me a note, months ago, that this song showed up in her awareness, and she felt that it was my Bob to ask her to say "hello" to me?

vevo
Bob Dylan - If You See Her, Say Hello (Audio)

5:06
How to know that Someone is Your Soulmate by Abraham Hicks | Law of At...
LMI · 98K views · 1 year ago



See that: "**When you see her, say hello**"!? "C" herself was amazed that this found her way to her, and she immediately thought it was a message from **Bob** *for me*!

"C" also mentioned that she had the feeling, after listening to the song and for other reasons, that I shouldn't "rush" things … maybe she's right.

Geeeeez! And in episode 7, "Hank" seriously says to his daughter the title of the last music video Bob ever made, for *Stef Mariani* and her song "**Stay Gold**"! He showed it to me … and I asked him what it meant, and he didn't totally know. I could check who the artist was … a woman, but something in me doesn't manage to. (I'm aware there are many versions of a song "Stay Gold".)

2018 Nā Hōkū Hanohano
Award winning Album
STAY GOLD
Featuring
Guest Artist's
Pat Eskildsen Bass
Noa Eads Percussion
STAY GOLD
STEF MARIANI

March 8, 2020 – **The Hawaiian Greeting**

Today I had a moment, when everything fell silent. Strangely silent. I was sitting in my car, the windows closed, about to drive off.

I had left Griffen early, to drive to Velden to visit my mother. Before driving onto the highway, I took Jacqui for a short walk along the creek at the outskirts of Griffen … and when I returned to my car, I realized that the car that was parked next to mine, had a **skull** with **black and white hair** hanging as a charm from the **front mirror**! That was so strange … and I immediately thought about the "Willie-K"-situation … so I took a picture. Very strange. But I forbade myself to think about it too much.

In **Velden**, first I took Jacqui on a hike through the forest close to my mother's place. That was nice. We took the time to sit for a while on a sunny clearing … and I met a man who I had been at school, with, as a child and very young teenager. He greeted me, and I greeted back, but we did recognize each other …

The visit with my mother was strange. She was nice. She seemed physically better, not emaciated anymore. But then she asked me if Bob was dead … she is a mix of ignorance, forgetfulness, oblivion and … I don't know, just herself. I have realized today that she doesn't really listen to me. I kept telling her stories, and everytime she cut me short and said something about herself. It's all about her. Always. That has always been the case. She does register stuff, always has, but now, I'm sure, less and less. Anyway. It was okay. I think it's okay to leave her in peace for yet another while. She can handle.

Then, it was such a bright sunny day, I drove to Töschling, where there is access to the **Woerthersee lake**, …

… a kind of a **pier**, and I was looking forward to sitting there, in the sun, with Jacqui. Turned out – the pier was gone! Okay, we walked a little further, then back. I sat down on the little benches in that swimming place, where in the summer dogs aren't permitted, but where I had still taken a swim last October … I love the place. My mother and I had been there so often, or me by myself, or with Sigi, and my brother Peter, too. In the last years, it has become an overcrowded crazy spot for foreigners, mostly. Locals have no chance to go there, except in spring and fall. So I enjoyed the view, my beloved lake, and I looked **into the clear water** … a fat trout swam there.

… and I was wondering if that's what the **disca** are seeing, when they look at us … a muddy, swampy unicolor world, **our mortal realm**, behind that barrier that's like the water's surface … it was a very meditative state. "Am I like a fish to you, Stoneman?" I asked. I got very sad.

A **tall man showed up**, we greeted each other … and I thought it was time for me to take off, to give the man the space like I had had it for a little while for myself. I didn’t look at him closely, I was just a little “shocked”, even, because he had Bob’s size, very tall, and also stature and type. So I walked off … thinking that I should have stayed, and seen what that man was all about. But I walked back to my car.

There I realized that to the two cars (one of them mine) that had been there before, another one had been added, and that attracted my attention … because from the front mirror dangled … a **Hawaiian warrior mask.** They are common in Hawaii, but I have never ever seen one in Austria.

I, of course, stood there, mesmerized. A Hawaiian warrior mask. And Willie K and all.

PASSAT
SOUL SURFING CREW
S S C
HAWAII

I drove off … thinking, well, maybe it’s not a Hawaiian thing or just a coincidence. And I stopped after a few meters, because in the rear mirror I saw that there was a **sticker** on the back of the car. Long story short: I drove back and read: “**Soul Surfing Crew Hawaii**”, and there was **Hibiscus flower** on the other side.

I was struck. Then I saw the man come walking up the pathway from the lake. Very Bob-like. Tall. Sunglasses, handsome. And yes, it was his car. We chatted. Turned out, the man had **lived on Oahu** for years, with his family … near **Waimanalo**, and **he knows who Willie K is.**

I even shared with him Bob’s story and that I was worried Willie had died … the man told me that a friend of his, I think a filmmaker, he said the name, something like Strelitzky, had also died a few years ago, and *he had also dreamed of him before that* … So I got to chat about Hawaii today … and he told me about another friend who had bought some kind of lot in Waimanalo, where “Magnum PI” had been shot … oh, geez. It felt so surreal. The whole time it felt like being with Bob in a way … filmmaking, Hawaii … The man said that his wife had just been in Hawaii again, but they hadn’t been living there anymore for 15 years … I told him about “Taylor Camp”, and he said he’d google it.

I was in a way so baffled and surprised and all, that I didn’t even think about exchanging information … or didn’t tell him my name, even though I did tell him about “Native of Owhyhee”.

He told me that the Waimanalo friend had become so stinky rich because of some kind of computer app or some other software thing … and I did not ask him for a name or connection or anything. Stupid stupid me!

At some point I simply said that I didn’t mean to keep him from continuing his afternoon … and we shook hands and drove off.

Of course, now I have the feeling that I maybe *should* have … this and that … well, but I didn’t. I had been pondering, during my drive to Velden, how I should possible find a potent collaborator on my films …

As soon as I turned onto the highway, I ended up behind a **Polish van**, who had given way for me to drive out into the traffic, and who had returned to the lane in front of me.

I began to think what that all is supposed to mean … that Willie K is dead? Simply a greeting by the kupuna and by Bob? hint at something that I was supposed to do? I mean … Willie K’s musical company’s name is “Maui Tribe” … Also the fact that **Keanu Reeve’s father Sam** had lived in **Waimanalo**, and he had died there, I think *in 2018*, too … that came to my mind. And that maybe Willie K himself is actually from Waimanalo, something about that place …

And then came the **cars**:

JO FN 1 (Jo, the fun is only beginning, Jo is the number one in terms of a good sport …)

KL **BST 1** (Bob Stone is the one and only, Bob Stone is giving me a thumbs up …)

MOO (First I read "moo!", like a cow's moo, but then I realized it's the Hawaiian word "mo'o", and that's a dragon, that's me, and that's also "ancestors"! I haven't ever seen a "MOO" before … but I can't remember the number, the car was to fast.

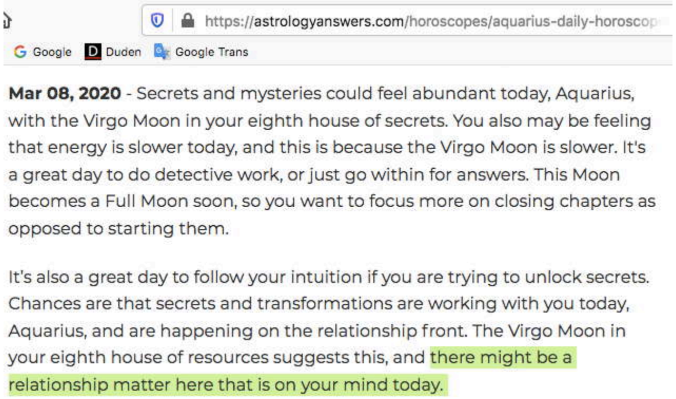
WO ERD 1 (Erd, the earth, the material realm, also to my mind came strongly "word", in terms of expressing oneself … it did have meaning, just not sure which one.)

SYLT 1 (Sylt is an island I've always been interested in visiting! And **island**! And here I'm into trying to come to terms with Hawaii greeting me …)

And a car with a **sticker** of a **yellow star** and the word "**Rockstar**", and another car with a sticker of a **guitar** with the word "**Stones**".

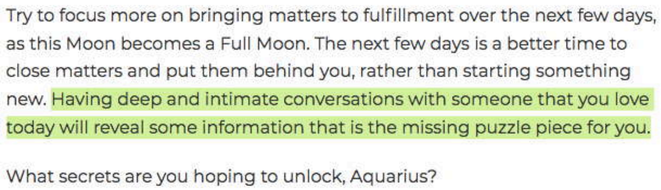
And there were more. But I was driving, and I couldn't memorize all of them.

It was so intense, I literally sat with my mouth open, driving in a trance. My **horoscope** kind of … well, "knew".


https://astrologyanswers.com/horoscopes/aquarius-daily-horoscop
Google
Duden
Google Trans

Mar 08, 2020 - Secrets and mysteries could feel abundant today, Aquarius, with the Virgo Moon in your eighth house of secrets. You also may be feeling that energy is slower today, and this is because the Virgo Moon is slower. It's a great day to do detective work, or just go within for answers. This Moon becomes a Full Moon soon, so you want to focus more on closing chapters as opposed to starting them.

It's also a great day to follow your intuition if you are trying to unlock secrets. Chances are that secrets and transformations are working with you today, Aquarius, and are happening on the relationship front. The Virgo Moon in your eighth house of resources suggests this, and there might be a relationship matter here that is on your mind today.



Try to focus more on bringing matters to fulfillment over the next few days, as this Moon becomes a Full Moon. The next few days is a better time to close matters and put them behind you, rather than starting something new. Having deep and intimate conversations with someone that you love today will reveal some information that is the missing puzzle piece for you.

What secrets are you hoping to unlock, Aquarius?

The driver of the **van** must have felt strange, as he wasn't driving very fast, and I stayed behind him all 70 kilometers. It was because I had to think. I felt kind of safe behind that van, because my mind was occupied. I drove on autopilot. I also realized that the license number of that van was "PO 6LA93". How strange is that. Even stranger … I thought, well, I'm going to turn into Griffen now, and it's time to say good bye to the van. But the van turned into Griffen too!

Just that he then turned right into the direction of "Eisenkappel", and I turned left to actual Griffen. It was interesting … we have spent time together, *the driver of that van and me*, and I'm sure he had a lot of strange thoughts because of me sticking to his butt … maybe he was transporting something illegal … and then he decided to turn to shake me off? But I "followed" him … what a relief but it have been for him to realize, that after all, I wasn't after him …

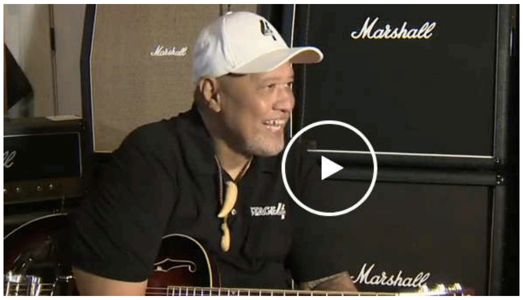
Is that a message in itself, too? That we spent time together, for whatever reason, and then we part

…? And no, I cannot make myself google Willie K’s condition.

I just started to watch the TV-series “**Bull**”, because Bob loved it.

And a new thought occurred to me: If life never really ends, and only the body dies – then there is no “murder”, right? And no “crime”?

Well, in the pilot of “**Bull**” is an actor (Fred Weller) who played “Marshal **Marshall Mann**” (a marshal) in a TV-series I loved: “***In Plain Sight***”. See how that’s relevant on so many levels? Small dog “Marshall” in the neighbor’s yard, who I can’t get my mind off because he’s just such a poor *puppy* … so neglected … then “in plain sight” are the disca “talking to us” … and so on.



Here is “**Marshall**” again, as a brand … behind Willie K, while undergoing chemo.

“**Don’t give up on people**,” says Dr. Bull, “**they’re all we’ve got.**” True. Also … I’m wondering what he felt when he heard “Dr. Bull” call out to his trusted colleague and assistant all the time, and her name is “**Dani**”. And that’s what Bob called me.

Oh, and there is a **supermoon**. Of course it is.

March 9, 2020 **– Ice Bear Cap**

I found a **cap** just outside of the house where I live a few days ago, it reads “Eisbär” which means **“Ice Bear”** … I put it on a pole, for the one who has lost it to pick it up … but for some reason, nobody did. Later I found it in the trash! Obviously my landlady had put it there. I just can’t believe it … so I took it back out and put it on another pole … and from there it disappeared, eventually.

Eisbär
Eisbär

My grandmother Maria loved ice bears …

March 10, 2020 **– Cloths & Shape Shifting**

Very exhausting, intense **scary dream** … and so sad, so so sad. I woke up realizing that I'd never to back to Maui again to be with Bob … and it struck me differently than in the past … it feels so horribly final … and the strangest thing: In my **dream**, when I was facing a strange **tall blond woman** who was a **danger** to me, and she kind of was with me in the Velden home of my childhood, and there was something about a **puddle** with some **snake** in it, and as I looked closer, there was a **crocodile** in it … and my dog Jacqui had been lured into the water by that woman, too … and while dealing with all the horror in my dream, as that woman was "Sigi" in some way, and I had to save Jacqui and barely made it *… I thought to myself, yes in my dream*, that now in all the misery I can't even look forward anymore to go be with Bob again, in our beloved housie …

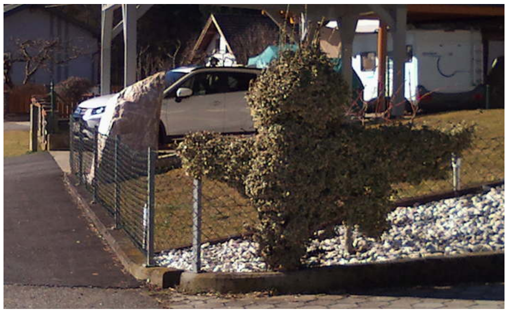
I was so confused in my dream how all that came to my awareness, that he was dead, and that there was no "Bob and me" anymore … *and yet I thought, also in my dream while dreaming, that I should know better, that he is still here* … and that we are together … but he isn't. He is dead. He died, for fuck's sake … and I cried, in my dream, and I said to that blond woman, who was such a threat, something like "Right now I should be looking forward to traveling to Bob and telling him all about this … but I won't ever do that again". And it felt like the end of everything. In my dream, I didn't want to live. But I had to, because of my dog …

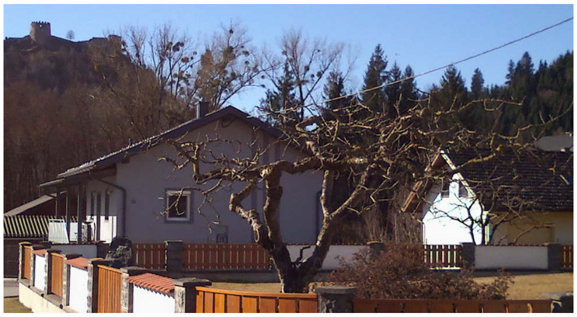
I also remember waking up all the time in the night, because both of my arms felt numb. And it scared me. The feeling in my arms was as if they were falling asleep … so strange! So I kept changing my position to "save my arms" ….

I had watched some more "**Bull**" last night, because Bob loved it … and strangely one of Bull's team kind of does **make-overs** with the clients they accept, and it's all about how ***clothing*** *exerts* ***authority*** and changes people's perception of a person … and that's the theme of **the bachelor paper** that I just edited for my client Angela. (Actually, she made changes, and I'm re-reading it currently!) It was a very exciting experience to hear in a TV-series what I just had read in real life!

In the morning I took the walk with Jacqui, as usual … but I didn't take my phone! And I regretted it bitterly, because there was one **cloud** who was **mimicking** what I saw on my way. And I mean directly clearly … so that I stopped, held my breath and said to Bob that he was really "doing it" right now … I saw the cloud first, and I noticed the strange shape it had, … and as I look down, I'm standing in **front of**

a hedge cut shaped in exactly that same way! And there was no other cloud up there, only that one. So I walked on slowly … and the cloud changed. And I stopped again – and I stood facing a **tree** of a strange shape, and it was exactly what the cloud had turned into!





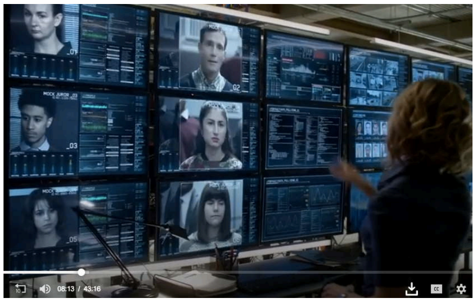
(I went back a day later to take the pictures of the **hedge** and the **tree** … see the big **stone** in the background?)

It was not like watching clouds and thinking “Oh, they look like this and that”. It was like seeing a cloud, thinking “weird, I don’t see anything particular in it”, looking straight ahead and facing exactly the cloud in the form of a weirdly cut hedge and then a tree!

March 10, 2020 **– Lemon Cake**

Sat down to watch an episode of “***Bull***”, skipped one … then in “Too Perfect” a juror says that he loves the **lemon cake** (of the client of Bull’s) and that he brings it to potluck … well, I’m eating ***lemon cake right now.***

While watching. Haven’t done that in many years, eating lemon cake. *What are the odds?*



Recently I’ve been having the thought that … what if the loss of Bob was really meant to be a finally devastating blow to me? What if I should give up? Die? Just withdraw and not try anything in terms of “Regents of Cloud”? What if I’m supposed to cut this time around shorter …

… like I was told so many years ago, that my life would have to be short because I wasn’t willing (back then) to assume my role of *the big momma*? Well, I guess that’s why I wrote “Regents of Clouds” in the first place and invented “Amarin”, based on real events of my life?

But me … myself? Today … I’m feeling so tired of trying to live without Bob on this planet. Feels like a really insurmountable task for me …

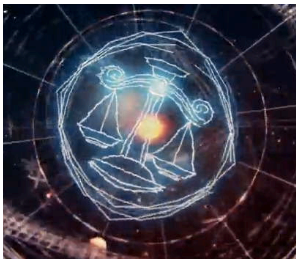
Sometimes my pain in the abdomen comes back, and I have a hard time breathing … then I think that maybe I’m dying already? But … What I’m saying, I guess, is, that I’m just not sure what to strive for, really, and if at all.

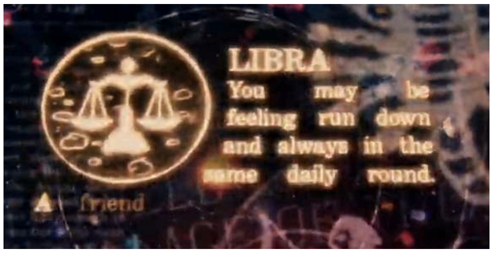
How I miss living on that wonderful island that was my home. But it was always all about Bob, not about Maui. Many months I was all by myself in that house in Pukalani over the years.

March 10, 2020 – The Libra and the Lettuce

Sigh.

Somehow a TV series named "*Good Omens*" popped up. I was looking for "Bull" on a free-streaming site, but there was a list of other shows, so …



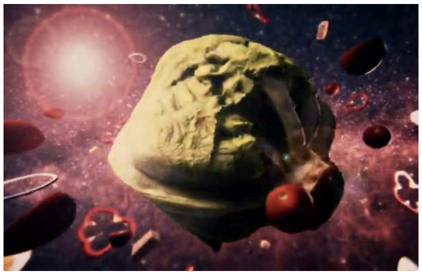


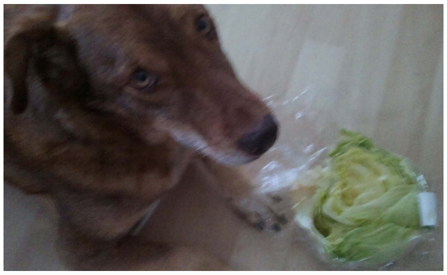
LIBRA
You may be feeling run down and always in the same daily round.
A friend

It's about creation and God and paradise and fate and the afterlife and Armageddon, all satirical, very much so. Oh geez. Strange thing: A female voice over, who is "God", describes herself as a "Libra" (and Bob was one), and what she says about herself, ***could be Bob literally.***

But here it comes:

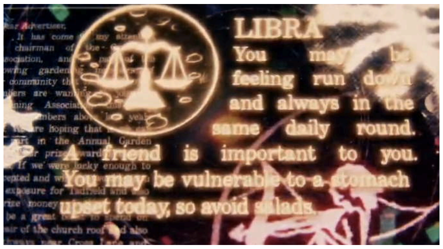
In the last days I've been eating lettuce and thought everytime how Bob liked the softer salad but *not the iceberg lettuce*. And I've been eating iceberg and softer lettuce and asked Bob how he liked it … even more, I mocked Bob telling him that I bet that now he wishes he could eat that lettuce … and "God" in "Good Omens" talks about eating stuff and ***that's all fine with her except for the lettuce*** … (I'll have to review it and transcribe it … just right now I'm kind of baffled …) Lettuce appeared. Just as it's a theme for Bob and me. **Lettuce**!



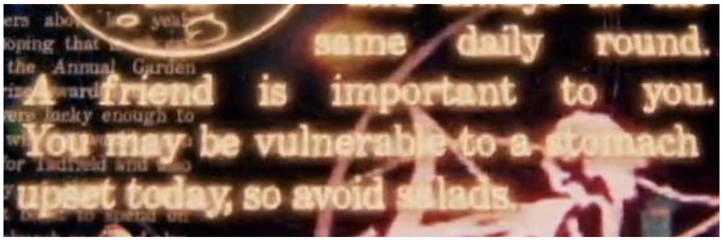


In a description of a "**Libra**" who is "God" … when Bob, in his current state, as free consciousness, is a direct aspect of "God", without obstructions of the material realm … that I call … **magic**. Even stranger … I've actually not been able to eat all the lettuce I've bought, because my **stomach** has been upset, a bit. And here it is … read! Yes, a gag in the movie!

"You may be vulnerable to a stomach upset today, so avoid salads."



LIBRA
You may be feeling run down and always in the same daily round. A friend is important to you. You may be vulnerable to a stomach upset today, so avoid salads.



same daily round. A friend is important to you. You may be vulnerable to a stomach upset today, so avoid salads.

So then*: "Good Omens."* Kind of very funny, sarcastic, angels with wings and stuff and all. Reminded me spontaneously about how much I actually know … due to my research for "We Creators" alone.

I just came across of the photographs of my **forest Cyclamen** I made … they bloomed beautifully, and then they started dying off. Until only two petals remained, blooming together, beautifully. And then one of them started to wither … soon, both were dead. What joy.

Yes, yes, I know … new life and all … I wish I had superpowers. Yes, that I wish.

March 11, 2020 – **The Skull, the Hand and the Orgasm With Bob**

Very sad day, after amazing dream … and hell! I thought I’d never forget it, but right now, can’t recall. Had to go back to bed after morning walk, I thought I really can’t make it through one other day of this life. Then I did make it out of bed …

Last night, I had totally rubbed my **hand** and arm with salves for blood circulation and the veins, and this morning my left hand is better, not numb, and it has almost it’s strength.

Something odd came to my mind today, walking the field … the **numbness** in my **hand**, it had started when I had asked Bob (after his physical death) to hold hands with me! I had talked about that often, crying … and many times I had asked him *to hold my hand now*, that we are together, and to show me that he is walking next to me, even though I can’t see him … and that’s when my hand went numb. And it’s the left hand, so my “more important hand” (I must mention that I just felt a squeeze in my neck, writing this, and that was one of the last things Bob did, massage and squeeze my neck, in 2018) … so maybe Bob the discarnate did hold my hand. And because the energetic impact it so great, that it kind of caused the numbness …

It’s crazy, I know. But see, if it was some kind of “damage” because of nerves squeeze – how come, that my hand works perfectly for days, has all it’s strength, in the pinkie, in the ring finger, and at other days I can’t even carry a kitchen towel with those fingers?

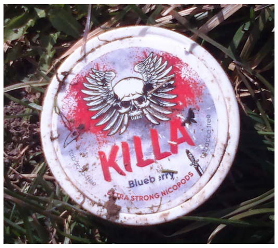
Then I came home from the walk, and it had been so hot, and I was sweating, so I decided to take a shower … and as I stripped naked, I suddenly had very strong feelings of horniness, and I grabbed my underwear and lay down and masturbated briefly and superficially. I climaxed right away – with **Bob right there with me!** He was like actually there! His presence was so close and so clear … so that I **managed** to do what the point of all **Tantric**-exercises is: **to project the energy of my orgasm in the moment of climax to an inner image or goal. I sent the energy to Bob** … *and it was like it was sucked away from me.* It was very intense … and I totally broke out in tears right after it.

Of course afterwards there was more despair about him not being there anymore … but the entire episode was fascinating.

Looking back … *there was a certain “flow” to it, something irresistible.* I don’t masturbate normally. Have no urges. Haven’t had for years. I got to say, in those weeks on Maui with Bob, though, even though physically he looked horrible, I kind of “felt” and “saw” him as his younger version. That was strange, and I told him that. And he found it interesting. So today … after I had chosen some dumb erotic scenes to get myself “into the mood”, Bob came into my mind and it was all about him. Irresistible, did I mention?

Wow.

And there is one other thing. I found another “**skull**” during my walk. Along with the *words “extra strong”.* I like to walk in nature, because … even though I’m not able to “not think” or “empty my mind” as it would be useful to “receive” inner messages … I end up seeing things … like a cut down hazelnut shrub got me a view of the **blooming Alder tree from above** … like one wouldn’t ever see *except one was a bird!*

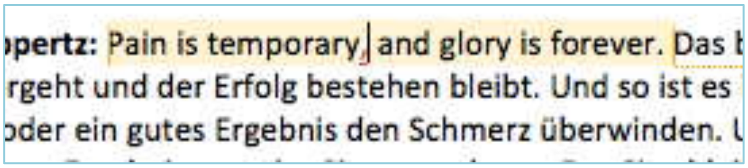


So I got a view from above … onto very earthly spring-related plants … it struck me, in a heart-pounding way … Just like … **lines crossing** in the sky seem to appear always when I’m in some kind of intense state of … well, of insightfulness, actually.

Does Bob maybe know now what’s going to happen to me … relating to my “**kuleana**”?

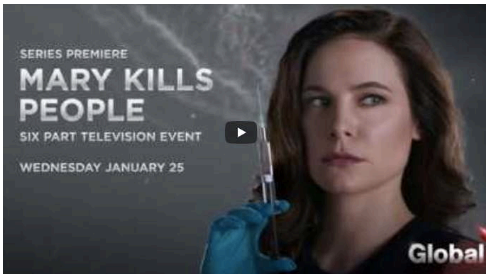
There was a scene in “Homeland”, where the character “Brody” says something like “If this is the last thing I see, that’s fine …” “Brody” is also show in a wondrous moon-shot:

Also, I got a **text** to edit today from the agency, with a message for me … some athlete said …



pertz: Pain is temporary and glory is forever. Das
rgeht und der Erfolg bestehen bleibt. Und so ist es
der ein gutes Ergebnis den Schmerz überwinden.

Yey, just found an interesting TV-mini-series (an ad after a "Bull"-installment): "***Mary Kills People***", about an ER-doctor who, at night, ***helps terminally ill people to die on their own terms***. Hallelujah! So gonna watch that! (I thought it was some crime dumbness, but this sounds cool.)



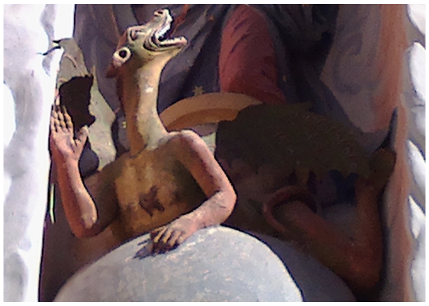
March 11, 2020

Just discovered the TV-series "***Mary Kills People***" … yey.

Took Jacqui for a dusk walk … and the perfect sky-shark showed up, made from a single cloud, just there, were the last rays of the sun could it … spectacular and clear. And I didn't have my cellphone with me. So no picture. But I talked to Bob, and every time I said "Stoneman" I had the feeling that I was talking to him directly, as if he was next to me, living and breathing. Looking at the skyshark I thought about my new small motivation to do some kind of crowd funding or try to find funding in other ways … and I looked at the shark-cloud and said "Hey, how about some cloud funding?!" And Bob and I laughed and said "That's right, cloud funding is perfect … because it's about the "Regents of Clouds", after all." That was so typical *us*. So yes, "crowd-funding" or some other steps are on my mind.

March 12, 2020 – Dogdragonhumancreature

I took a walk with Jacqui along a new route, towards the Stift Griffen, an old sacral building and property … it was nice … no people … and I entered the church yard … and faced the most strange creature I've ever seen … a mix between a **dragon and a dog and a human!**



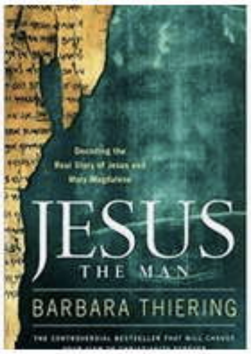
And I was catapulted right back into Hawaiian culture and all my research from back in the day … as in the ancient, the very ancient days, according to traditional lore, to the "mo'o", the dragons or also “chiefs”, dogs were sacrificed. On top of that, I walked by a car with the license plate number “**HA 1**”, and “Ha” is **the sacred breath of life in Hawaiian**.

So strange to see that ***dragon-dog*-thing on the church** … to actually find it … I had to see it … why? I’ll have to ***research*** what it is.

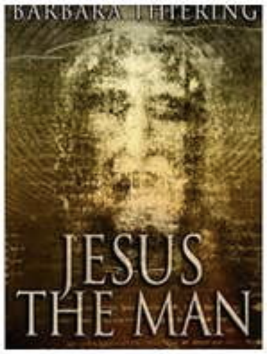
I saw **the “spiritual” artistic expressions** around that sacred traditional site … and I was thinking how strange humans depict … well, themselves.

How they’ve been struggling to understand how things really are … how many of them have been here before, coming from the beyond where they knew it all and then ended up un-conscious in a body again … struggling all over … who has the awareness that I have? Who? I want to meet them!

I was thinking about **Dr. Barbara Thiering** … how she’d worked for decades to lay it all out for people … and how her work was dismissed and has been “forgotten”, ignorance, enforced by those in power … She died in 2016 … the documentary about her work was one of the projects Bob and I had … I just can’t do it now without him. So many things I can’t do … but, so, what is it that I’m actually supposed to you, now, that the “choice” has been narrowed down so drastically?!


Decoding the Real Story of Jesus and Mary Magdalene
JESUS
THE MAN
BARBARA THIERING

Decoding the Real Stor...


BARBARA THIERING
JESUS
THE MAN

Barbara Thiering ...

Nur für
FRIEDHOFSMÜLL
BIOABFÄLLE
GRAS, BLUMEN,
REISIG, STROH …

Right next to the ancient building was a **garbage disposal shack** … and I just was so stunned reading “**bio waste**” next to a cemetery … as I really had to think that all those **human bones** in there were actually bio-waste …

March 13, 2020 – **Mom's Birthday & Many Flashbacks**

Went to visit my mother today, for her birthday, brought her a Bromelia and marzipan sweets and Coconut-chocolate-pastry, and she liked it. We chatted a little, but I think she wanted to get rid of me. She didn't even offer me anything to drink or anything … but I was so glad to see her healthy, and the way she talked sounded more normal than in a long time. And told me that she had gone to a cafe for a cup of coffee! Jesus Christ! That was a nice birthday present for me!

Driving back to Griffen, I saw amazing **license plates**, that "talked to me". For the first time, ever, since I've been owning the car, I switched on the radio … and the few snippets I heard, were all telling … like (in dialect) "**Reach for the stars with me, and burn your fingers**" …! And then I saw "**250 DJ**" on a license plate, and I spontaneously asked out loud "What, are you going to call me?" Because that was Bob's phone number, 250 8030, area code 808. So I just had thought that, I drove by a care with the license plate number "**808 FN**". I was baffled. I thought that "FN" means nothing to me; And then the next car came: "**JO FN 2**". It was like "Here, Jo, FN does mean something too!"

Wow! Does it mean "***phone***"? "FN" sure sounds like it. Does it mean that Bob and I are "talking"? He has been so intensely close, in the last days … and I've been catching myself really doing things the way he would have done them … gestures, motions … Are we merging? I kind of like that.

And the word "**SYLT**" showed up on a parked car in Griffen, too. I saw it the other day on a driving car, too … and island, and I miss my island so much …

March 13, 2020 **– The Sugar Skull**

Watching the **TV-series "Mary Kills People"** and seeing so many people die peacefully, kind of gives me comfort. It's so easy to get rid of the body … the whole subject of assisted suicide is so good for me right now. It kind of makes me appreciate my body more … in a way.

Even though there are many silly things in that series, there are also immensely profound things said and done … ***It's even like talking with Bob about dying, which we haven't done*** … not even on the phone, when he was barely alive anymore, not even his sister did it with him, even though she saw it right there, that he was dying … In a way, we're catching up … we're doing it now, by watching that TV-series together. I regret so much not having helped Bob die. Not having talked with him. I made the same mistake like with my brother Peter. But looking back … I couldn't bring myself to in any way realize or accept the thought that they were actually close to the ends of their lives. I ignored that. I had no concept of that. It's like watching this TV-series is the counter-pole to it all. I saw so many interviews about near-death-experiences, and I've read stories by the disca of how it is in the beyond, and now seeing mortal to consciously shed their bodies … in a TV-series … that's kind of very cool and fulfilling.

I bought today **Oreo-chocolate**, because I thought Bob will want to try it. I'm including him more in "eating" again … because in the series it was mentioned the "Fiesta of the Dead" in Mexico, where it's also about letting the dead partake in the food!

It really feels like a lot of messages coming through this series!

A skull showed up again, in the TV-series, “Mary” brings it home from Mexico as a gift for her little daughter, she calls it a “**sugarskull**” (and it drops into the pool at some point) …

change player
Global

One ***woman, gray-haired***, like I am, sat down on the beach where she had been with her beloved man who was now dead so many times, and she said that she’s sure that “**Every bit of him is still around**” … and she took the drug and died happily.

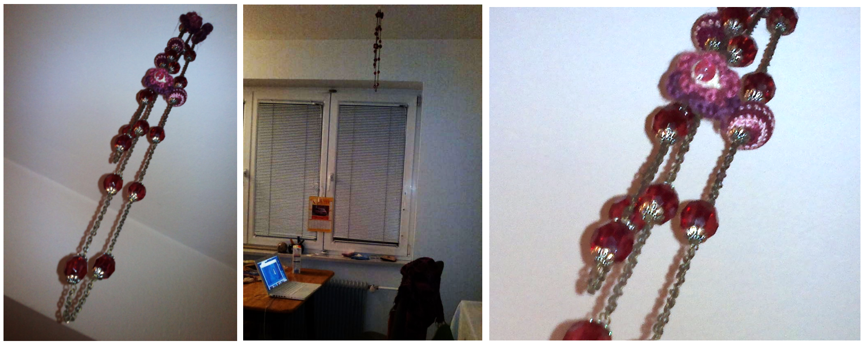
So uncanny, seeing that life-less body on the beach then, just an instant after having talked totally normally, and it becomes so clear in that series *how the body is only a shell* … and the doings of the living compared to the situation of the dead who have really moved on, feels so weird and silly even, in comparison.

I’m just so **glad** I found this series. How? I don’t know. But I’m through season two now, starting season 3. It’s, to me, more about the facts of death than the sometimes silly plot … still, it’s one of the few series ever where I’ve been watching every single episode.

Those people … they talk, they laugh, they drink the drug, and then the body simply is empty. It’s very nice to watch this.

One proverb Mary quoted, as her favorite: “**Dying is a wild night and a new road**“…” Sounds so much like Bob.

Also I realized something strange today … in the early days of my Hawaii trips, before I had known Bob, I was once sitting in a “**kahuna’s** house … and right above me was something ***dangling from the ceiling***, and I was very aware of it … some kind of bright sharp pointed ***crystal*** … the whole situation was strange at that table, back then … and the painting of the shadow of the bird … (I wrote about that in “We Creators of the World”) and magical it was, too, I actually wrote about all of it in “We Creators of the World” … and today, as I was reminiscing some Hawaiian stuff, I suddenly looked up and realize, that ***right above my sitting spot dangles the chain of red ruby crystals*** from the ceiling …



I had myself put up there … because there was a hook in the ceiling, and I had bought the crystal necklace for a movie-project I never made … so suddenly I flashed back to that night with that "kahuna" and how strange it had been facing him, the crystal dangling above my head … and I also remembered that the "kahuna" had died many years ago … and that his wife had said that he had chosen his death and **had consciously died,** or something like that …

Just as I'm writing this I realize (!) how that fits to me watching "Mary Kills People" about that doctor who helps terminally ill people to die in peace and dignity … wow … and also Willie K is terminally ill … it all fits together.

That "kahuna", "**Abraham**", and I don't remember his other names, from Kapa'a … I didn't like him. In a spiritual way. I didn't feel anything good from him. However, that said, he was the one who gave me colloidal silver, I had never heard of it before, and told me how to use the Noni fruit … because in those days I had that ***staph infection*** that no antibiotic could treat … and my breast was rotting and my thing … and I took the silver and the Noni, and it all healed in days … after two years of suffering. I still have the scars.

ALOHA
Welcome to
DOWNTOWN
KAPA'A

So this coming to my mind how **that "kahuna" saved my life**, actually … that's kind of intense right now. It actually just all came back as I was writing … I nearly died of the staph infection, nobody knew what to do with me anymore, I'm entirely antibiotics resistant … and just one more time, years later, when I already was with Bob, I had one more staph flare up, and it ate my eye, and I was declared blind … and then I did my "Hawaiian magic" that I had learned about, and my eye healed over night.

But that's another story … just strange that it all is here and present so clearly right now.

Well, it's also close to a total lock-down because of the "Corona virus 19". Schools, cultural institutions closed, crazy people shopping … it's ridiculous … all over the world, pretty much.

I think my hot flashes I've been having and my hurting left boob has to do with menopause. But I'm not scared at all … I don't worry about that virus. It can't do anything to me, I know it.

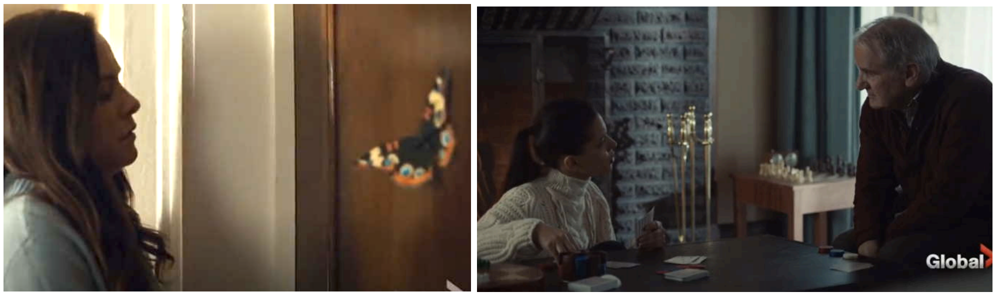
Just seeing how helpless the world is about those opinion makers who want us to freak out … that makes me angry and sad and at the same time kind of motivates me. Just I'm not sure in what way.

In the TV-series "**Mary Kills People**", season 3, episode 2, a character by the name of "**Robert**" is introduced, terminal cancer, and the character "Des" says at some point:

"I think we need to do Robert today … I found him wandering about the property this morning … terminal agitation … He's afraid he's gonna die in his sleep before we get to him …" **No shit**, *Bob, no shit!* You did that, die in your sleep before I could get back to you. I was very baffled, profoundly, when "Bob" showed up in that TV-series, didn't see that one coming … A sanctuary was created, where terminally ill people are officially in "hospice care", but really Mary and her stuff provide the service of assisted suicide for the people to have a dignified death.

Then said character "Nicole", who also runs that **sanctuary**, in the woods, "**I kind of love Robert**." No shit, me too, Robert. ***Crackling*** right now that I wrote this! The first in days! "I'm gonna miss having morning tea with him." Oh yes!

"**Robert deserves a Monarch-butterfly** …" She makes butterflies to put on the doors of people who are scheduled to die on a day.



Oh, I've just the other day seen the first yellow butterfly, a "lemon falter", and I've watched him swirl around and fly off … but he kept coming back to me, until he took off for good …

Later "Des" talks to the man and calls him "**Bob**", *and Robert says "Actually I prefer Robert" and that he never really felt "like a Bob".* Geez! Also, my Bob loved to do a **British accent** … and the TV-Bob does have a British accent!

*(**Note**: Oh wow, this is outright magical. It's **March 12, 202**2 today that I'm editing this for picture size. And this morning – before even looking into this doc, I did this: I grabbed a bunch of **butterfly stickers** that I bought yesterday on a whim, without having looked for them, to put on my birthday present for my mother, and I put them all over my front door! And then I took a walk with my mother, and coming home I decided to do some c. d. editing … and here it is: **Mary with a butterfly on a door,** in **a story about** – **Bob**! So this means … everything is in the right order. I'm talking two years from that place in time when I put the image of Mary and the butterfly in this c. d., that I even watched that amazing series … thanks Bob, good one. Butterfly image right – **2 years later, my own door!**)*

March 14, 2020 **– Bob, the Hut and The Sanctuary**

I really hope that people will read all of this one day, just because of the striking synchronicities that are happening in my existence relating to Bob's … this morning, I was in for a very very big surprise.

Last night, I had watched more of "Mary Kills People", and in season 3, they have created a sanctuary, camouflaging as a hospice, where they end the lives of terminally ill people upon their requests. The character "Robert" was a center figure of the events …

but only this morning did I realize how much that was my Bob.

Already in about 2013 my Bob had been strangely weak and exhausted, often, and I know it had to do with his inability to strip off the burden of the project "Taylor Camp" that went on and on because of a never satisfied producer … and there was an acquaintance of Bob's, Raffaele, whose sister Filomena was said to have been a saint, in a Catholic way … long story short: Raffaele had discussed with Bob to create some kind of **sanctuary** on Maui, *where Bob also could live his days out* … and I remember being very upset about that, because *why would Bob even entertain such a thought*? And how dare Raffaele even think that Bob consider living in a sanctuary? To me, that was the utmost disrespect toward Bob … who had to find out a few years later that Raffaele really was not a good person. I had told Bob so many times, and he'd been glad, because he'd suspected that Raffaele had a dark side, but Bob had to learn it the hard way, and to me it was no satisfaction that I could have said to Bob "told you so".

The sanctuary (meant to be based on the "blessed water" that actually had been Filomena's thing, but Raffaele tried to keep it going after his sister's death, who had the reputation of being a saint because of returning from brain-death and what seemed actual death … but that's a different story …) … so that "sanctuary" was never created.

So that's the one aspect. Related to that … I've been talking with Bob about that (!) very matter, the sanctuary in the last days several times, it kept coming to my mind, strangely … I even looked up Raffaele …

The other aspect … about how the fate of "**Robert**" in the TV-show and my Robert's fate kind of synchronize …

The fact that Bob had spent **ten days in a cabin in the snowy woods** with a woman in 2013/2014 had on one hand hurt me very much, because Bob and I hadn't even ever spent one day together, just us, on a holiday or such, but also I had thought that Bob had finally found his soulmate and love, because he'd do that for her, when he hated cold so much. They broke up soon after, and nothing that Bob had imagined happened in that cabin, no sex, no relationship progress, and she turned out to be different than he had thought and that I had thought. And Bob's reluctance to keep up their "dating" via online communication after she had kept him at bay even though he had spent that time in the cabin, had disappointed her, but it was based on his disappointment about her and some kind of sobering up.

When I arrived in 2014 Bob told me about her and showed me a picture of them, a beautiful woman, and they looked so close and sweet together … and Bob has never had a photograph of him and me on his computer desktop.

So this morning, I have the feeling that Bob had responded to my questions and some of my pressing thoughts about him, and maybe they have been pressing because something like the storyline of "Bob" in "Mary Kills People" was about to come up … I was lead to that TV-series for Bob to "talk" to me.

Remember the Bob's-phone-number-plates yesterday, and the feeling that this meant that Bob would contact me, "call" me in the sense of "ET phone home"? No actual phone call, but a clear message nonetheless? I had those moments when I held my breath when I saw the license plate numbers, they seemed so significant.

So in episode 2 of season 3 it feels like Bob is acknowledging what I'm thinking and dealing with …

Because I suddenly realized:

The character "**Robert**" who was suffering from terminal colon cancer was spending his time in the **sanctuary**, and it was winter, and there was a **cabin in the woods**, *the entire sanctuary was just like I had always imagined Bob's retreat with that woman back then*.

The *TV-Bob didn't want to die without looking into the eyes of the woman who he felt safe with, Mary.* In our case, **I had to come to be with Bob like in the old days one more time**, and he told me that he loved me and regretted everything of the past that kept us apart. In the TV-series, the woman running that sanctuary has an uncanny resemblance with that beautiful friend of my real Bob's … and it was **when I saw her run through the snow calling "Robert!**" that I realized how the threads are tied together!

Bob had always been obsessed with colon cleansing, and it was a problem often, his obsession with his bowel movements. That was related to his psoriasis, as he believed that cleansing would help. The TV-Bob was supposed to die but wanted to wait for the woman in whose eyes he wanted to look while dying.

So he waited. But she didn't show up in time, because she didn't know about Bob's wish. And when she came, Bob was no more.

He had wandered out **into the forest close to the cabin** and died in the night, **frozen to death**, so he was found dead, and nobody had noticed that he had died. And that's what happened to my beloved Bob. His life had become cold, he had found his sanctuary in his final disease, and then he slipped away, … in the film leaning against a tree, half lying on the ground, in the snow, and in real life lying on the floor, wrapped in the white comforter Joyce had just bought for him.

And now remember this? **The frozen bed?** And how it relates to Bob's and my real story?

See, how everything intertwines …

The tree … in winter 2018 Bob had asked me to **hug a tree** for him … in February I did, in the snow … and back then I had realized that he was really ill, as he had for the first time told me about his "health challenges".

On top of everything, the sanctuary's name is "**Joys**", I don't know how they spell it, but it suddenly hit me, when the TV-Bob talked about "being at Joy's", that real Bob's sister's name is **Joyce**. And he spent the last days of his life in the care of Joyce … and the TV-Bob spent the last days of his life also in a place that sounds like that name, even though it's written differently. Bob spent his last days in the care of Joyce. Like the TV-Bob. Geez … you see what's happening here? Now … that's why I hope people will read this book.

Later, the character "Des" says, after another character says that she is sorry about Robert: **"He didn't want anything except not to be alone."** Yes, I know that was the case with my Bob too. Just that he didn't share that with me.

Seeing that TV-Bob freeze to death alone at the cabin in the snow, kind of means, to me, that at the time that Bob was with that woman in the cabin in the woods, he already knew that there was not enough "warmth" for him. Months later I was on Maui with him … and I had to help him finalize "From Trauma To Peace", a film project he had begun and had been paid for, but was unable to finalize, due to all kinds of distress. I had come to Maui to shoot the comedy "Ka Nui Puckerfiddle" with him, but we never got to that, because I had to make that film for Bob. He paid me for it. We had good days and weeks in those three months … but after returning home to Vienna, I wrote an entire list of questions for Bob for him to let me know once for all why he disliked me so much … and I had felt so clearly that he was more distant than ever. Every disappointment with another woman again affected his attitude towards me, that's what I know now.

Still, leaving in July 2014, I stood facing Bob at the airport at Kahului, and I **kissed** him directly on the lips, and he leaned in, and he gave me that long and wondering look … and *that was the last time I saw the real Bob.* Four years later, I only met what was left of his body and mind.

And **today, I met Bob again** … in the gestalt of the **TV-character Bob, terminally ill of cancer, in the sanctuary in the cabins in the woods,** *who had waited for a woman he trusted to comfort him but then died without her being there because his soul couldn't wait any longer.*

Another point in the story: His cancer illness was *terminal*. No way to cure it.

"I'm gonna miss having morning tea with him." Said the character "Nicole". Oh, yes. That has been an ongoing thing between Bob and me, after his death. Us having coffee together, and we'd always talk about how we were looking forward to the "**hot black**", that's what Bob called his coffee. We didn't drink tea in the morning … but, in the last weeks I've been buying various **teas** and sharing with Bob … and I swear to God, yesterday, before watching that TV-series, I stood there, at **my meager tea-choice** and recalled the collection of teas that Bob always had. He loved to mix all kinds of teas together … just in the mornings, it was always coffee.

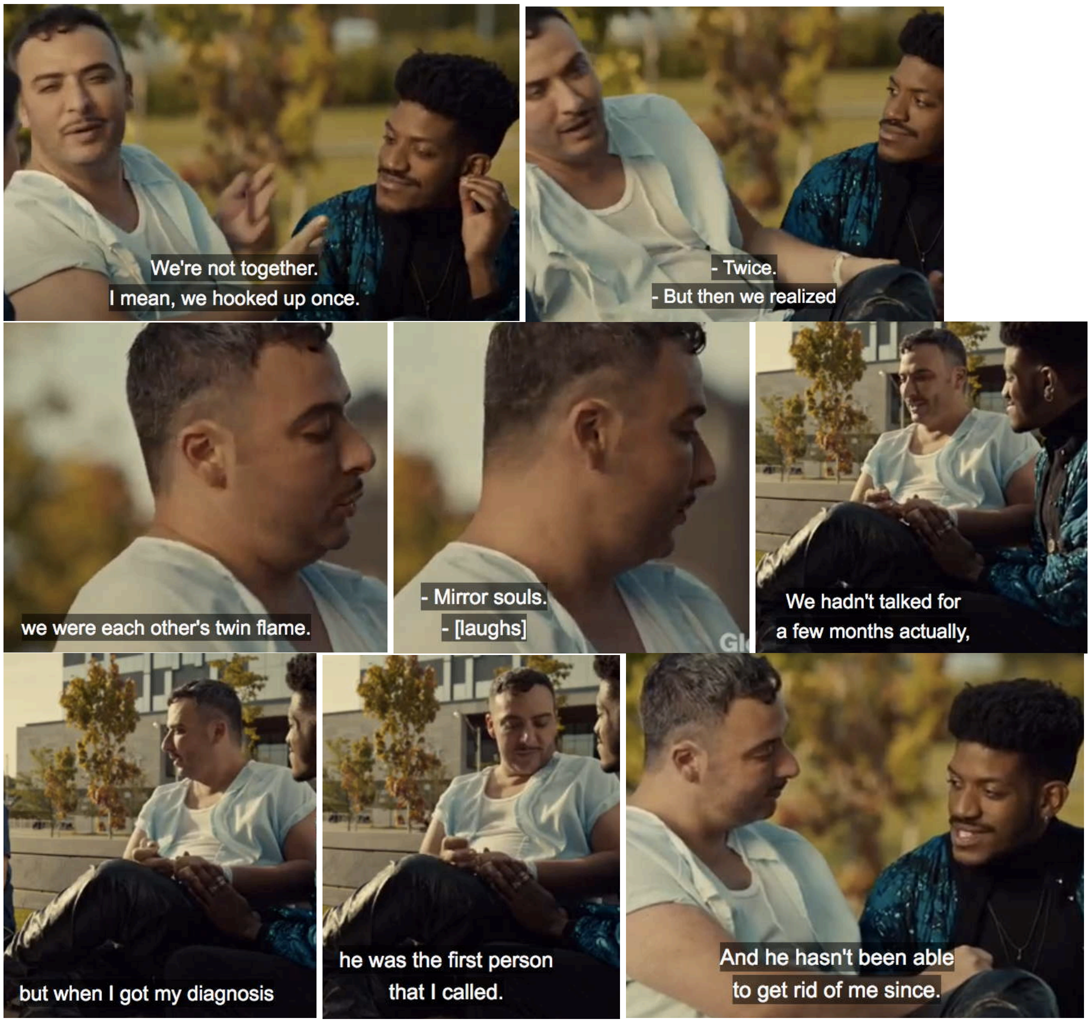
In his last weeks, I'd brew all kinds of strong **teas**, special herb combination experiments …

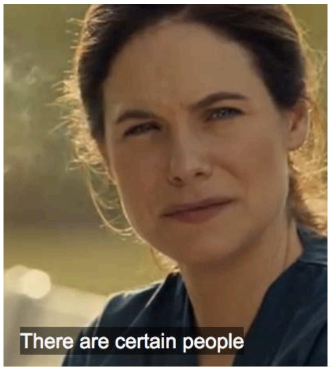
And one of the last things *Bob wrote back to me, by email*, in the weeks before his passing, was a response to me telling him how to combine certain teas, like Ribwort Plantain and Stoneclover, "**So many recipes … but then, there are so many days**". No, there were not many days for you left, Bob. But I do share the taste of my teas with Bob every day … and I know now that I must do it more intensely. And I share my morning "hot black" with him, because I miss so much doing it with my beloved Bob in real life.

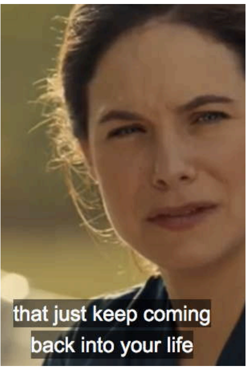
I do feel that the **message** of this morning is probably *the most elaborate and profound ever. Also in terms of showing me the means of* ***communication via synchronicity*** *once again.* The TV-series' season 1 was released in 2017. So time as we mortals know it … is of no relevance in the beyond.

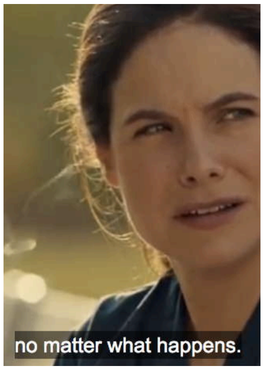
It's at the same time breathtaking and baffling and even numbing, to think over these events … and how they fit together.

Here is one more aspect of "Mary Kills People" … the **relationship** of two people of who one is dying, and how it resembles Bob's and mine … what they say could just be said about us:


We're not together.
I mean, we hooked up once.
- Twice.
- But then we realized
we were each other's twin flame.
- Mirror souls.
- [laughs]
We hadn't talked for
a few months actually,
but when I got my diagnosis
he was the first person
that I called.
And he hasn't been able
to get rid of me since.

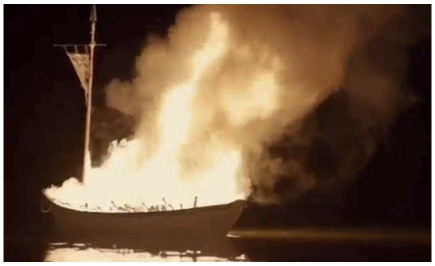






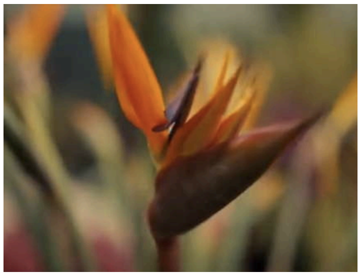
One of the characters, “**Grady**”, ends up being killed, having been one of the bad guys, but him lying there … **just so similar to Bob**.

Even the subject of the **cremation** that I wasn’t able to witness, not even from afar, because Joyce screwed up was there … a dead man being **burned** ritually on a **boat** on the water …



… just imagining that’s Bob … maybe it would have been his wish … Some other character had a **beautiful end-of-life-celebration** … and I was thinking how lovely that is, before one’s death … not after it, for the ones staying behind, like it’s the custom … how much better to do with the dying person! But for that, the fact of dying must be acknowledged …

Even the flowers I adopted from a dump in fall were featured … they are growing in my kitchen now … **“birds of paradise”.**



I wish I could share all of this with the world. I want to do it, and in this day and age it has to be by a widely spread means of mass influence, and that’s … a film blockbuster. “Regents of Clouds”, followed by

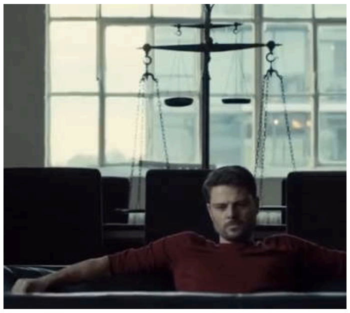
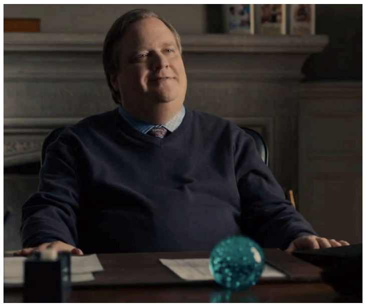
“Creators of Stone” and then “Masters of Choices”.

But the way it looks now … how could that ever be possible?

Wow!

Just now, I was going to get back to watching “Mary**”, a very strong intense herbal smell** entered my nose … I know about the possibility of olfactory memories being triggered by thoughts about smells … but I didn’t imagine anything … and a I’m sitting still and writing this, there is a very strong **smell** still coming in waves, and it’s a mix of **Basil and Thyme** … My windows are all closed, there is no Basil or Thyme or any kind of herb around me, not open, nothing, no tea next to me. That smell just occurred … it’s still here …. I smell it.

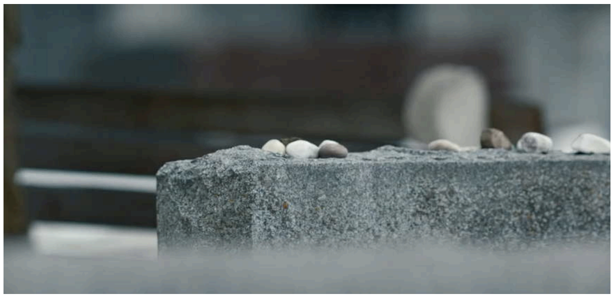
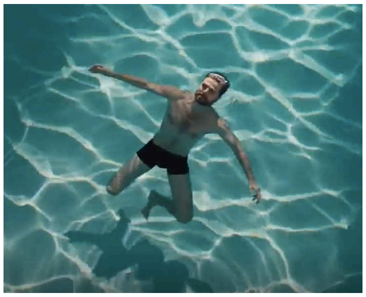
Some other strangely familiar things in “Mary Kills People” … the **scales** (Bob was a Libra) and a **teal colored ball** … I’ve been seeing those balls recently, since I’ve found mine ….

Something funny, too … during Jacqui’s and my walk at St. Kollmann today, I found a big fat **yellow bell pepper,** which was strange …

… and then there were **small white stones** lying in an unusual place …

… and they **showed up** in “*Mary Kills People*”, too …

The **man in the water** … that’s exactly like a famous painting of **ocean reflections** by a Japanese artist that I saw on Maui on the day I got to know Willie K and saw him for the first time and when I received the red snail necklace as a gift …

Also, during the walk to St. Kollmann and back, I also found a **pink glove of a child** … and then, a very uncanny **giant shark cloud** …

March 14, 2020 **– Back on the Map, the Pig & the Bunny**

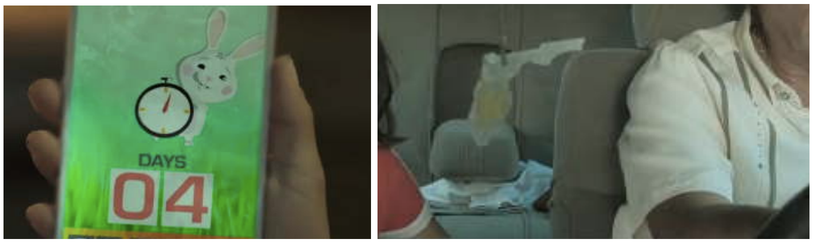
Opened the first best comedy categorized movie I found, “**Ana**”, because I like the actor Andy Garcia, and he reminds me of Bob. So one of the first things that a character says, is something like “We’re putting Puerto Rico **back on the map**”. Putting himself back on the map … that’s what Bob said to me all the time in our last conversations.

Houston
San Antonio
Orlando
Tampa
Miami
ICO
Havana
Mexico City

Then … **a guy lead a brown pig on a leash** … and just today, after the walk to St. Kollmann, I went to the **wild pig** and fed him an **apple** (again).

She was standing up on the cage, but when I called her and she recognized me, she came right to me. She was so sweet and happy to eat that apple … I broke it in four pieces and she munched it. *I was wondering how it would be to have this big brown wild pig on a leash* … and then I saw one, just now, in that movie!

Plus … the little girl, Ana, pulls out a large cellphone like Bob had and shows it to the character Rafa … and there is a **rabbit** (!) and **the number 4** (!) on the display!



And there was something else special … Rafa has kind of lucky charm on his front mirror, and it has a weird form, it's supposed to be Florida … but it also looks very much like the strange **shark-cloud-wood** I found the other day!

And something else: The name of the director of photography is "Michael **Marshall**". And that reminds me of the poor little puppy next door named Marshall all the time. He sits in front of the door, lone, nobody walks him or does anything with him! The neighbors shake their heads and say that it's "so sad", but nobody does anything. My landlady and hubby – nothing! They have a precarious relationship with their daughter and her husband, I have realized that much …

So they are driving along a coast that looks so much like Maui.

DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY
MICHAEL MARSHALL

But here comes the real big deal: Remember the **Olivine rocks**, and that *Bob and I never made it there together?* They are next to **the big blowhole of Kahakuloa on Maui**. And guess what? The character Rafa takes the little girl Ana to see a **blowhole**!

(That's the Maui version of it.)

And the road to there ***and all resembles Maui so much*** … of course, it's also on an island! And then, when they are standing there …

I was just thinking how *I used to be just like that girl,* same hair, same slim boyish figure, and often a red T-shirt … and the guy Rafa is just like Bob … I could cry right now. I just don't even want to think about handling life without him. I hear him all the time … things he used to say are all over my mind all the time … in his voice, not in mine … it's like I'm **flooded** with memories right now. Like I'm still there. Like I am just about to travel over there and walk right into our beloved housie and Bob would be there.

And yes I'm crying right now. Watching all those people die on *"Mary Kills People"* was kind of … I don't know … putting things in a different kind of … shape … there was one woman who simply didn't see any reason to live after her husband had died, and I so totally got it how life just had lost it's spark … I look into the mirror and I'm wondering just how I should possibly "find myself" and why …

My mother has no interest in me. Maybe I hoped yesterday that she'd mention my birthday after all … she always talks about everyone's birthday, but not mine. She didn't offer me a water or a coffee, she never gets anything for me, no piece of chocolate, nothing. Yesterday I saw that so clearly. Yes, I'm glad that she is fine. I might as well die, she wouldn't notice. It's all about her her her, just like it always was. She asked me, as a joke, when I'd introduce my new man to her … she is so close to crossing the line … sometimes I think she only plays a role for me … she suddenly got up and told me she wanted to see my car. But she wanted me out … after less than one hour.

So, like the many people in *"Mary Kills People*", I really have nobody. But I was thinking today that even in the years before Bob died, I would go for months without anyone ever checking in on me. I don't remember if Bob even did at least once without me contacting him first. Yes, the he talked that he missed me and how busy he was, but so many months without anyone caring, and even years where I might have died and nobody would have noticed.

March 15, 2020 – Corona Farce

Full lockdown in Austria because of a virus that has only "killed" older people, mostly, who had already been in physical bad shape. It's beyond ridiculous. How helpless one suddenly is, not allowed to go where one wants, no socializing, no culture, no gatherings … because of authorities who either don't know shit about that virus or who are supporting a fucked up game. Both, I'm sure. Makes you wanna crap on everything.

I kind of **dreamed** of ***vomit spread out in front of me*** … in a pinkish setting … and, well, I started to watch "Breaking Bad", and "Walter" vomits in the desert.

Huh. The dream was actually very interesting and intense … but I didn't write it down. Sucks.

March 16, 2020 – Meeting with Bob and Bruno

Tonight was the night … and today is the day that I can't wait to die. I'm not suicidal, I'm honest.

I was with Bob tonight. I was. When I think about it right now, it's s real as if he was just sitting next door and would walk into the kitchen in an instant. As if I only had to look to the side and reach out, and he'd be there. As if he was actually closeby, ***dense and warm as a body***. That's the feeling I have. That's what the dream was like … and the impression has not changed. It's close to my very self, it's clear and real, inside of me, in my hear, it fills my chest and my mind … it's like Bob is a reality. I have the feeling that it has to do with a very very intense episode last night, when I opened the cabinet and noticed a **very strong smell of coffee**. It's a **new coffee**. Bob and I loved coffee together. I didn't mean to make coffee … but I just had to **grab the coffee-jar and sniff at it,** and it occurred to me that this strong smell must immediately be projected to Bob and shared with him. It was almost like he was standing next to me, invisible, but sticking his invisible nose towards the coffee jar, asking me to sniff at it and share. It was a irresistible urge. And I obliged.

And then it happened … that I had a very close and intense feeling that I had "reached" Bob, that the ***projecting*** *the fragrance towards* him worked well. He felt like "being me", like being here … and I did it several times. I also projected the wonderful smell out *to "**anyone** who likes it",* and immediately the images of Betty and Stewart White and of my brother Peter came.

(I got to admit, today was the first time that I considered doing some education and training in mediality, although that has never been remotely an option to me, so far.)

So … well, I have to do the smelling right now … hang on.

Okay, did it again. And again … I felt like I could, somehow, reach out again. Not as intensely as yesterday, but … also today, during my walk, I had the thought that smell could, actually, be a veritable means to reach the disca … I sure "did" something yesterday, because then I had that amazing encounter! **I touched Bob!** His chest! He was right there! And it was absolutely real … but in the way that in the dream I knew that he was dead and that I was touching a discarnate being! *(Note/edit: Editing this part I realize how all that "reaching" and "encountering" must sound for people who have no interest in the facts of the survival of consciousness like the insane ideas of a grieving older woman. Well, be my guest. One day, you'll know better.)*

So I had that **dream** tonight, of being in Hawaii and driving around all the places I knew with Bob and where we used to be around … but they were not actually real places, they only *resembled* places on Maui and other islands that we visited, but strangely, they also resembled places I've already visited in other dreams!

And there was a blond woman, younger than me, resembled a journalist named Birgit I once knew, but only vaguely, and I knew I had to explain to her a project that Bob did … She was a singer, at a hotel … and I spent time roaming that hotel, but I don't know what I was looking for … oh, yes, there was somebody, just now I remember, a young man, as it seems, with much black hair? And I was shooting a video … but I was – in the dream! – flashing back to my times doing video production with Bob, but at the same time, I was so sad in the dream, because I knew that Bob was dead. but I just couldn't wrap my head around the whole thing … because somehow I expected Bob to be there, ***but I knew that couldn't be, but at the same time I also know that it could be and had to be, and that I had to just do the right thing!***

The problem was not that I couldn't figure out in my dream what I was supposed to remember, what kind of project it was that Bob had done in his lifetime and how it related to me and what I was doing there …. I was aware in my dream that I was trying to "find" something in my dreamstate that actually belonged to my wake mind! I realized that while dreaming … I kind of floated in and out of dreaming, **I was kind of awake** … my dog kept coming to me, once he even whined, I must have been really vivid …

So in the **dream** *I was so sad like I am in real life*, and Bob was dead, the dream-me knew that … but it was more intense, because I was in Hawaii *where I should be with Bob*. He was gone forever, that's what I knew and that was what I **talked** about with that woman … *and while dreaming I was aware that it wasn't real* … and suddenly, **Bob showed up**. And here is the strangest thing: ***In my dream I knew that I must have reached a level of detachment from my body so that Bob could make himself seen*** in a way that my subconscious would later remember.

To prove that he was real he placed himself in front of me, and he had **a bare chest.** It was very smooth and soft, even kind of feminine. He smiled down on me, with his face having some kind of expression of *expectancy*, as if he ***was curious about my reaction*** to him offering me his bare chest … Oh I had loved his real life bare chest, much hairier than in my dream, but so bulging and strong … and there was *a tiny bunch of white hair on his chest*, right in the middle … and I was so touched by the sight of it … somehow, though, there was a sense of urgency … and Bob at some point showed up next to me, at some distance at the same time while he still was facing me, offering for me to touch him. And I touched his chest and his arms … and he was so warm and so strong and healthy and young …

And while dreaming (!) I thought that the discarnates can, after all, be anything they want, and Bob wanted to show me that he was totally fine.

He didn't speak, but it was as if we were communicating anyway … and I knew that ***I was supposed to pick something up***, but *I couldn't*. It was kind of messy. I was somehow pulled away, and yet, I held on to **the view of Bob** as long as possible. It wasn't just the touching with my hand that was the "***closeness***". There was much more. It was like the entire situation, the thoughts of the projects, the places themselves, where we were, had meaning. *And in my dream I knew that Bob had taken effort to show himself to me.* And that it wouldn't last.

I have the feeling there was some other man involved, but it's not clear in my mind right now … I just was so happy, so intensely happy that we had managed to get in touch … I knew that it was a big deal, and that I was supposed to hold on to this. Bob was there … it was Bob, he was a bit "different", and I was different too, because I was visiting there … and I needed to leave and couldn’t hang on longer.

(Note/edit: Reading this, I’m aware that it can sound like a reflection of what I’ve read in the Whites’ books or in the story of “Stephen” and what they shares about “visiting the beyond” as a mortal. I can’t prove that if it wasn’t some story that my subconsciousness made up because it had nothing better to do. To my mind and in my assessment, this was my personal experience, it was Bob and me.)

So I woke up … with the full impression of Bob being next to me, and it has been lingering, and it’s still there, although it’s ten hours later …

I touched Bob. I touched him in a way that was not “real” but that my subconscious turned into something resembling reality … The touching included the sorrow, the grieving, the places in Hawaii, because all of that kind of was the premise for our meeting. That’s what it felt like. I know that I was with one foot in the beyond, and that maybe the coffee-connection had made that possible. It was intense and it feels like an effort, from Bob’s part, too.

At some point … sort of, everything slipped away … and I found myself in my real life room. And the *first thing I thought* was “That’s like a near-death-experience, coming back from the beyond.” *(Note/edit: Let’s not forget, I’ve been “trained” in a way, too, in the last months to be aware of “special” states and experiences!)*

While I woke up, my body felt so … non-substantial for a moment. I stared at the wall, the window, it was all strange … but the thought that I didn’t want to return went away right away, when I saw my dog sitting there looking at me, waiting for me to come back and … be back. I’m back. For him.

I also kind of remember the dream of the night before … maybe the same younger blond woman was there? And there was an insect, a butterfly, but a brown one … and somehow I chased it and wanted to touch it … but it would fly away – and then straight towards me. And as I stretched my hand out, the butterfly grew into some kind of tall man, but at the same time it was only a wooden stick … with the wings still attached. But the wooden-stick-man was alive, and he also kept flying … towards a swamp or pond, closeby, to the left (actually that resembles the place where I walked today), with lilies or lotos flowers … and there was some kind of … maybe event location, because other people were in the background, and it felt like they were watching me and waiting to see what I’d do about that butterfly … My notes about that dream state that there were two women and the police? No idea what that was. It’s barely there, anymore, that dream … something about me flying, too …

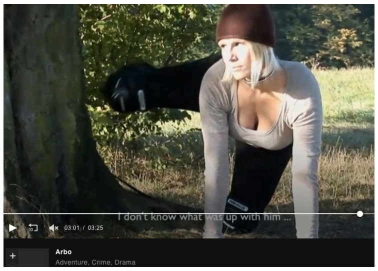
But **tonight’s meeting with Bob**, that feels like a real memory, something, that can’t slip away because it was not a dream. It feels like an actual encounter. It feels like it’s all good because he was there. He is only … out right now. He an even be traveling. But he will be back with me. We’ll be together. For real. That’s what it feels like. It’s like my mind has now “forgotten” that he is dead, when I think about that meeting … him, being there, smiling, happy that I was happy, at the same time, though, he was alert and somehow ***cautious*** … Yes, that’s clear right now. Very cautious … as if he had to take care that I wouldn’t’ overreact or do something … I don’t remember what he did when I saw him on the right side … he was busy. Moving around. Talking, laughing … but not directly to me, but in relation to me. And at the same time I felt like I was supposed to recall some real life business of him … but I couldn’t. And it was.

Today I saw a yellow Zitronenfalter and a Tagpfauenauge on my path … both danced right in front of me and then went away …

And then, something else happened, today.

I took Jacqui to our **creek-forest-path** … in the sunshine, very nice day, barely people because many are afraid of the virus and government pretty much told everyone to stay at home … but really not all stick to that. And it’s permitted to go for walks, but “alone” or with a dog.

So the **small brown dog,** who has accompanied Jacqui and me several times before, waited for us on the path near the creek. So Jacqui was happy to see him and the little guy really followed us again. I had to change my intended route again, because without him we’d have crossed the highway, but that was too dangerous, if he should decide on the way to return and then cross on his own.



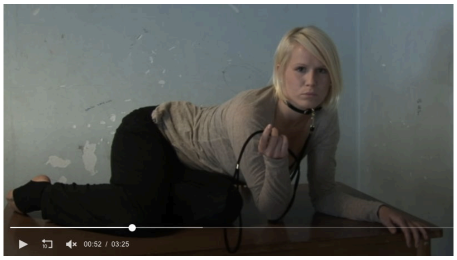
I don’t know what was up with him ...

So we went along the forest path, Jacqui felt more secure with a buddy … and I kept thinking what the dog’s name could be. So I called him all kinds of silly names, like “little dumpling”, “Knödi” and “Burli”, “little boy”.

A man then came along, with a black dog, “Lucy”, on the leash … and little boy saw her and immediately got berserk. I told the man that it’s not my dog … and we tried to quiet him … and then the man said that he thinks he knows the dog, and he called him “**Bruno**”.

And I called him “Bruno”, and he obeyed right now.

The special thing about it is, that I made a feature film, in 2011, entitled **“Arbo”**, *to honor my brother who had died of cancer and all people who die senseless deaths*, and one of the plotlines is a blind man who leads a dog, and the dog is played by an actress, and through statements we learn that the dog is so totally sure that her own knows where he leads her, while the owner believes the dog leads him! And during the entire film, *the owner says only one word, repeatedly*, **the dog’s name**, and that is … you guessed it: **Bruno.**



So there. What is that supposed to tell me? Bruno on my way? Only Bob knows about that film-dog … and the actresses and actors of the film. And of all dog names, it’s Bruno for a little dog who trusts me that much to go deep into the forest with me and back.

Okay. Got it. I’m … observed.

Bob is here.

With me. Not sure if that’s comfort. But for sure it motivates me to … I don’t know … do a lot of shit before I die. **In Bob’s name. In Hawaiian**, there is the sentence after every song or prayer, and it says “in honor of so and so”, “**He inoa no Bob**”. In the name of Bob.

Well, one day I’ll see it from their side what it’s like to try and connect with Inca …

For now, **the crossing lines in the sky** must do … expressing what Betty had reported from the beyond.

March 16, 2020 **– Boobs! The ultimate realization!**

So. Now I just got baffled shitless. Seriously. Fucking. Awesome.

Okay. I came back from the evening walk with the dog, and I’m actually quite exhausted from all the editing today … I had barely managed to write down these notes for the contact diary … and suddenly, without even thinking, I said, like a gazillion times before in the last days “Boobs”. Not just a regular “Boob!”, but “**Boobs**!” in the way the guy from “**Honest Trailers**” says, *that voice-over that gets me smiling every time.* Yes, I have laughed out loud watching “Honest Trailers”, I have. Bob would have gotten such a kick out if it … “Honest Trailers” are spoofs on movies and at the same time really honest reviews … and the guys keeps saying “***Boobs***!” (actually: “Bewbs”) and “***Aaaabs***!” and also “***Dudes***!” … it’s just hilarious. *I’ve been saying it out loud all the time for weeks now*, just because Bob liked it when I did “voices*”. And I had said to him several times that I so much would love for him to* ***proof to me that he hears it and likes it.***

And today he showed me his bare chest. His bare smooth nearly **hairless chest, bulging and kind of feminine.** With such a soft skin.

And that when I had been asking him to kind of acknowledge how funny it is when the “Honest Trailer”-guy says “**Booooobs**”, as if he was saying “**Bewbs**”, and I know that Bob was able to say just that, too … Bob was the voice-over of countless commercials on Cable Vision, and wow, how often have I heard him record voice-overs.

OFFICIAL CHANNEL OF THE EPIC VOICE OF
HONEST TRAILERS
HONEST TRAILER
JON BAILEY
0:00 / 0:44
1.3K
26
SHARE
SAVE

HONEST TRAILER EPIC VOICE - JON BAILEY OFFICIAL CHANNEL

266,461 views • Apr 27, 2015

He loved to ***spoof*** the general movie-intro “***In a world***”, said in that growly tone … I think that voice-over guy who used to do that, is a disca, too.

And today, he appeared to me and presented me his bare chest. His boobs.

His man-boobs.

I just don’t even know how to express what I’m feeling now …

And many times these days I really feel that without Bob, this mortal realm is lost for me. But I can’t kill myself, and I have a “kuleana” … I was thinking to myself that Bob went all the way, got deadsick, went through it on his own, until the end, when I came into play … and then he graduated. I should be happy for him. I’ll graduate one day. Still … I’m here, and it feels unbearable so often.

Today I met a jogger, some much younger guy, thin, and he stopped when the dogs ran into his way … and he kind of seemed to want to keep chatting … and all I could think about was “You’ve got no fucking clue, man, who you’re talking to …”

When the thought came to me, right after me having said “Boobs” out loud, while making tea … *I suddenly stood with my mouth open with that realization,* because with the word “Bewbs” came the image of Bob standing in front of me, in my **dream**, smiling, with that kind of expecting look, and *I was there facing his boobs, me eyes on boob-level* … and I didn’t know what to think of it. So I gently touched his chest, kind of on the side and his arm … and the middle, with the tiny white-gray hair-lock.

Oh wow.

So I stood, looked into the kitchen and said “You’re really here”. And I sat down to wrote this. But that’s weird, too, because if they are really here, if he is here … shouldn’t I … like, do stuff with them? It’s still empty, the room. I see the air, as always. The high pitched tone in my ear keeps getting loud at time … then subsides.

Actually, now that I think about it … last night, it started right when I went to bed. And it was very loud. Also, it didn’t go away. I woke up several times, and it was still there. I decided to ignore it. At some point, it was gone. But it sounded clear and loud. It came on suddenly, without any reason. I thought, well, maybe I have a brain tumor or an aneurism … but then, maybe I’m simply hearing some frequency that are “leaking in” from beyond the barrier.

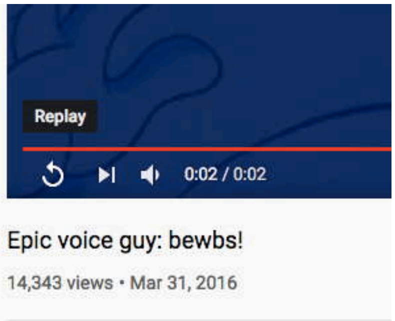
It sounds odd, but I think that’s what it is.

Because then *Bob showed up and bared his chest for me* … **in his way saying “Boobs”.**

Of course, now I can say that this is my subconscious fabricating some gratifying experience, after me loving that word “Boobs” and wishing Bob and I had seen those “Honest Trailers” together and me asking Bob to acknowledge that he finds it funny, too. It’s possible. I’m making it up … yet, it didn’t feel like it. I could have dreamed – if I had made something up – something much more direct or clear or on the nose … but it didn’t occur to me until just a few minutes ago. And that “dream” was not a dream …

I should check if they have NCIS-honest-trailers, Bob would love that.

Oh, geez, I just checked … and the **“Honest Trailer”-voice guy** has his own tiny recording of the word **“Bewbs”!**



Epic voice guy: bewbs!

14,343 views • Mar 31, 2016

HONEST TRAILER EPIC VOICE - JON BAILEY OFFICIAL CHANNEL

266,461 views • Apr 27, 2015

March 17, 2020 – Coffee Bag

Of all things in the world I found today – **a wrapping bag for coffee beans**. What are the odds? There I was dealing with the question if the intense coffee smell sharing may have been some trigger of inter-realm-communication and enable a connection … then I take a wild route across a meadow, where I have never gone before, and there is no garbage at all, except for a coffee beans wrapping bag.

Okay. Here we go. I’m game for anything. Especially after seeing a **cloud** this morning, that looked like an eye and at the same time like a **piece of a puzzle**.

EDUSCHO
Milde
Natur

Wow. The surprises just don’t end. My landlady greeted me from the first floor today – no contact because of the virus – and she shared with me, as if it had been the most natural thing in the world, that a few weeks ago she had developed Scharlach, **scarlet fever**!

Jesus Christ, it’s *highly contagious*, we live in the same house, and *she didn’t bother to tell me?* Well, now all my fever bouts and the pains in the joints and hips and the bouts of nausea and heart pain and lung pain and the leaden tiredness make sense, I may have had a “Streptococcal rheumatism”! If that thing isn’t discovered or treated, it can lead to heart failure! Okay, is that another chance for me to die? Was it? Well, not on my watch, not now!

I now think I had it … and I went to visit my mother, unknowingly! I must tell that dumb landlady of mine! How fucking irresponsible! She also said that she thought she had the virus … oh, really? Still, not telling me? That streptococcal rheumatism maybe never broke out fully on me, if I had it, because I did take cell salts and ever again a sip of colloidal silver, just because I put it on Jacqui’s wart, and I simply took a sip.

Still … I never felt like that before, I don’t get sick … and menopausal stuff … maybe. But since there is another option now and the symptoms totally fit … well! Last night I decided to take the cell salt Nr. 3, Ferrum Phosphoricum, for the immune system, and I took more colloidal silver … before learning about the scarlet fever in the house.

Only yesterday, when I felt sick, suddenly, even with a bit of a sore throat and dizziness, I took a conscious dose of the colloidal silver … and today, this dumb woman told me that a pupil had infected her! And she was all freaking out because of the virus, when she had been the one carrying around a highly contagious disease! Every contact, via the door knobs, for example, could have infected me. And now that I think about it … she had told me weeks ago how sick the renter in the apartment below me had been, with fever and strange weakness … can all have been from her!

Motherfucking shit … how stupid are people!

March 18, 2020 – **Dropping Stone, Naupaka, Gate & Bone**

So I took a walk today with Jacqui, and this time we made it to the new field, because little Bruno was not around …

and I was thinking how amazing the **clouds** were … as if they really wanted to speak to me … especially the love-making couple … just see for yourself …

There was a **skull-cloud** … quite obviously so … but I didn’t manage to photograph it in time to see it’s full shape … still, you can see it. And the **eternity-sign** … right there, in the sky.

So then I reached the big stone and the site where the small triangular stone stands on the small “ahu”, “altar”. It was hot, there was shade where the small stone stood, so I sat down next to it.

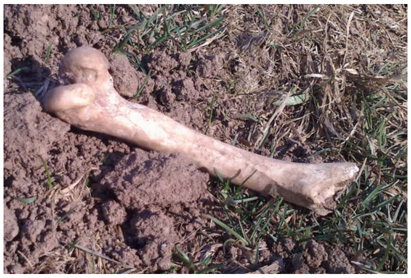
Of course I talked to Bob and said “So, Stoneman, I’m ***sitting down next to you***, is that okay? Are we sitting together …”

And I didn’t even get to end … when the “ahu” tilted under my weight and the triangular stone dropped to my feet – and it **fit** perfectly into that spot there, like the **piece** of a **puzzle**! And I was baffled and a bit spooked, but then Jacqui suddenly took a jump, and I realized that there were thousands of **big fat ants!** And I took off, right away!

I turned to walk back, kind of in thoughts because of the tilted stone … and then found … a **“Naupaka”-thingie**! Not exactly the shape of the two I found last year … but it was a “Naupaka”-flower! There, in the middle of nowhere!

So I photographed it … and suddenly two lady hikers were behind J and me, and I gave way (you know, the virus …) And because of the giving-way, I suddenly faced a **new path into the shrubs**, and curious me want in there. Turned out to be a **fire-place** … quite nice.

So Jacqui and I sat there for a little while, no ants, there, and I was kind of in thoughts … because the situation felt so intense, kind of “off” a little, like spacey … so I got up briskly, and as I was about to go back the same way, I realized that there was something like a “**gate**” in the shrub!



Of course, me and gates … so I went there. Quite the feeling and the view. And as I stepped out from that gate – right in front of me was: a **bone**.

Seriously. A freakin' **bone**.

Of course walking on I had all kinds of thoughts what all that had meant … like … the bone …

All I could think about how that creature who had used that bone was now in the obstructed realm, animal or not … and that nobody would think, looking at the bone, that it was the actual animal. So why are people then standing at graves and think that a person lies in there, when there are *only such bones in that grave*, too? Even worse … some bone meal in an urn?

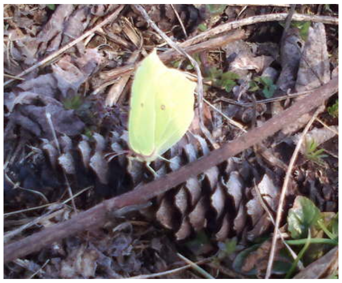
I had to think about my urge to ask Joyce what has happened to Bob's remains … but I somehow can't. Maybe I insulted them with my harsh words a few months ago, but I was only honest.

So in walking on I was thinking … that yes, *I did* ***cause the stone to drop****, but where he fell, he fits in perfectly.* Now he is resting. I also thought that he had been standing like on a pedestal, and that I had gotten him down from it … geez, all kinds of intense thoughts.

In the end, I walked away, the stone is now lying where it belongs … due to my intervention, but it hadn't been my intention to push that stone from the pedestal or "ahu".

And then, the bone … so in the face …

But that wasn't all. I also got a lesson of how it's not a matter of course to "see" things in this obstructed realm. As Jacqui and I were on the way back, I saw a **Lemon butterfly sit on a pine cone in the grass. How did I see it? I don't know?**



I've been noticing a Lemon butterfly accompany me and Jacqui several times in the past days, and today, it was sitting. It did not move. It just sat there and waited for me to come and photograph it. I didn't try to touch it or get closer … somehow, in a weird way, I was a bit ***spooked***. It seemed so strange that the butterfly was just sitting there, *with folded wings …*

Oh, now I got it …

I forgot to mention, that on the way to the new field, just as we had crossed the street, a woman in a

white car came out of a driveway, and there were *stickers of* **stars** on the car, and the woman looked just like **Betty White**. *I immediately said "The Stars Are Still There!"* … because that's what I think every night when I look at the sky, and it's the title of one of Stewart White's books, of course, where he answers the questions of the readers of "The Unobstructed Universe" …

It was so obvious … the woman, who looked at me and totally looked like Betty White, and the car's window was open, and just below the woman's face those stars were spread out, rising or dropping, depending on how one wants to look at it … and I even said out loud "Betty White, do you want to tell me that you're here?"

And now I wrote ***"with folded wings"*** … it just flowed out of me, and yes, that's another title of Stewart White's book, "With Folded Wings" …

I feel like I'm getting … I don't know, greeted?

At the same time, I got to say, I don't feel particularly well … some kind of slight pain in my lymph nodes in the leg area, a hurting stomach and ever again those pangs of fever …

I got upset, just earlier, when my landlady who lives above me, just shook out her dirty carpets so that all her dirt flew onto my balcony and my plants and everything that is there. Pissed me off, to be honest. The woman is so thoughtless … she did not tell me that she had a very contagious disease, but then she called and said that we must keep distance because of the fucking Corona virus … Geez.

On the way back from the bone site, I found myself on the **opposite side** of a certain spot along one of the **creeks** of the area … and it was just so poignant … **being "on the other side looking over"** … just a few months ago I had no idea there even was a way to get over to that other side of that creek … Jacqui got his paws wet, too, in the clear water …

And there was a **feather** …

The agency girls are also working in home office … and I'm getting much work.

That's okay. But somehow I'm losing my patience … not sure why.

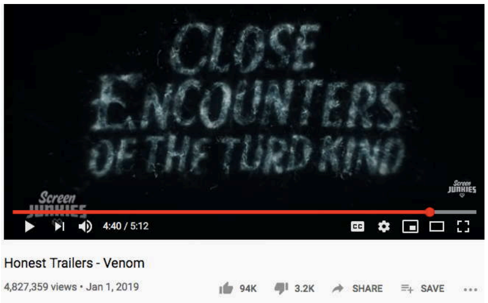
So … well, today was filled with very distinct events. Very special ones.

March 18, 2020 – **Glowing Stone Hitting Earth & Kamehameha**

Hey, I think Bob just helped me find a picture I needed for this contact diary!

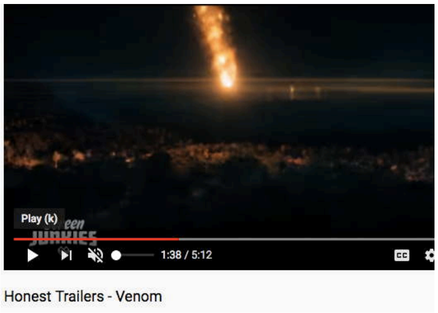
In the last year I've had ***several dreams of glowing stones or meteorite hitting the ground*** … but it's kind of hard finding them online, I tried, just three days ago, found a few, but …

And today, I was lead to the perfect imagery to illustrate those events … I totally needed to watch a few "Honest Trailers", I think Bob likes them too … I mean, the "epic voice guy" (Jon Bailey) just named a movie "Close Encounter of the Turd Kind" (for "Venom") … that's Bob's humor …



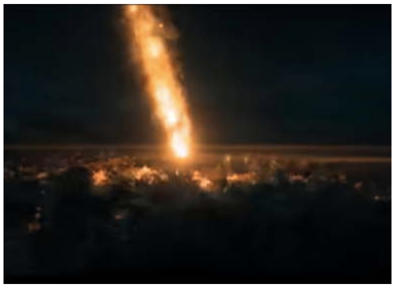
Honest Trailers - Venom

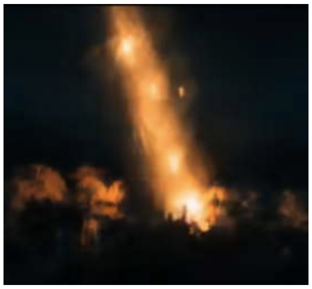
4,827,359 views • Jan 1, 2019



Honest Trailers - Venom

So I watched the **"Venom"-Honest-Trailer**, even though I'm not even interested in that movie … and there it was! The scene with the actually perfect depiction of what happened in several of my dreams! *That's what I saw in my* ***dreams***! Yes! That's it.



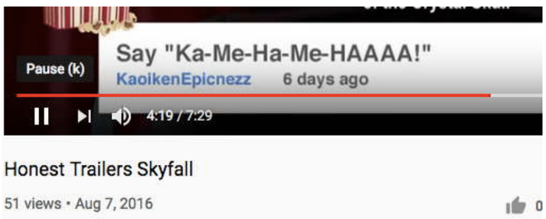


I didn't know where to find it. But somebody knew. And lead me right there.

Coincidence, you say? No you don't.

And one more thing … a Hawaii greeting …

I happened to skip through **clips** of audience requests of what the "**epic voice guy**" of *"Honest Trailers"* should say for them in his famous voice, and the word that I came across, was "**Kamehameha**", the famous Hawaiian chief, about whom my Hawaii documentary is about … the one who united the islands … his name means "**the very lonely one".**

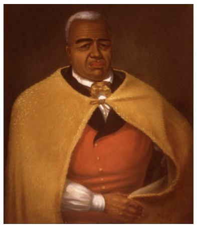


Say "Ka-Me-Ha-Me-HAAAA!"

KaoikenEpicnezz 6 days ago

Honest Trailers Skyfall

51 views • Aug 7, 2016



March 20, 2020 – **Horror dream & the sun and Bob**

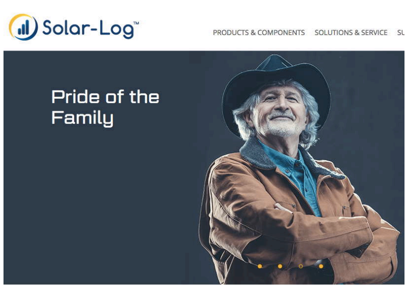
I **dreamed** of Walter (a friend from the Sigi-days), I had to travel with him, on a tiny device like a scooter, and there was some kind of blanket or thing … it's muddled in my memory … somehow I ended up climbing up a metal ladder-type-of-structure that was sort of tilting to the right, it was very steep and very unsteady, so my only choice was that I'd take all my strength and effort and run up there just trusting that the structure wouldn't tilt more and hold up until I'd be up there. And it did …

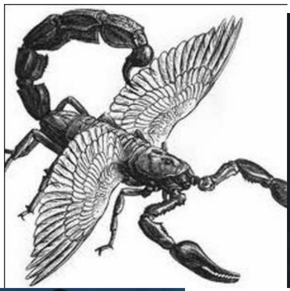
… and other people came towards me … and I ended up in come kind of brightly lit corridor of a university or hotel type of building with many doors, and I made it along through the corridor there … I needed to walk fast, and find something, but I could barely move … and there was some kind of insect buzzing around my face, and I somehow realized that it was a **white flying scorpion** … and as I tried to give way and walk by that, it multiplied … it turned into a swarm, and I tried to shoo the pests away, but the more I tried, the more were there … and there were more and more and then thousands of ***white flying scorpions were all over me***, in the level of my face, and I didn't know how to get out of their way … they looked a little bit like worms …

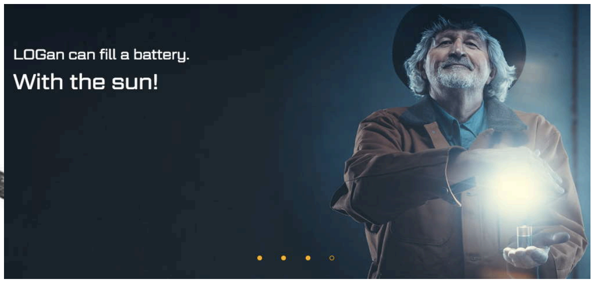
I turned away … and then I woke up.

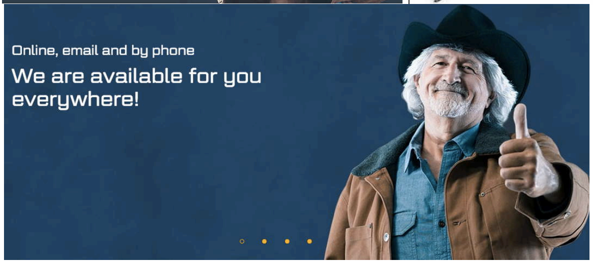
Actually, in real life, I don't have a bad relationship with ***scorpions*** … in my early days on Maui I came across a few of them, and I always brought them to safety … a Targi in the Sahara desert had once told me that if you kill a scorpion, the entire family will come back to take revenge. And besides … I never would kill any creature at all … not even a fly or an ant. I had pet cockroaches on Maui and beetles …

Working my *editing job*, later, I came across an amazing **look-alike image of Bob's** … when I checked a ***website*** for the spelling of a company's name … which is not my job, to check name-spellings, actually, but I did … to sit speechless facing this … And yes, it's about ***solar energy*** … about the ***sun*** … and that's me, I'm his sun, and he was my ***moon***.


Solar-Log™
PRODUCTS & COMPONENTS
SOLUTIONS & SERVICE
Pride of the Family




LOGan can fill a battery.
With the sun!


Online, email and by phone
We are available for you everywhere!

The guy actually looks like a mixture between Bob and me. And yes, one of the messages reads "***We are available for you everywhere***". Is that a message? I actually just realized that … I mean, just look at the imagery … and the messages. And the guy.

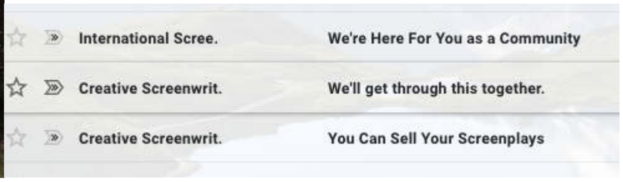
The "Zitronenfalter", **lemon butterfly**, showed up on my path today … and the **number "22"** and … a **big flat stone**, somewhere in the middle of nowhere …

March 21, 2020 – **SOCS** *(not a typo)*

I can't even begin to describe how pissed I am about the fake-Corona-virus-"crisis" … it's enough to be a contemporary of the assholes to are responsible for fucking up entire communities … it's hard for me on top of it all because I have to go through it without Bob. Today I visited my mother, the highway was pretty much empty except for a few trucks and Germans. My mother is fine, she accepted the bunch of **forest flowers** I picked for her at Schlossberg before the drive, and the gingko-lecithin elixir as well as several nutrition-bottles. She refused the nutrition soup, wouldn't even try it. Again I realized how she does what she want and that she has barely a behavioral filter … so I'm still and again the one to make sure that we have peace. But I'm learning to stand up for my needs. I'm just happy that she seems healthy and fine … in her world. She enjoys her little nest, reads newspapers and watches TV.

I visited my beloved **Woerther Lake** again … it felt warm, I thought of swimming … but it's really too early. The view, though, reminded me of myself … this lake used to be a major power source for me, the avid swimmer and water fan … there were two ducks nuzzling … right in front of me. Oh I wish I could be nuzzling with Bob.

A teal arrow may not be a "message", but it's one of the many things I see and hear on my life's path that helps me get **focus** … on the project "**the bridge**".



International Scree. We're Here For You as a Community

Creative Screenwrit. We'll get through this together.

Creative Screenwrit. You Can Sell Your Screenplays

Last night, A. the author of the bachelor paper that I edited so that it became meaningful and readable after all, asked me to write my invoice to some company for "editing a product folder". What the fuck is she thinking? What the fuck are people thinking? Why the fuck do I have to live in this fucking world without Bob? It all sucks so badly, and I don't know anymore if I even have a shot at accomplishing what I think I'm on this planet for … and I asked Bob that, while driving … I was really so upset … no cars around me, high speed at the highway …

… and suddenly I had to cough. And there was a sharp stinging and tearing pain in the area of my heart, but can be the lung. So I remembered that I really haven't been well, lately, but since my body is kind of changing into an old woman's body, I think its menopausal. Night sweats and stuff.

So just after having ranted and asked Bob to give me a damn answer from his fucking oh so cozy place in the fucking unobstructed … and just then one of the very few cars around passed by me, and the license plate number was "**SO .. CS**". I didn't even see the numbers in between, *I only read "socs" and I shouted out* **"Yes it 'socs', no shit!"** Of course I meant **"It sucks!"** *And I had to laugh, because that was really like Bob … he loved the play on words*, and since there were barely any cars around, the "SOCS" while I'm ranting and cursing about how everything **sucks**, is pretty good a contribution, I'd say.

(Edited for privacy – regarding the Corona-virus idiocy.)

Also, on the highway the warning boards of the highway control for the cases of accidents and backups read "Schau auf dich, bleib zu Hause!" (*Take care of yourself, stay home!)* Mind you, on the *highway* (!), and the *delivery truck drivers* passed through under those signs sure were amused. So everyone stays home "to be safe" except for the people who must work to supply the home-stayers with food and stuff? I think the delivery truck drivers on the highways are bothered and disrespected by those signs. Along with all people who simply can't afford to stay home, because they have someone to take care of, or they simply go nuts in their tiny apartments …

I think there should be a mass-law-suit against the governments for causing depression without a good reason … because there is no good reason at all to shut down society. (No, I won't go into the real effects of that "dangerous" virus, you can read up on it yourself. And yes, I did study microbiology for a while and I have a very good basic knowledge.) This causes a huge huge damage. And Easter time is coming, the biggest Christian spiritual deal. And the lockdown has already been decided for Easter Monday, which means through the entire celebratory season of Easter! So no masses, no celebrations, no traditional gatherings? I'm kind of curious what will come out of this.

Stoneman, I'm not amused that you left me, but – hey! Good timing. You escape the craziness just in time.

… and besides: I took a walk to the **lake**, too, beautiful scenery, the water not even that cold anymore, I'd swim on a warm day … and a **German man** in his early sixties came, quite handsome, with a little **blond boy**, who was all snotty and ran around in his little yellow sweater … and we all totally did not keep the distance as required by law, and the man and I chatted, and the boy walked after Jacqui and patted him, and I bent down to the boy, and looked right into his face … it didn't even occur to me to be careful about the virus. I'd like to know what the man was thinking. But it appears that he was one of the sane humans in this world. Maybe that's why I had to meet him, as a sign to not give up on humanity?

It was the same spot where I met the "Hawaii-soul-surfing-crew"-guy at my last visit there.

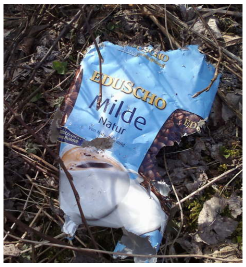
I haven't checked on Willie K for a while.

Nobody checks on me, actually. It wouldn't occur to my parents to just once contact me from their side to ask how I am. I really have pulled the ass-card in this fucking mortal life regarding people close to me … those, I thought wanted to be close to me, but didn't. Sigi. Jan. My parents. Rudi. Bob.

March 21, 2020 – Coffee

I was just watching "*Homeland*" … season 4, does give me some relief, I must say, and at the same time I was working through my recent pictures that I've yet to put into this c. d., the previous days … and I came across the **coffee bag** again …

So, it hit me: My mother barely ever talks about anything on her own. Recently I've been happy to realize that she had gained some weight, and she is talking quite normally … and today she told me that she had bought some **real caffeine-containing coffee! Jacobs!** The **mild** kind!



COFFEE SHOP
كافي شاب

COFFEE SHOP

That’s so interesting … of course it’s nice to realize that she is trying to get back to normal. And I am happy … and I must just stick to this and not expect anything from her … she just is who she is, and I’m very happy that she feels kind of well.

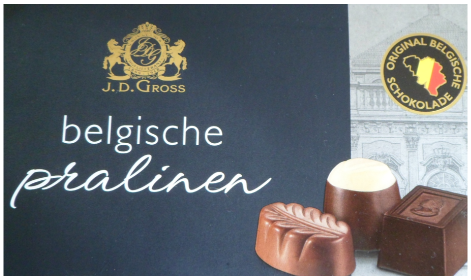
And that she got inspired to b …

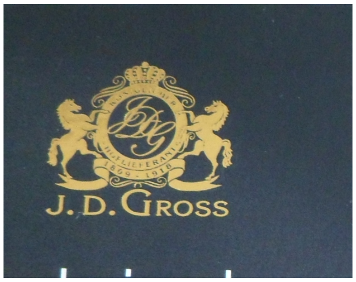
Actually, just as I’m writing this, on “***Homeland***”, a waiter calls out to a young man **“There’s your coffee!”** Seriously. I kid you not!

… geez, got a real hot flash just now, because of that synchronicity. Because I was just about to write that it has been all about the intense **coffee smell** and my feeling to connect with Bob that way … and about sharing my “**hot black**” with him everyday … and how that relates to that character in “Mary Kills People” where that woman talks about “Robert” being dead soon and that she’ll miss sharing her morning tea with him …

These things are no coincidences. So not. My mother bought a “mild” coffee, and I found a “mild coffee” bag … And she shared about having bought that coffee, with me! Today! She even went to bring the coffee to show it to me. A little later I actually bought the same one. So that we’ll have something to talk about later.

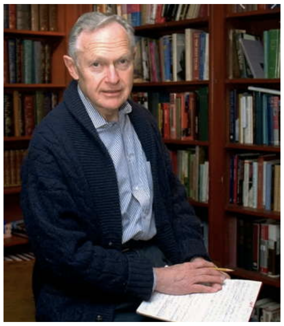
Also … even the pralines I bought seem to “speak” to me, see the “J. D.”? That’s me, Jo Danieli. Flanked by horses. And lets not forget the “gross”.

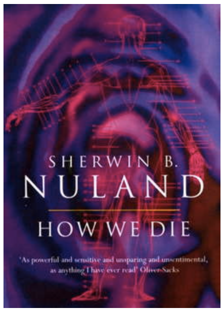




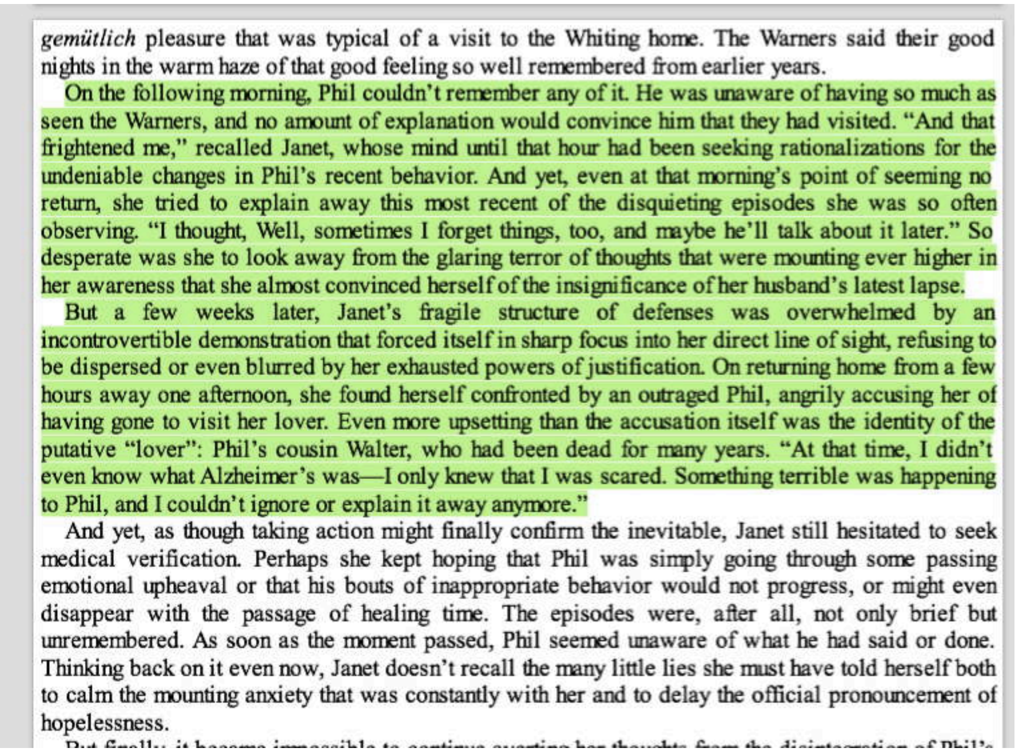
March 22, 2020 – Alzheimer's Clue

Last night, when I went to bed, I had the irresistible urge to pick up my print-outs again that have been next to my bed ever since I moved here in October 2010. Stewart White’s works and the book “**How We Die**” by Sherwin B. Nuland. And I grabbed the latter and with a strange feeling of urgency I opened it on one “random” page. Turned out it’s the story of Janet and Phil, and how he developed Alzheimer's and died related to the disease a few years later, not even 70.




SHERWIN B.
NULAND
HOW WE DIE
'As powerful and sensitive and unsparing and unsentimental, as anything I have ever read' Oliver Sacks

So the description of the **signs** and early **symptoms** … it was like I was “told” last night that I was spared the fate of Janet. And – the fate of Bob’s own grandmother, Lois, who I met and who is with him now. Her husband, Bob’s grandpa, developed Alzheimer's and wouldn’t recognize Lois anymore at some point, and Bob often said, when he had what he called “a brainfart”, when something he intended to do didn’t work out or he forget something crucial or being confused, that he hoped he wouldn’t end up like his grandpa. But … I think he was on the way. There were so many incidents and aspects of his behavior, since I met Bob in 2002, that now point to severe mental problems, that he was aware of and hated and tried to fix. He always had a whole range of supplements in his cabinets, many for mental enhancement … and I always thought it was some kind of spleen. It didn’t occur to me that he really felt he had a problem.



gemütlich pleasure that was typical of a visit to the Whiting home. The Warners said their good nights in the warm haze of that good feeling so well remembered from earlier years.

On the following morning, Phil couldn’t remember any of it. He was unaware of having so much as seen the Warners, and no amount of explanation would convince him that they had visited. “And that frightened me,” recalled Janet, whose mind until that hour had been seeking rationalizations for the undeniable changes in Phil’s recent behavior. And yet, even at that morning’s point of seeming no return, she tried to explain away this most recent of the disquieting episodes she was so often observing. “I thought, Well, sometimes I forget things, too, and maybe he’ll talk about it later.” So desperate was she to look away from the glaring terror of thoughts that were mounting ever higher in her awareness that she almost convinced herself of the insignificance of her husband’s latest lapse.

But a few weeks later, Janet’s fragile structure of defenses was overwhelmed by an incontrovertible demonstration that forced itself in sharp focus into her direct line of sight, refusing to be dispersed or even blurred by her exhausted powers of justification. On returning home from a few hours away one afternoon, she found herself confronted by an outraged Phil, angrily accusing her of having gone to visit her lover. Even more upsetting than the accusation itself was the identity of the putative “lover”: Phil’s cousin Walter, who had been dead for many years. “At that time, I didn’t even know what Alzheimer’s was—I only knew that I was scared. Something terrible was happening to Phil, and I couldn’t ignore or explain it away anymore.”

And yet, as though taking action might finally confirm the inevitable, Janet still hesitated to seek medical verification. Perhaps she kept hoping that Phil was simply going through some passing emotional upheaval or that his bouts of inappropriate behavior would not progress, or might even disappear with the passage of healing time. The episodes were, after all, not only brief but unremembered. As soon as the moment passed, Phil seemed unaware of what he had said or done. Thinking back on it even now, Janet doesn’t recall the many little lies she must have told herself both to calm the mounting anxiety that was constantly with her and to delay the official pronouncement of hopelessness.

He was fine when I was with him … at first, but not in later years. And last night, when I was half asleep, I saw a hole in the wall in my mind’s eye … and suddenly I flashed back to the day when **Bob scared the crap out of me** and made me believe that he hated me: I had reminded him several times of some task he had to do, and I had been coming to the edit room several times to see him … and suddenly he **flung** a heavy full **Beta-tape** at me, and I just managed to give way, and it hit the wall where my head should have been, and it made a big hole in the wall. In the wall. I was so scared about Bob’s outrage, which clearly didn't really "mean" me … but his anger always hit me. And now I know that Bob never "didn't want me", he simply didn't know anymore what he wanted … and he was struggling the entire time.

And that's the message I got last night … when I followed my urge to grab that book "How To Die". The message was related to my ***ranting*** during my car drive, when I said "fuck you Bob for abandoning me" so many times. I think I was meant to get that Bob did not "abandon" me (writing this makes tears well up right now), but that he … **spared me**. He spared me the fate of Janet. He spared me a long time of agony. And by "he" … I mean … the Cosmic "plan". I got a long time of emotional suffering because of his distant behavior, the many times he rejected me … but then, there were always those months and months of bliss when we spent time together. And then I had a short time of seeing Bob decline to the point of physical death, and a whole long phase of agony of grief, and it still is on, it won't ever end. But I do think that I'm supposed to get a grip and … develop as much as I can while I'm still here. All the events as described in this contact diary so far … point at what I'm capable of.

I woke up reminiscing life on Maui … and it made me smile in all the pain. I was there. We had that, Bob and me. And now I must pull through with whatever I have to do.

Sometimes I come astounding nature sights … like these seeds … and they remind me that the discarnate people are all around me, all the time. At least that's what comes to my mind when I see those amazing objects of the obstructed realm.

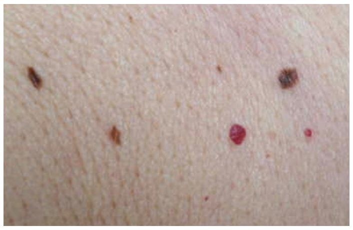
Watching "Homeland" somehow helps me. "**Carrie**" is a fictional character, but she does what she thinks she has to do. She can not be brought down by small minded people. The talk I had with my landlady yesterday, about the virus … geez, it showed me what narrow-minded people are like. And when there are many, they really bring down … well, everything and everyone.

But not me. I'm giving myself a name now. It's "**Makaniuhi**". I didn't mean to, it just came to me. It's means "**Eyes of the Tiger Shark**". That's me from now on*. (**Note** 2022: Not!)*

I have to keep moving, like the shark does …

Somehow realizing that kind of "being spared" made me want to join Bob even more, but somehow it also made me understand more that it simply isn't my time. Also regarding my mother … yes, I should have contacted her years before, but chances are that in those months when her mental capacity was slightly better than now, she'd also have rejected me more. And there would have been longer "suffering" on my part seeing her decline. So I found her again in a phase when she was very close to the end … and it was meant that I help her up again. The better she gets, the more she rejects me again. So right now … maybe I have a window of action. Maybe the only one left for me.

I realize that I can improve my health again, that I should, probably. I do look like an old woman now. I’ve aged a lot in the last months. Maybe that’s hormonal. I have something that’s called “tardive **Hämangiome**”, tiny little blood-sponges all over my body, they are multiplying, along with me brown spots, moles. I’ve found new moles that are a little elevated, and I know what that means.



Yesterday I discovered a bruise between my right middle finger and index finger … strange. So what I’m saying is … it may all only be related to the post-menopausal changes to my body.

And then I’m recalling swimming in the ocean, being out and about as a filmmaker … and I’m not done with that.

It may give Bob and his folks joy right now, as I’m writing this, I hope so. I will not waste my time as a mortal in this realm. I’ll be who I’m supposed to be. I won’t …. again? … let narrow-minded people and thus very low-level-quality-of-consciousness bring me down.

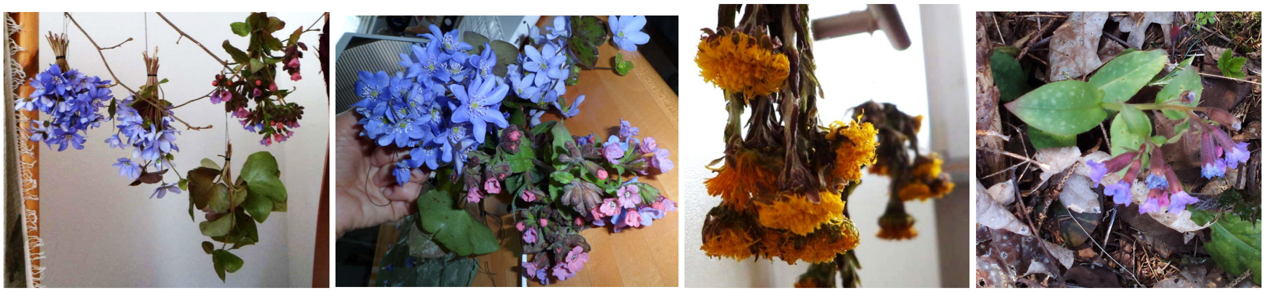
I’m Makaniuhi, the eyes of the tiger shark.

So many years ago when that strange group wanted me to be their leader again, like I had been, as they told me, since thousand years ago, they told me my ancient name … and I only remember that there was a “Ma …” in it and other “a” and “i” and “u”. So today … thinking “Makaniuhi” kind of throws me back to being in my twenties again.

And that was also a thought that I woke up with today, that came to me as I was walking around in “housie” in Pukalani, meeting Bob here and there, touching our things, hearing the noises of the house … as if I was really there … that “they” had predicted to me that my life would be full of suffering, if I wouldn’t join them and let them train me and free my powers.

They were right, in some way. But am I stronger than they expected?

This morning, it was very cold and windy, a temperature drop from about 17 degrees Celsius to about 5, I went to the forest to pick “**Leberblümchen**” and “**Lungenkraut**”, two herbs, for the liver and the lungs … and I’m drying them to make a tincture. Got “**Huflattich**” yesterday … also a highly effective traditional herb.



It kind of felt good … to do the herb gathering … got me back to just “me” … I like to do that kind of stuff. I had to think of *Betty White* intensely, and of my *grandmother Maria*, both were very much into the herb picking. I’m going to get some *dandelion* today, to make a cleansing salad.

March 23, 2020 – **Nearly Passed Out**

Something strange happened, today. I was drinking some stinging nettle tea … when I suddenly had the feeling of ***being sucked away*** … as if I was passing out. It was a sneaky feeling … somehow as if I was *remembering* something, that had to do with a herbal smell … and it was a feeling of nausea … and I remembered that I had experienced that before … but I don't know when … I only knew that I had to interrupt it right away …

My dog was next to me, and I got up and talked to myself out loud … "Nein, das passiert jetzt nicht", *"No this is not happening"* … and I went quickly to get a piece of something to eat, there was some roast chicken in my oven …

I have written about the experience of *nearly dying several times … when I had to hold on with all my senses, literally, with my hand, clasping … today I got up an talked to myself and ate something and touched my dog … and it subsided.*

That was odd!

And a little while later, I had such a strong **impression of Bob** … actually, that was shortly after that … that my tears began to well up, and I even had to ask him directly, if he was here …

Just last night I had thought that I didn't know when it was that I imagined him intensely so that I though I felt him or when he really was here and made him known …

Can it be, that we connected today in a way that pulled me over to the other side ever-so-slightly? Was the nettle tea poisonous for me today? They were **stinging nettles**, fresh, I had picked them during my walk … but maybe they were of a poisonous variety? I had come from feeding another apple to the wild pig … it's very cold today, freezing, stormy … nobody around, a few people with dogs … so strange …

Maybe Bob saved my body? Maybe … a lot of things could have happened! Bob was so close, so close ***… it was like I could feel his breath in my face … as the energy … it was like he was "dense" … and present and right there …***

It was the first time in many years that I felt like that …

… as if those **strange memories** that wanted to overwhelm me were … I don't know … being *forced into my mind* … and I couldn't clearly remember … but it was a feeling of very intense familiarity of the experience, the smell, I couldn't tell if it reminded me of something in Hawaii … or earlier … my childhood … I had to give up the thoughts so that I wouldn't pass out … I was close to it, so close … but I wouldn't …

It makes me kind of dizzy and nauseous to even think about this …

I have so big hopes because of Socrates and his connections to the Canadian film industry … and I thought about that … and then … I nearly … I don't know, I want to say … visited the "beyond". It was strange how helpless I felt … *but I managed to seize just the right moment to keep myself conscious. (**Note** 2022: Nothing came out with Socrates.)*

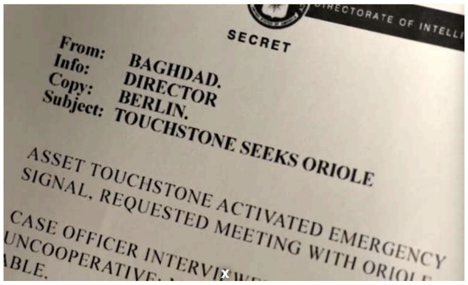
The incident prompted me to email to Dr. A., the medium. I want to talk with Bob.

Remember the "**ball**" I found a while ago? Today I saw another **one** …

And look at the **evening clouds** …

It may not mean anything … but …

I’m very driven to watch “*Homeland*” right now … it keeps my mind entertained and calms me down … and there was a glimpse of some documents of interest, a big clue in season 5, and there are the words “**Touchstone Seeks Oriole**” on that document … and I’ve been watching “Orion” change his position for weeks now, walking the dog at night … the star image slowly sinking into the Southwest …



RECTORATE OF INTELLI

SECRET

From: BAGHDAD.
Info: DIRECTOR
Copy: BERLIN.
Subject: TOUCHSTONE SEEKS ORIOLE

ASSET TOUCHSTONE ACTIVATED EMERGENCY SIGNAL. REQUESTED MEETING WITH ORIOL

CASE OFFICER INTERVI
UNCOOPERATIV
ABLE.

And here the connection of “Stone” and “Orion” … it struck me as significant. Jacqui and me are always alone out there, in the dark … and I look at the stars everytime, wondering what they look like for Bob now …

March 24, 2020 – **Working With Bob & the Plant Pot**

I’ve been trying to get a plant pot for a while, but no store I was had them. I keep picking up plants, like just the day before yesterday, I dug out three young **cabbage** plant from a field and took them home.

… or I sometimes see sprouts and take them, just to see what grows from them. But I don’t have plant pots at home anymore. Today I found a **plant pot** next to the street during my morning walk.

Yes, it had been stormy, and yes, the pot was blown over from some closeby garden … but still, I have my pot now. And what’s more … I’ve been recalling recently the walks Bob and I had in 2014, when our friend Mary-Beth had lived down the street, and she had been digging and planting in her garden all the time. Bob and I would stop and chat with her … and it’s just during such a morning walk, only in Griffen, Bob dead and six years later, that I’m confronted with people gardening all over the place next to the street all the time, and that I found the plant pot I’ve been meaning to get for a while now.

And I had the most intense dream of Bob today.

I was around on some ocean site place, maybe Hawaii, and I had to do with several people that I can’t recall, it was a task, and I had a hard time with them, but at least I could stay safe. Still, I couldn’t leave there, I had to accomplish something … and there was a big building and some kind of pier and the huge wide beautiful **ocean**, with **green turquoise crystal clear water** … so wonderful. And there were **sharks** out there. Somehow it was a big commotion, and I had to do something with those sharks. And as I walked along the beach, suddenly **Bob** was standing there! I didn’t see his camera, but he smiled at me, so welcoming, in his typical sweet Bob-way … and he stood with a very tall tripod that was extended to the maximum, except for one clasp, and Bob was in the process of clipping it closed, but I reached in and did it for him.

Oh – how often have we done that! Worked on a **shoot**, together, a skilled team, handling that **tripod** … and **Bud** the birdman was there, in the dream. Bob had done a shoot with Bud in 2014, before we left, I was there too, but it was in a garden away from the ocean … still, it was that kind of feeling of that shoot … but there was that marvelous ocean in the background … Bob had to film what was going on out there, to the right, where I could see sharks move in the water, and somehow there were people too, and I knew that it was some kind of “carnage” out there. I think I said that to myself in the dream, and I wanted to work with Bob … but as I turned around, he, the tripod and Bud were gone … I was so disappointed, but I knew they were near … and I turned back to the spot way out there, in the ocean, where the sharks were.

There is a similar place near Baldwin beach, out in the ocean, it’s a **reef**, and at low tide it’s possible to swim out there and just stand on the ground, on corals … I recalled that in the past days, Bob and me out there …

… everything about Maui keeps coming back, I feel and sense and hear and smell everything … I have the feeling I’m actually there, even in my wake state. It’s all so clear and direct … and sometimes I think I simply can’t bear it. It’s in the past, only memories … but I want it so badly, so badly.

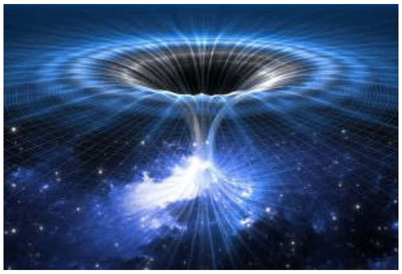
Given all tat I know about the unobstructed realm, I realize that it’s all still there, and it can be exactly the way I want it to be, and I can have it and create it and live in it … but not in this body.

I miss my life with Bob so much … and I have the feeling he knows.

“Bob at the tripod” as a “tunnel”?

Something interesting that I’m experiencing right now … I’ve been trying to project positive empowering energy, of joy, of enjoyment, of love, to Bob … especially to share food with him and his beloved “hot black” and sweets … and it has been hard, at times, to “grab” the perfect inner image of Bob or a feeling of him … there is so much, and I’m not patient and not focused, and I’ve been having headaches … the storm and all …

So today, the **image of tonight’s dream** came to my mind … Bob standing there, tall, smiling, like I have seen him many times, **holding on to the tripod** … and now that I think about it, I was reaching for the tripod too, and I touched it … and somehow, *I felt an immediate easy **flowing connection** with Bob … and it was like “behind” that image of him at the tripod were all the other impressions of Bob that I could possibly want to feel or see or recall …*



I said to Bob, “Hey, is that some kind of **wormhole**”? I had to laugh about it … then I corrected myself and said “**tunnel**” … and I tried it out again … everytime, it feels like I only have to recall that smiling Bob with the tripod, and me holding on to it too, and I have access?!

I’m going to try that out now a lot …. how that works … and I’m expecting a response to my question: “Is that a tunnel through the barrier, to you?”

And whatever that “tunnel” entails, if it keeps me in the dream state in a way … and I just now recall *that I nearly passed out yesterday* … so I did maybe make some kind of connection with the dead state, ***my own dead state,*** then the dream came, and now I have a better connection with Bob …? Can that be connected? The ***flower pot*** seems to make sense, too … a direct manifestation, feels like ***a hint of sorts …*** At times, when I’m writing or thinking things relating to Bob, I get huge hot flashes … like right now. I’ve been feeling like I’m breaking out in **fevers** ever again … it has been happening for weeks now. Somehow I think now that it has to do with a connection with the beyond, somehow.

Me almost losing my mortal shit yesterday and today that kind of “relieved” feeling when I try to connect with Bob via the image of him and the tripod … it kind of makes sense.

It’s hard that I can’t share this with anyone … but it kind of gives me pleasure knowing that everything I’m writing here is going, to a big part, directly into the plot of “Creators of Stone” and “Masters of Choices”.

Just now the Austrian actress Christiane Hörbiger comes to my mind … I want her to play “Lady Minau” in “Regents of Clouds” … and she lost her much younger husband a few years ago … maybe she wants to read this contact diary?

March 25, 2020 – **Dream of Combining Persons**

I woke up from an amazing **dream** … and I got to mention, that before going to bed I had **asked Bob distinctly to meet me** and to help me get my subconscious remember the meeting in a way that I’d understand in my mortal wake state … Lying in bed at night, before falling asleep, I was intent on preparing myself, in a meditative way, maybe kind of focusing or quieting my mind. But it didn’t work. As usual, I fell very tired right after hitting the sack … and there were strange flashes of light that I noticed with my eyes closed. I’ve seen them before. They are like clouds, either in white or in pink, and they kind of float by very fast, and they only do that when I’m focused on Bob and the discarnate and my connection with them, and mostly when I’m in bed. Only a few times I’ve seen them while sitting at my laptop and writing. It’s not some kind of “brain tumor” kind of thing or migraine. It’s also not really a flash-kind-of-light, it’s more like a sudden emergence of a light spot, sometimes a very small one, but sometimes it’s more like a patch of light … and always white or pink, so far.

Also, I had a strange “passing out feeling” right before going to sleep … I was thinking of Bob and the meeting, and I felt like sucked into my own mind and out into unconsciousness … but briefly, not the scary “nearly-dying” impression I had yesterday.

I even felt like being touched when the light was out … and I switched it back on and told Bob again to not spook me … I always fall asleep very fast, and also last night.

In my **dream** … there was some kind of hidden or remote refuge or sanctuary (which is an ongoing theme, as it seems) but also simply a **community**, somehow high up, maybe on a **mountain**, or a large **house**, a home, to my right, and behind it was some kind of drop, like a mountain slope or even a cliff towards the ocean, but I couldn't exactly see it, it was more of a feeling; And there was a **gate**, around a structure like a house, but at the same time that gate lead directly into that house, but I couldn't get in. And there was **snow** … and yet **sunshine**, but still a snowstorm (actually it did **snow** this afternoon, to everyone's surprise!) … And I wanted to get into that home, I had something to do in there, but it was not my home. And there were **two men** … very tall, standing in front of that home, and one was just like **Bob** when I first met him, tall, blond, strong, very handsome, and another one, darker, shorter, a little like **Sigi**, both seemed to have bare chests, but at times they wore shirts, too, colorful ones. Both wanted me to turn to them and to work or be with them, and they kind of belonged together. They were friendly, and I liked them.

I looked at them and thought – *in the dream* – what **precious** men they were, and that it would be **great to have both of them** or rather **one** other **person**, kind of ***created*** from the both of them. *And in my dream I tried to figure out how that should be possible.*

At the same time I noticed some kind of water-hydrant or well outside of that home, just opposite the entrance or gate. *And a storm was coming.* It may have even been some kind of danger … And there was a high and reddish heavy wooded door to the left next to that water "dispenser", which was like thing that stands on the street where water comes out for the fire brigade to use, and at the same time it was a **well**, or just some thing to get water from with a tap … It was light turquoise green, like old eroded metal appliances. ***The water was flowing strongly***, too much, actually, it was a waste, and it bothered me, and the stream needed to be directed in a certain direction, to the right (I was standing with my back to the two men and the home with the gate), away from that strange wooden door. I knew I needed help with that water and also that I wanted to stop the flow as it was not needed … and I tried to tell those men that the needed to help me, but they ignored the water … They seemed not even to realize the water challenge.

So I just tried to direct the stream from that tap with my hand, but I couldn't handle it alone. So I kept giving up but returning, and I kept my eye on that water all the time, ready to step in and fix it.

I wasn't angry at the men as they only stood there, seemingly uncertain what to do, but then, they did want something from me but couldn't really express themselves. And all the time tried to ***think of a way to combine the two men***… and it felt like hard thinking, like I *had* to get, to grasp a thought that kept trying to slip away … and suddenly, relieved, I managed to squeeze the solution out of my mind, it was really an effort: I thought that each of them needed to find a woman, have a child, and those two children would then get together and make **another child**, and that would be the perfect human, created from those two men. And that would be my partner, strangely.

I simply woke up, there was no fading out or something … and I did think that this was a great plotline for "Regents of Clouds" (but only a while later I'd figure out what it actually was!).

I kept watching "*Homeland*" in the morning, with my coffee, and the character "Saul Berenson" said, just as I was writing down my noted for that dream:

"***I miss our morning walks … "*** There is also a **rabbit** named "**Hop**" that appears strongly and is mentioned a lot …

I feel contacted because … *the morning walks with Bob* … around the Pukalani field, yes, I miss them too. So much. The odds that “Saul” would say that … wow. The sentence rang in my head like some dark deep bell.

I took a walk in the forest with Jacqui today … it began to snow later … and I picked more herbs to dry them. I was thinking about the dream and what it meant … and suddenly I **realized** that I had written exactly what I’d thought about earlier in my “Regents of Clouds” trilogy! My **dream was the basic premise of “Regents of Clouds”!** It was the whole idea of the society of the “Maoli” having been created on the basis of four people and their children who then had a child who became the founding father of the “**Maoli**” society! The best and most precious people in terms of spirituality and advancement of consciousness had actually found each other and married each other and made kids! And I had written that! It’s the project I’m intent on creating, “Regents of Clouds”! And in my dream it was kind of … expressed! ***And now I know that it was not a dream.***

And the entire trilogy is centered around the story of that family clan. So when I suddenly realized that my “dream” is actually reflecting the “Regents of Clouds” premise, this means that Bob told me that he is on it with me. *And it also means that Bob and I have a really good connection!* And the **water** … I have to turn the **stream** in the right direction, it’s all up to me, like it was in the dream …

“Water”, “wai” in Hawaiian, can mean wealth, “wai wai” in Hawaiian … but that’s not the thought I had when I was open to receiving input, in the forest, in the quiet, able to interpret and understand the message of my own subconsciousness regarding that encounter in my dream-state … when my body is passed out and my consciousness is in the beyond … yes, I believe, the “dream” is an actual content of Bob’s and my get-together of last night …

From my work on my documentary about ancient Hawaii and the missionary era and all the many years worth of research … wow, I’m developing a *huge hot wave right now*, the first today … not like a hot flash, more a wave that is flooding me right now … like a huge fever … like Bob kept having … he’d lie in his bed and say he was burning up suddenly, and he looked like he did, but that was the cancer … so maybe I have it too? Or is it the way I think it is, everytime I get very “close” to Bob and the things he is all about right now, I kind of flare up?

Anyway … *I continue now* … so from my research of years ago I know that a “**lunawai**” in old Hawaii was the **one person** in a village or on a plantation **who was in charge of the water sources** in a community, *the highest office,* so to speak, in those days … and I called my film production “company” **Lunawai** Films & Media. So in my **dream I was the lunawai, the one in charge of the water.** And this can be a very strong evidential … Bob knows that, of course, but he also knows that I know and will understand when my subconscious comes up with a well or a kind of water source … that needs to be taken care of and is neglected by everyone around, also because they don’t know how to handle it and how important it is!

So I can’t even put it all in words, what I’m getting out of this dream now, as of interpretation, but I feel that I got it right.

It’s about “Regents of Clouds” and that I’m on the right path on it and – the lunawai part – that I must absolutely trust myself. But also I must do certain things and not expect anyone else to make it easy for me.

Got it.

Right? I have a hard time even checking my emails for news about Socrates. I wrote to him to help me with everything … and now I’m like frozen and unable to check my messages. I can only do it at the right time. There is always a moment, when I can open my emails, no trouble then. But right now … anxiety. Can’t do it.

Also, I’m very distressed about what’s going on about the “Corona virus”. I can’t believe that governments are shutting everything down. I know that there is no “pandemic”, I know that it’s all fake and wrong and that people all over the world are driven around like sheep.

People are not allowed to go about their normal lives … we are supposed to stay at home, hundreds of thousands of people are not working and are really staying at home. Gazillions believe they are not allowed to leave their houses! People are dumb and mislead and scared … I was entirely alone outside today. It was cold, it started to snow … nobody was around. People let themselves be confined as if they didn’t have any brains of their own.

This really really scares me. In terms of “what the fuck”? What’s to do about this bunch of “sheep” (sorry sheep) that lives on the planet right now? Will I find the right people, who were, like Bob, able and willing to make a difference? Except, he couldn’t. He fucking died. I’m entirely alone.

I got an email from Dr. A., the medium, no, she ***can’t do a session*** with me, her health is not great … oh-kay. Disappointing. Got it. *Am I supposed to learn to communicate better on my own?*

Maybe he is advanced by now, as a disca, having been without the mortal shit for more than one and a half years.

Oh geez.

Today I received editing jobs from the agency with writing that was so bad, that I was breathless. And I saw myself sitting there, correcting that horrific writing while I should be with Bob and make films.

Jesus Christ … I sometimes can’t believe this is my life now. Is that why I’ve been having the urge to “tell them what to do”? I want to be the “boss”, ***working “in the field”,*** like “Carrie Mathison” on “Homeland”, mostly on her own, shall I really tell them directly and distinctly what to do, because I can be the “boss”, I maybe am their “boss”? And by that I mean ***“Am I majorly involved in the project “the bridge”?*** I think I am … just what I do not know is in what way exactly. I can trust my own intuition and impression and inner knowledge and say, well, I do know, actually. But then … I’m still a mortal. And my mind is … well, it’s my mind. The mind of the mortal “story” I “am”. And I’m so not flawless.

I’ve done that before, while walking, talking to the disca as if they were my “team” or my staff, and yes, I feel crazy about it. But then … not really. It felt kind of okay. I mean … they “know” my dilemma, and even better: I know my dilemma, because aside from being the mortal me, I’m also the energetic entity, and maybe as such I’m really connecting with “them” in my dream state.

And today, while walking I ended up next to this:

It’s hard to explain, but it resembles a place that Bob and I walked by all the time on Pukalani field, a **hedge** growing along a fence, of **beautiful small orange flowers**. I love it so much. I was fascinated by it. *(Note/edit: Researched, it’s Honeysuckle.)*

In the evening I took a walk when it wasn’t entirely dark yet … and I saw the **brightly lit stone** again … watching that snow covered white bed …

March 27, 2020 – Being One Is The Key

During a walk today … I had a very heavy thought just “land” inside of me, and I said it out loud: “**Being one** is the key to the whole deal” … “Be one” … that’s not just a spiritual or an esoteric flourish or creed or motto, it’s a real thing to accomplish, energetically, and it’s **the key to being with a discarnate person.** Learning to *encompass* each other, learn to “be” the other. I, as an Incarnate, that’s how we must do it … connect with people who have shed their bodies. All that makes a mortal person, the capacity of thinking, feeling and creating and keeping memories are in the service of this! We are energetic beings, even as mortals, and we are supposed to practice the methods of staying connected with the discarnates during our mortal phase!

I walked, quietly, open to insights, like it seems to become easier for me now … and that’s when I had this realization.

I saw this **stone sitting on a piece of wood** …. and obviously it hasn’t put itself there … but somebody, emphasis on “body” has created that connection, some other mortal who has walked that same path before me … and I was to see it, and it was to give me inspiration and a hint at the focus I’m supposed to keep up … we are all connected.

And that doesn’t change when a mortal loses their physical shell. It’s just that in the current state of mankind this isn’t a clear thing to know for people.

I can learn to imagine being Bob the Disca, and he has the support by my thoughts and imagination in being in my realm, even though I can’t see him.

Editing earlier parts of this book, I just came across this …

… and it fits right into my present state of awareness …

“Being one”, becoming one as lovers do … ***that’s the whole point***. In mortal life we practice it and try to understand it. The Tantric traditions have come a long way in that regard … energetic melting into each other … and other techniques … they all prepare for the situation when one person is dead and the other alive, in simple terms. What we’ve learned together about each other, the memories we have of each other, the feelings we have … those are the energetic tools to the actually be together … to spread around each other, the become the other person … that's the way to be together and to communicate fully …

I suddenly got that.

I'm finding myself sitting at the table, writing, a shit that's actually the blouse of a pajama … just like the one I gave Bob many years ago and that he was wearing when I was with him … I've begun to do things like he used to … from the toothpick to hand gestures and ways of moving … I've found myself saying things that he'd say, and moaning the way he'd moan, sitting the way he would have sat when editing … and it's all relate to ***"Play Me".***

Got a major hot energetic flash just now, had to take off that blouse …

It's very amazing. I got it, I think.

I only must make those film trilogies now.

Last night I had a phone chat with an **old friend, T.**, and her beliefs and ways of behavior have actually prompted me to really really want to move forward.

I also was thinking about the likely fact that Bob must have been on my ***team*** all along … and with team I mean us, *the eternal beings that are working on the project "the bridge"* and whose leader I supposedly am, as I was told so many years ago, and it's me myself who has decided on this stint in the mortal realm … one more time … right? And Bob, whoever he is as a whole entity, must have also volunteered to be reborn and support me and our cause in the way he has … just like Betty and Stew't and the others did before … and we are all of the same quality of consciousness, but individuals meanwhile, too, after so many go-arounds and individualization-experiences in the different mortal lives … So it was Bob's role to make me love him and then reject me and break my heart knowing that I wouldn't stop wanting him … so that he'd then die and leave me in agony and **get me to deal with death** … **because that's the whole point:** dealing with death brought me to the insights and enlightenment I have now, regarding "the bridge".

I wouldn't have dealt with the unobstructed universe, I wouldn't have recognized myself if Bob hadn't died. There were other opportunities before … the horrible cancer death of my brother Peter … my work on the Hawaii-documentary with all the wonderful people of the past … my mother's boyfriend's death … my uncle's … my grandfather's … nothing worked. The impact never drove me to turn towards the beyond … only Bob's death could do that.

I had to find the man I really totally felt in love with to experience what I did and then end up with the work I'm doing right now.

Everything was prepared … I had come far … but I wouldn't have ended up realizing my own destiny. I wouldn't have realized that what I wrote in "Regents of Clouds", with all those many real life experiences that are in the story … that all that is actually really. And that it reflects my real-life "kuleana". My spiritual plight.

I brought myself here again. I'm my own "tool", and whenever I sleep and go back to the beyond, I think Bob and I and al the others are discussing as much as we can …

But then I'm going back into being mortal confined by the barrier and the limited means and all … and I'm struggling. *There is nothing in my situation that indicates that "Regents of Clouds" can be manifested by me.* Of course I've been thinking, what if it's not me to manifest it, but then – why did I learn all that about filmmaking if I'm not supposed to make those films? I want to! I'd do it right. I'd write "Creators of Stone" and "Masters of Choice" … and hopefully make those trilogies too.

But the world is falling apart. It's the "Corona crisis", and so much that seemed possible before this global mess seems really impossible now.

But at least I'm aware of this all. And I have to write all this and publish all this and make it known. So if I come back another time … as another mortal, I want to benefit from my own work.

It's no coincidence that a very important person in this life was "Elisabeth", who I did a major travel trip to Africa with … ***that put me on the path I'm still on.*** *I detached from Sigi, back then.* I wrote a whole book how that came and went down, with the title "Dunst", (Fog).

But that's for another time to tell.

It's just that today everything seems so clear.

I'm working my own plan. Bob was a part of it. He keeps working with me. The mortal me is still the morning aging woman. But the real me is … well, willing and eager to finish this go-around as successfully as possible.

The talk with T. last night was very effective. She pissed me off so much and I disciplined myself so perfectly that I couldn't help but realize that I truly am an advanced person.

I'll do my best to put it to good use to bring "the bridge" further than ever.

Promise.

*So, and here is something **awesome**. Just I had finished writing this and looked around in the kitchen, at the invisible Disca to "see" if they are satisfied and happy … **the window next to me crackled**, just once, very **loudly**,* and it hasn't crackled ever the entire day and evening.

I startled and looked at it and said "Okay, that's not a coincidence. **Thank you. I got it, that's you."**

Just earlier I was outside with Jacqui, in the dark and I looked to the stars and I thought that I kind of saw Bob facing me … He probably was right there with me. And is.

March 28, 2020 – The Dream Of Bob's Death & the Rescued Dog

I had a devastatingly horrible **dream** tonight, about losing Bob and his death.

I was running around in some small city setting, in the sunshine during the day, and I was crying crying, because *in my dream I knew, Bob was dead.*

Somehow I couldn't find him, he had just died, I knew that, because in my dream I "saw" in terms of I imagined his actual real life tumor and I was stricken by the horror of experiencing his condition … but he was nowhere to be found. So I walked **streets**, one was long and lead kind of South-West, and there was a building, like some **official building** … and I got in there … I needed to asked there for Bob, because in my dream I knew that he had gone there to die or to have his death registered … something like that and all of that. But I couldn't talk to people, although it felt like people were there, but somehow nobody noticed me.

So I went back out, and this time I ended up in a **public transport train** that went the opposite direction, North-West, and I sat facing a young blond woman, maybe in her early thirties, and she looked familiar. In my dream I thought that she resembles someone from real life, and it must be someone from my recent life, in Griffen, that was the feeling. So I saw, to my horror, that the woman had a dog on a leash, but the **dog** was **outside**, and the leash was running through that public transport train's **window**! I looked outside, and the dog, a white and brown and black checkered terrier type dog (like Airdale terriers), a female, about Jacqui's size was kind of dragged along with the slowly moving train, but backwards, and she tried to keep her paws on the rails that ran next to the train, and I was horrified! I knew, if the train would speed up, that dog would be badly hurt or killed. I looked at the woman, the dog's owner, who just grinned, and we didn't talk but I understood her thinking that this was a cheap way of transporting the dog. I felt so sorry for the dog … but I thought that the way that person was behaving, she wouldn't get what I'd tell her … so I somehow got the train to stop, and I went outside to check on the dog. The woman followed me and *I told her how dangerous it was what she did*, and she pretended to be surprised and said she'd heed the advice from now on, but I knew she was lying. As I patted the dog, I grabbed her badge-pendant to see the number on it to tell the authorities about this animal abuse, but there were only words or names on the mark, no number. The woman observed me trying to find the number, and she was kind of mischievous … and somehow, she was gone, and I was back on that street leading to that building where I had been before …

I was crying again, the horror of losing Bob was so deep, and I was so sad … and the I woke up.

I was fully ***awake***, realizing that I should walk the dog and that it was light and morning, and I remembered the dream and said to myself, awake, "Why is this coming back now so strongly?" And I said literally "You know, this can kill me, I cannot bear this anymore … why does it go on and on?"

And I dreamed on! The same dream!

I don't remember at what point, but I woke up again from the same dream, and again found myself awake and said out loud "Geez, still the same dream? What does this mean?"

And I fell asleep again and dreamed on!

I found myself in that building that was a mix between a **social welfare building** and a medical building like a hospital, but more in an administration sense, … and **I cried and cried** and thought that the knowing that Bob was dead would break me … and all that time, Bob was so close, it was like Bob was right there watching me cry, the feeling of Bob's presence was in the dream but also in the wake periods in between … and I thought in my dream that Bob must have died just briefly ago, because he was so alive in my senses and feelings and perception …

In that building, I found a flight of office room where I knew Bob must have gone to register his death or to die … I somehow realized that it was just shortly past 8 o'clock in the morning, as the clerks had just come in, and some had coffee mugs and were drinking … and I was thinking how strange, 8 a.m. … but there was the thought that in real life Bob had checked himself into the hospital on Maui shortly after 8 a.m.!

A **woman** showed up … dark hair, short, in her fifties, and she saw how devastated I was and that I was crying and crying … and while the others were rather ignorant, she took me to her desk and asked me what was going on. And I said *"My partner just died of cancer, and I don't even know where he is"!* And the woman cried with me a little bit, because I told her more about Bob's horrible suffering.

I knew that she was thinking of helping me … but somehow I also knew that this would lead nowhere.

In the dream, suddenly, I thought that the only way to find out what had happened to Bob was to ask his sister Joyce! And in the dream I realized how much reality there is, and I thought that this was a dream that wasn't really a dream … yes, I had that thought while dreaming! I also thought while dreaming that I don't have a good standing with Joyce, and she never connects with me, and I really hate that the entire family for what they've done or not done …

I think I walked out of that building, but before that I sat for a while at that woman's **desk** in that **brightly lit office building** … and I was so sad because the others were so much at ease and chatting, and Bob was gone, and I didn't even know where he was …

I found myself awake, feeling hot and feverish, my dog next to me … and I thought again "Wow, that dream … it's all still right there …" And I have the real life feeling today that Bob had died just a minute ago and that I'm in full shock about it … the fact of his loss feels incredibly strong and horrible today.

There is something else about that dream … a **song** kept playing in the "story", a song that I had heard shortly after Bob's death and that had totally taken me apart … but I don't know by whom it is, just the line "… **my darling**!" as a direct asking of that "darling" to do something or some good-bye … it kept circling in my head in my dream! And also when I woke up … and it still does. I'll find out about that song … It feels like an older song, like from the sixties … I just could cry for real today … I want to be with Bob, I don't know what I'm doing here … My tears are flowing right now.

This morning, when I walked the back-field - the one with the old mill house - and I saw the white fog rising from the cold fields in the warm sun, I realized that the dream may really have been a response to what I've written yesterday, and that said, less a response than a memory of a conversation that I had in the beyond while sleeping or a message I was given there. My subconscious made of it what my mortal setup allows …

Also, in a house along the way a **song** was playing, very similar to the one that I had heard in my dream, also **sixties**-style, and the man's voice does sound like the one that sings the song in my dream …

My talk with T. … the woman with the white checkered terrier type female dog … I intervened, but I didn’t “get” what I wanted, I didn’t achieve what I meant to achieve because of that woman’s actions, not having her dog registered … so that part of a dream was a reflection on that incredibly frustrating conversation that had upset me greatly because it had shown me once again now narrow minded and mislead people really are. So the dream told me “Accept it, don’t go further, allow the experience to be the kind of teaching that it was”. Okay, got it.

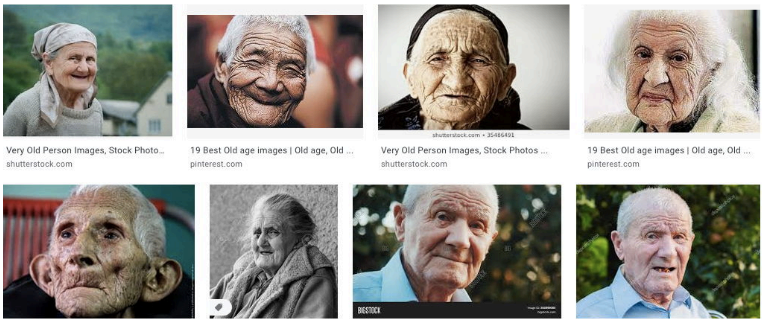
Trying to find Bob … I didn’t get the information where I thought I would, at that social center … I couldn’t even verify that he had even be there or that he even was dead. I realized that in the dream, in all the crying … that one woman in the end, who was willing to help me and understood how sad I was and tried to comfort me, she was going to do something for me, but then I woke up.

Walking this morning the thought came to me that the time of day, 8 a.m. was actually the time Bob had gone to the hospital that fate-ridden morning … and that institution was kind of like a hospital, a little bit … so all of this could be evidential for me having had an actual meeting with the real Bob as the consciousness that I am while my body was “out” … it sure feels like it.

But what am I to *get* from it? The answer that I asked for, yesterday, that I really really need to know that Bob is right here and listening and that we are advancing. I have the feeling we are.

Mahalo Bob.

Also I had to think about what T. had said yesterday, that the fact that the many old people are dying of that virus-influence now, was natural selection. That’s kind of right, but I wouldn’t call it that, because the very old bodies must be discarded, that’s a fact, but the **people inside them deserve to “graduate”**, they aren’t to be mourned, because they took the most out of their times with their bodies, in the mortal realm, and now they are ready and able to move on! I was thinking that old people really should not be kept alive if they can’t do anything anymore than eat, sleep and crap and need the help of others to do that, they should really be able to pass on. In old cultures old people went out in nature to die when they had felt that the time had come that they couldn’t do anything meaningful anymore in life.


shutterstock.com • 35486491
Very Old Person Images, Stock Photo...
shutterstock.com
19 Best Old age images | Old age, Old ...
pinterest.com
Very Old Person Images, Stock Photos ...
shutterstock.com
19 Best Old age images | Old age, Old ...
pinterest.com
BIGSTOCK

Nowadays, in many societies, there is a big problem, though: People are made to work all their younger lifetime, and they think that *when the are old and retired, they’ll have a really good life and do everything they couldn’t do because they were tied up in work-chains in the system they lived in, or worse, in military duties …* but when they are old, they get ready to pass over … so that’s why many older people are so frustrated and depressed and sad … because on the spiritual level **they know that they have wasted their mortal life time**, one way or the other.

But 90 years old people who are now “taken” by the virus “en masse”, I’m sure they’ll be happy when they find themselves “dead” in the beyond … because they graduated and have a much better new existence now.

So thanks, T. for reminding me how *fucked up mankind is in terms of thinking about themselves* … And how interesting that this is happening … that decimation of older people worldwide … I kind of like it because it’s good for them to be freed of their worn-out shells.

I also felt that I had a fever this morning, but it’s gone now …

March 28, 2020 – **The Tiki Bar in Wallersdorf Stone country**

Today, Bob proved once again that he is right here, listening and working with me. To thank him, I sent him some serious orgasmic energy, in a Tantric sense …

But before that … Jacqui and I took a walk. I had to deviate because people were ahead of me, way too slow, and I didn’t feel like walking behind them … I ended up on the new field, with the huge “stone” in the middle, where I had found the bone a few days ago and where the triangular stone was …

In the middle of the path, a **young couple** was squatting on the ground, with a young Huskie-mix dog, “**Buddy**”, only a few months old, but he and Jacqui hit it off. I asked the couple how to find a certain path that I had seen from the mountain back to the Griffen lake, and they told me the way.

It turned out, it was ***not at all the path I had had in mind*** … so I ended up ***where I had not intended to go at all.*** First, I ended up walking through the village of “Enzelsdorf”, and I was baffled to end up facing the **hugest stone ever**, right next to two horses and a house with figurines of horses and rabbits together! Yes, it’s Easter season, but there was that big stone, too!

Baffled, I walked on.

There was another **stone on wood**, like *an old Celtic symbol* …

Then … I ended up … after a way too long walk … at the village of “**Wallersdorf**”, and to my surprise, I realized that this was the place that I had seen, when months ago that strange explosive **sound** and then the **fire** had caught my attention and the **dog**, when I had spaced out at the edge of the forest. (Get date …)

So I walked right by that house where the fire had been, and the dog was there, too, a black Shepherd dog, maybe German or Malinois … and: A **huge big fat stone** was right there, in the middle of the **garden**! I was baffled!

As I walked through the tiny village, I noticed that there were **huge stones,** even rocks in nearly every garden! I couldn’t take good pictures, because people were around, but I did notice that it almost looked like every house had their own small little “Schlossberg”, like worshiping the big rock on which the Griffen castle stands, by having also a big rock at home.

So I had ended up in stone village! And then it happened: a wooden board above a garage read “**Tiki Bar**”. I kid you not. A “tiki” is a Hawaiian and Polynesian sculpture, sacred in the old days. I’ve seen countless “Tiki Pubs” in Hawaii …

Hawaiian Tiki
blackpearldesigns.com
Polynesian Hawaiian Tiki Style Wall …
amazon.com

“**Tiki Bar**” in the middle of nowhere in **Carinthia** where I had ended up “by accident”, in a village with huge big fact stones in the gardens. One **stone** had **a blue elephant** on it … but a woman was there, so I couldn’t take a picture. Still … I can always go back. So that counts, Stoneman, thank you very much.

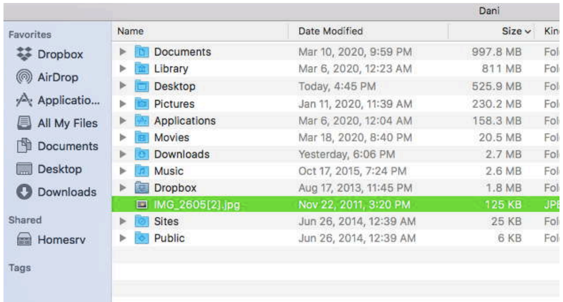
I’m touched and also kind of … impatient? Sad? Confused? What am I thinking? That after all that I’ve experienced in the past year I can still be uncertain? Stupid ass me.

March 28, 2020 – **The Moon Said Aloha!**

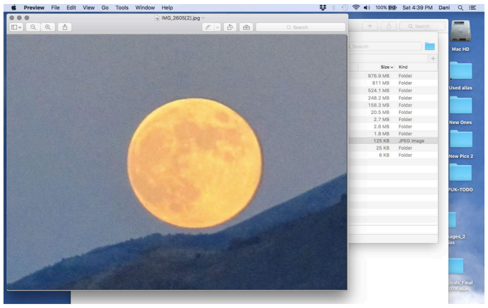
And something amazing and outright baffling just happened.

I imported the photographs I had taken with my phone … and in the course of it, I got an error-notice that certain files could not have been exported. The option was “Reveal in the Finder”, which I clicked. And what I got, was a window with my “home” icon … and one single photograph between the home-folders.

And when I clicked the photograph on it was – **the moon.**



Name	Date Modified	Size	Kin
Documents	Mar 10, 2020, 9:59 PM	997.8 MB	Fol
Library	Mar 6, 2020, 12:23 AM	811 MB	Fol
Desktop	Today, 4:45 PM	525.9 MB	Fol
Pictures	Jan 11, 2020, 11:39 AM	230.2 MB	Fol
Applications	Mar 6, 2020, 12:04 AM	158.3 MB	Fol
Movies	Mar 18, 2020, 8:40 PM	20.5 MB	Fol
Downloads	Yesterday, 6:06 PM	2.7 MB	Fol
Music	Oct 17, 2015, 7:24 PM	2.6 MB	Fol
Dropbox	Aug 17, 2013, 11:45 PM	1.8 MB	Fol
IMG_2605[2].jpg	Nov 22, 2011, 3:20 PM	125 KB	JPE
Sites	Jun 26, 2014, 12:39 AM	25 KB	Fol
Public	Jun 26, 2014, 12:39 AM	6 KB	Fol



A picture I had taken on November 22, 2011. And now look at this number: “11 22 2011”. It’s my beloved “222” in there, my home address in Pukalani. And much much more …

I even sat kind of … numb, for a moment, when I started at that moon.

Because the **moon** … **that’s Bob**. He sang that: “You’re the sun, and I’m the moon, play me!”

Okay. Here we are, a more and more effective inter-realm couple, working on our project “the bridge”. I think it’s all exactly the way I think it is, in terms of me being one of the major forces behind the project … just like described on March 27.

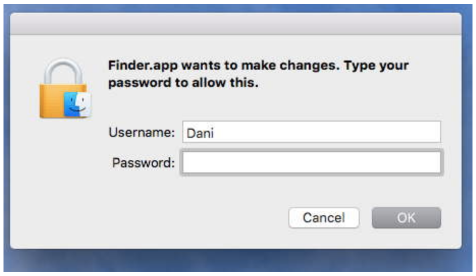
This photograph … I have no idea how it could have possibly ended up on that level on my laptop. I have never seen it before. I have not taken it from somewhere. It simply showed up today. The moon. The big moon. It’s a copy of an image, but I did not make that copy. So many years ago I took that photograph. *In November, too. Seven years later, Bob would be dead.*

On the day I ended up facing many huge stones and the “Tiki Pub”, here. Where I live now.

It’s a kind of “wow” that … well, that I can’t wait to share …

Writing this, my cheeks got burning hot.

And one more thing: As I was preparing the photograph to be used in this contact diary, I was about to name it “Moon_photo_” in addition to the original number … and yes, “2605(2)” seems significant, too … because I had a lot to do with “26” recently … as described … but then, because the photo had been on the “home”-level of the laptop, the administration required me to type in the password to be allowed to re-name the image. *And Bob had created the password for that. And the password is:* “**Aloha**”.


Finder.app wants to make changes. Type your password to allow this.

Username: Dani

Password:

I just looked at my new photos, as I took them from my phone and am naming them today …

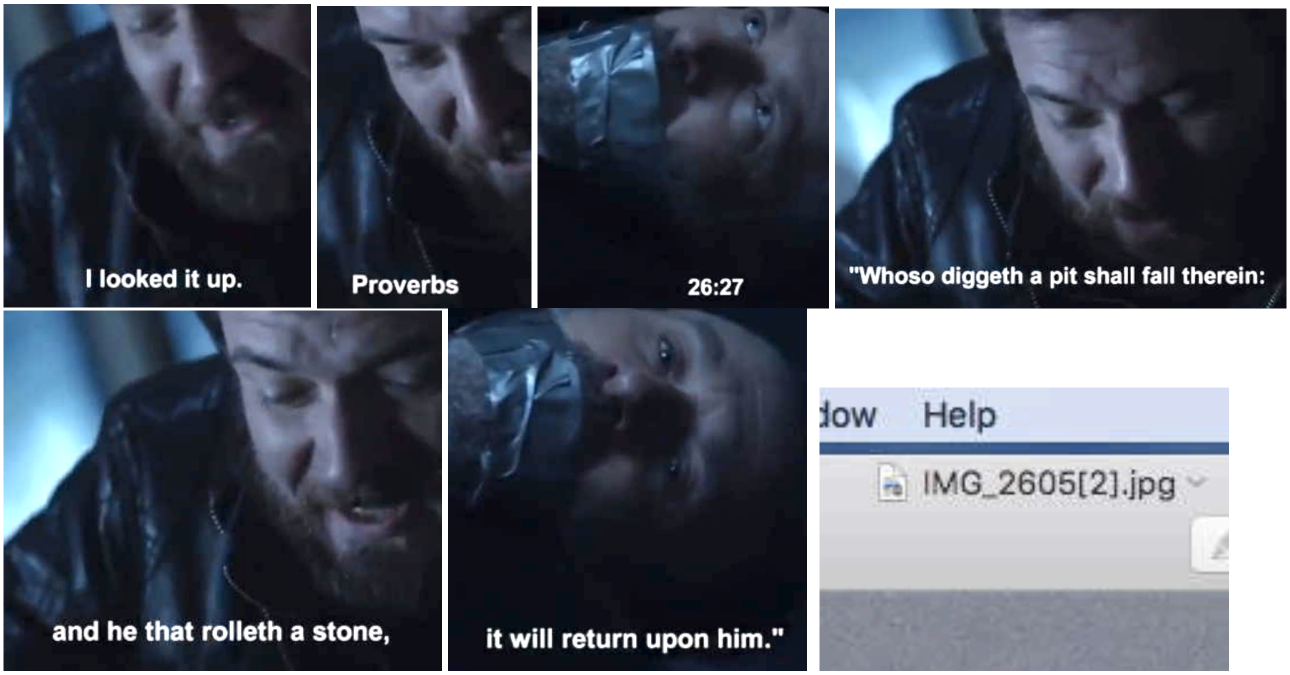
I took one of the lit stone and the bed, when the snow had fallen two days ago … and I said out loud “Oh, you are watching me in my sleep”. So the bed, now, is my bed. That came to my mind spontaneously. Bob, the bright stone, the stone in the light, is always there, and in the night, when my body is sleeping, we are, in fact together.

One other thing … during my walk today, as I got "deviated" by other people in my path, I walked by … a **tiny copy of "housie":** on stilts, with a tiny veranda, wood … at the water, on a hill … I really thought it was just like my Pukalani home.

(Note/edit: Two weeks later I'd see that a new tree house is being built just around the corner from where I live! A tree house!)

March 28, 2020 – **The Number Showed Up!**

Oh Jesus! Just as I was writing the above, "***Homeland***" was running, season 7 … and I totally didn't want to watch it, but I did continued today … and back from my walk I felt an actual urge to watch it … it's episode 6 now, "Species Jump" … and I've been watching it for two hours now, also when I discovered the moon-picture I was watching it … so look at the picture's number, it's "**2605(2)".** And just now … in "Homeland", the character "Yevgeny" is quoting the Bible … "Proverbs 26.27" …



I looked it up.

Proverbs

26:27

"Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein:

and he that rolleth a stone,

it will return upon him."

IMG_2605[2].jpg

… and there we have it: **26**, and: the difference between the 2 and the 7 of "27" is five. And see how the "(2)" also plays along, nicely?

It's all quite … magical. This is synchronicity at it's highest.

Believe it or not, I thought about the Bible yesterday, when talking to T. and telling here that everything that is done to any other human or what we witness, does concern us, and that's the reason why we see or experience it in the first place … because her creed is that nothing concerns her, even if someone gets beaten up next to her, it doesn't concern her and she'll stay out of it and ignore it! That's why I was so upset about our talk. It's totally the contrary …

And today, in "Homeland", the Bible is quoted, with a number that relates to a number that I just rediscovered and that was created so many years ago … I thought that in the Bible it's said that God says that what any human does to their fellow creatures, they do to "Him", and I realized that given that we are part of the great consciousness and thus of "God", what I said to T. was actually a Bible "quote", but it was not, because it simply is true and real.

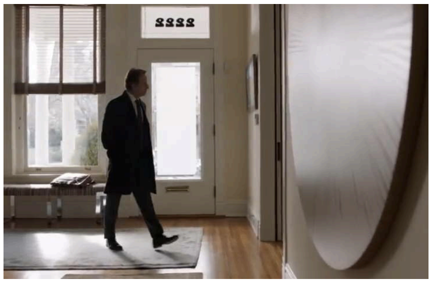
And I have the feeling that this has just been confirmed.

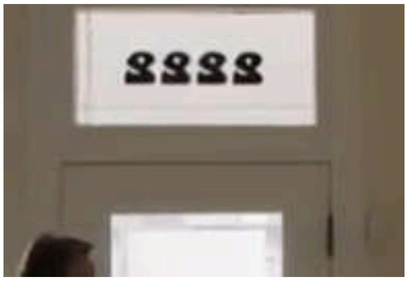
And then … of course, the "**stone**" is in the quote, too. The **stone**!

Today is really a special day.

Okay. They just keep coming today!

I started to watch episode 7 of "*Homeland",* season 7 … after having done an excruciating editing job for the agency … and just a few minutes in, I see this:



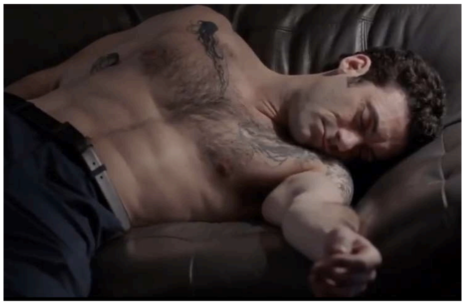


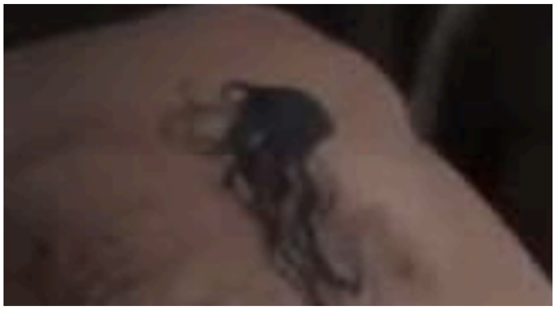
Yes, "**2222**". Notice the sun to the right?

And remember the photograph of the moon that popped up earlier and it's date:

"**11 22 2011**"!

Plus … earlier I took a screenshot of a squid. On a body of a man lying down, in "***Homeland***", the FBI-agent "Dante", and remember the Hawaiian saying, "Pua ke ko, ku mai ka he'e", "When the sugarcane tassels the ***squid*** comes out". And the sugarcane tassels in November. (And yes, I'm only interpreting the tattoo as an octopus … it's not the same as a squid, I know. But still …)





March 29, 2020 – **My Personal Rabbit Challenge & Star # 2629**

Watching "Homeland" and the character "Carrie's custody situation, I suddenly began to cry when she gave up her daughter … and once again I remembered that I gave up mine, that she was killed by strangers, so many years ago … but the thoughts that came with that, were that I bought a small **wooden rabbit**, then, and I carried it around during my pregnancy. And during that abortion that I tried to prevent but was forced through by the medical staff of the clinic (who held me down and anaesthetized me when I demanded to be let go because I had changed my mind … but then I woke up already, without my baby in my belly). And I gave the little rabbit away when the best friend I had back then, Heinzi, died, by suicide, and I went to his **grave** and put the rabbit on his grave stone.

All that came back to me … but the words that formed in my mind where, “So did I give her away to you to take care of her?” And I mean the discarnate people around me. Who must have taken her in. And I will see her again. One day that won’t be a day anymore, in a realm, where there is no time.

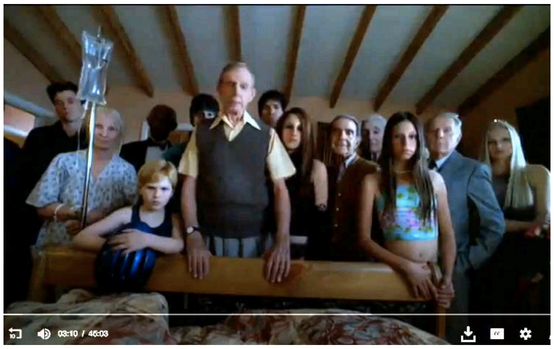
Interesting side-note on the numbers surprise from yesterday. I just read that the actor who plays the character “Saul” on “Homeland” was reward on 12. February 2018 with the **star number 2629** on the Hollywood Walk of Fame.

March 29, 2020 – The Treehouse at the End of the Road & The Dead Watching

Oh geez! I had to laugh out loud just now …

Somehow I came across a series called “**Medium**”. I know it, somewhere in the back of my mind … I’ve heard of it … but I stumbled across that name yesterday, looking for a recap on a “Homeland”-episode … and so I started to watch the pilot of “Medium”, from 2005. And there was the protagonist (and mind you, I haven’t watched further than the first four minutes of the pilot, I just need to write this down right now!) having a dream of a creepy guy … and she wakes up next to her husband, who *asks her if she is okay*. And she says yes, she’s okay, she only had a **dream** … and she lies back down.

Then *another voice asks*, “Are you okay?” And she sits up and says angrily “I said I’m okay!” … and the camera turns, and we see ***a whole bunch of dead people standing at the foot of her bed!*** That’s funny. That’s how I’ve imagined Bob and his folks standing around … how cool that I found exactly that image that reflects that!

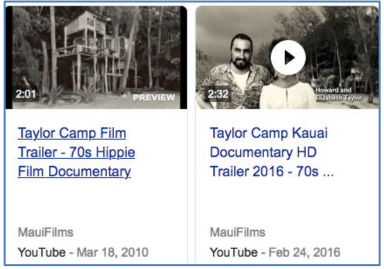


I guess that’s a hint that I’m supposed to watch this and … I don’t know … learn? Also the way it just so happened that I saw the title and just now decided to take a look … it’s like I’m really following “my drift”, and I’m getting to the right things! I’m sure I was supposed to see this scene, just now, as I’ve been asking Bob so distinctly to give me a very very very clear message, and just today on the field – oh, that field, too! – I had said to him that he really needs to answer my questions, because with all the evidential, I still don’t know if what I’m doing is as effective as it should be … I have even entertained the thought to kind of learn to become a medium … only to “run into” the TV-series “Medium”! Feels like something new has begun today. Oh, also …

I went to an **entirely new field** today, I had seen it yesterday, when Jacqui and I had taken that amazing tour and had ended up at the “Tiki Bar” … I had seen that long field path … and today I drove there, and we walked it.

And we ended up at a **tree house**! Not just a hunter's bench for perching somewhere up on a stand, **a real tree house!** And ***"Taylor Camp",*** the film project that ruined and killed Bob was about **a tree house commune**! Geez! Talk about a way of saying "hi"!

I mean … it's where the path ends! And the original subtitle of "Taylor Camp" had been ***"The end of the road!"*** And here is a treehouse at the end of a road!



Taylor Camp Film Trailer - 70s Hippie Film Documentary
MauiFilms
YouTube - Mar 18, 2010

Taylor Camp Kauai Documentary HD Trailer 2016 - 70s ...
MauiFilms
YouTube - Feb 24, 2016

The **cloud formations** were just breath-taking, too …

It was strange there, so quiet, we were so alone … so much space to breathe … I love this place, also along a creek, so peaceful … I'll go there more often, I know that already.

I also had to think of the **excerpts** *from ancient books* that my Maui acquaintance **Jeffrey** Turnbull had made for me, he is a collector of books, and he took the effort, years ago, to copy sections *from ancient books that refer to* ***my*** *birth date and place* … and he told me ***that my fate was to do something great for mankind***. Hahahaha! I was wondering back then how it can be that people who never knew me, did predict, when they wrote those books, what my parents would be like, what my personal tragedies would entail. Oh, well, *I guess I'm supposed to dig out those book excerpts* … unless they are among my belongings that are now with Bob’s sister at Anza?

The last time Bob and I were at the beach together, at Paia beach and then Baldwin beach, we met Jeffrey. He was cleaning up the area, and he looked at us while he was talking to another man. And I was walking next to Bob in snail speed across a lawn, and my heart broke for Bob again and more, seeing what had become of him … and how unaware he was what impression he made on people, who gazed at him, a broken skeleton of a … mortal.

I just read up on “Medium” … it’s about a woman who gets visions that “the dead” give her which helps solve crimes.

Oh geez. Really, Bob? Well, it’s a nice way of telling me stuff.

I’m really curious now.

March 31, 2020 – **Return of the Curmudgeon & the Pancreas**

So I’ve been wondering **what Bob is doing in the beyond** … a lot of times I asked him that, I asked him for a way to tell me. And guess what? He told me!

Remember the dream I had, way back, about the word “Curmudgeon”, which I had never heard before? But first things first.

I had a lot of editing work to do today, then I took Jacqui for a walk and then I went to Völkermarkt shopping. From tomorrow on there supposedly is the need to wear a mask when entering a supermarket, and I’m not interested in that, so I bought more stuff than usual so that I don’t have to go shopping for a while. During the walk, along **the new field,** with the “Taylor Camp”-treehouse, I **cried** again, realizing so heavily how alone I am with my plans, my thoughts.

… but wait! I did check my emails first thing in the morning …

and wait again! I had a **horrible night**! I obviously have suppressed those memories … well, to make it short, I felt that my right leg and my right arm were kind of feeling numb and strange, as if there was no feeling in them, but there was, but I couldn’t stop stretching and moving right after lying down … I realized, in bed, that it wasn’t right, that there must be some kind of obstruction in my blood flow, on a very deep level … wow! Super ***hot flash just now, writing this***! No hot flash all day! … well, so last night, I was worried to die. My right arm felt strange, like dying off, my right leg did too, and my left arm and hand a little bit … I thought of getting up to massage or something, but in stead, I kept staying in bed and struggling and observing. It crossed my mind that I may had been **connecting with Bob** too much, and that I was actually kind of **losing my body like he had lost his** … later, I realized that I had taken two capsules of dried Melissa herb, don’t know why, I just did, maybe just to make sure that I wouldn’t catch a virus? So … it took hours, and I was really scared about how strange my body felt …

Eventually I got up, peed, massaged my leg, took some Hawthorne, and then I slept. Woke up with all limbs fine.

So in the morning I had the thought that it may have been that Bob was next to me like I had asked him to be so often … and that I had felt that kind **of high-frequency energy** … and

also when I sat down at my laptop I had the thought that it may have been a warning, that my body was deteriorating, and that I didn’t have that much time to accomplish what I have to accomplish …

And then I opened my emails, first thing, and I found that a **man had written to me**, already a week ago, as a response to an ad where I had asked people to help me manifest the Hawaii project. No idea who that is, but I did give him details. No response from Socrates or Italia. Fine.

So later … walking that field, I felt so devastated, but I asked Bob again to show himself, to answer my questions …

So just half an hour ago, I was ready to give up trying to find some film or series worth watching …

and as I surfed all over the place … not sure what I was looking for, I suddenly so the title of a video on the right side of the screen, and it read **"What Or Loved Ones Are Doing In The Afterlife".** By Suzanne Giesemann. Obviously, I was stunned shitless. My question! Right in my face!

What Our Loved Ones Are Doing In The Afterlife

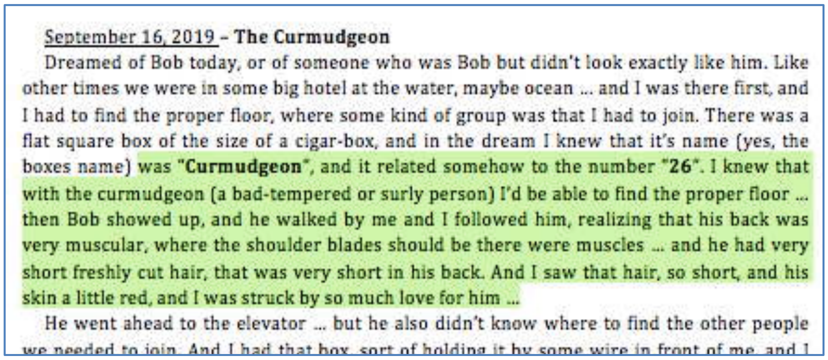
259,902 views • May 16, 2019

Suzanne Giesemann

So of course I watched it … Suzanne used to be a **Navy-officer**, *Bob would have loved that, as big fan of the TV-series NCIS*, and then she discovered that she can connect with the dead … I haven't checked her website out or anything, but I will … right now I'm just still so baffled … because as she kept telling amazing stories of evidentials, she came to the point that "the dead" are just the people they were in the mortal phase, and she said, "**So, if you're a real curmudgeon** …" And my inside went really still, as if someone had turned the volume down, she went on to explain what a curmudgeon is, "a grumpy old man" … but I was stunned.

I immediately recalled my dream where the word "curmudgeon" had appeared … and I had not ever heard it before. And today, as I stumble across the theme "What the dead are doing in the beyond", the woman who tells me about it says that word!

Okay, I looked up "Curmudgeon" in my own contact diary … ***It was a kind of black box whose name was "Curmudgeon", and the number "26" also had shown up in that dream!***



September 16, 2019 – **The Curmudgeon**

Dreamed of Bob today, or of someone who was Bob but didn't look exactly like him. Like other times we were in some big hotel at the water, maybe ocean … and I was there first, and I had to find the proper floor, where some kind of group was that I had to join. There was a flat square box of the size of a cigar-box, and in the dream I knew that it's name (yes, the boxes name) was "**Curmudgeon**", and it related somehow to the number "**26**". I knew that with the curmudgeon (a bad-tempered or surly person) I'd be able to find the proper floor … then Bob showed up, and he walked by me and I followed him, realizing that his back was very muscular, where the shoulder blades should be there were muscles … and he had very short freshly cut hair, that was very short in his back. And I saw that hair, so short, and his skin a little red, and I was struck by so much love for him …

He went ahead to the elevator … but he also didn't know where to find the other people we needed to join. And I had that box, sort of holding it by some wire in front of me, and I

And here is something baffling about that … As mentioned I've been trying to find a TV-series worth watching … why? Because I'm watching the final season of "***Homeland***", but it's new, and the episodes are always a week apart … so the last one I saw was the one where the character "Max", who I found fascinating, died, because "Carrie" had given him the dangerous task to retrieve the *flight recorder*, the "***black box***" from a plane … and Max had a bullet in his back, and he had a clean short haircut, being military!

I’ve been obsessing over this episode yesterday, reading reviews, really mourning Max’s death, like Carrie did … having taken him for granted, and then, suddenly, he was dead, too late for everything … I had totally cried seeing this.

Also, the **bed** that Max was chained to, reminds me very much of the metal frame bed I’m seeing every day and that “watched over” by that lit stone …

And now … by watching that video where it’s about dead people and “Curmudgeon” today I was lead to that dream scene about ***a black box by the name of “Curmudgeon” …***

See, how much meaning that has when you read my “dream”?

I can’t even make more commentary on this right now … it takes my words away …

So **what are “they” doing in the beyond?** Exactly like Betty White described it, too … what they want and what they really liked to do in the mortal phase, or they can chose to help those on the mortal plane.

Listening to Suzanne I realized how much more I actually know than she does, in terms of what the “afterlife” is like, and of course I’m obligated to share my knowledge about the work of Betty, Stewart and their friends with her …

Something else: One of the evidential stories was that once Suzanne had tuned in to a “spirit”, and suddenly she felt a **sharp pain** in her body … and it turned out that it was the **Pancreas** that was painful and that the “dead man” who was connecting with her had died of Pancreatic cancer.

So me feeling that strange dying feeling in my leg and my arm … maybe that was really Bob being close. It comes to my mind, right now, that it was the side that I always was lying next to Bob, when we shared a bed and just before I left him, the night before: I was lying on his right side, and he grabbed my left hand with his right hand … I don’t know, it only just occurred to me, that detail … whatever it means.

It’s the last thing I’d have expected for today … to receive an answer to my question to Bob.

Did he guide me to listen to that video? I bet he did.

Before I watched that video, I cooked potatoes for my dinner and I was talking out loud to myself, about how not only am I part of the project “the bridge”, of course Bob is too, and it’s not that he is suffering and regretting and stuff right now – no! He is aware already, right now, how everything went down, what his role was! And since he’s likely been on the team for a long “time” (in a mortal sense!) too, he likely planned the whole thing with me and with the others, like Betty and all of them, and he is now just looking back on how it played out. And given what I know now and what I'd like to accomplish and how far I've gotten in my research and understanding of all things "beyond", he's done a great job. His suffering is over, mine isn't. But I think I've gotten it: We were always in this together. When he said to me **"We're in this together"** shortly before I left to never see him again, this may have been a different truth he has spoken than I had thought at the time.

Suzanne also shared stories about how the dead declare that they can, in fact, recreate anything about them or their favorite environments … so yes, I will see Bob again.

I believe that the people we are in every lifetime, if we choose to return, "stick" with us … all of them. And we are a mix of them.

I remember telling Bob of a dream that he had been poisoned, by me I felt, or by some woman, and Bob telling me – and this was at the very beginning of our relationship - that in a dream it had been revealed to him that his ex-wife had poisoned him in a previous life. Oh wow … and I was so worried not to poison him with all the plant extracts I gave him to heal him. And he got so much better … still, I do think that there is a chance that some of it was too much in the end … that his body couldn't handle all the chemicals anymore …

But that said … I have his medical records. His organs were fine. No metastases. He died because of a stroke and of despair. And a hospital bug.

Fuck it all.

But then … I will check out more of Suzanne's work. She even mentioned Dr. Gary Schwartz' "The Afterlife-Experiments".

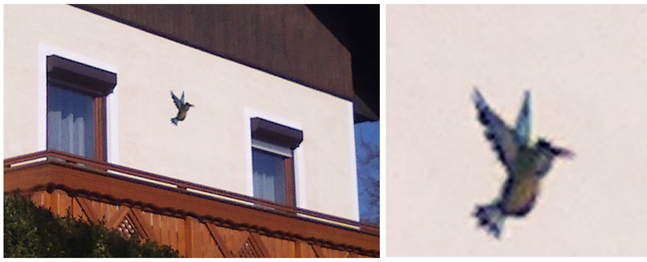
Funny, that she used to be a **Navy-officer**. Again … Bob loved the TV-series NCIS, I have mentioned it … the "Gibbs"-slap …

The answer is LOVE

Yes, even my dog showed up …

April 1, 2020 **– The Humming Bird**

There is a house down the street, with **a humming bird on the wall**. I once saw a woman there, and this **older woman** has told me that she has never gone anywhere, has always been in that house … for more than 20 years, hasn't even gone up the street (where I live).



I've been wondering about that woman and that house for a while … because nobody lives in that house, the wind pushes over plants, and they stay that way … still are pushed over. One little tree was rolling down the driveway, and I think that the plant pot I found down the street is the one where that tree was in, a small conifer … and at night, when I walk by in the dark, **there is a light** in one of the rooms, can see it through the window, but no old woman. Can be on during the day, too, just not visible.

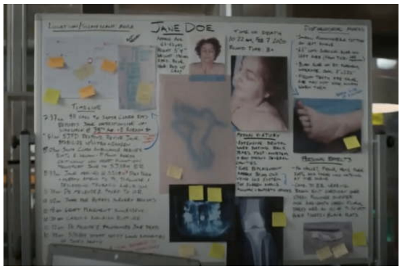
I've been thinking several times, ***what, if that woman is dead in there?***

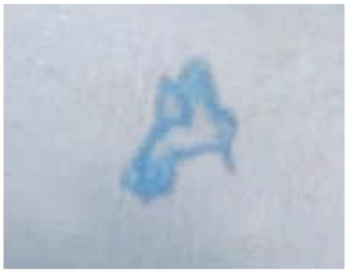
But likely she was taken by her family when the Corona crisis broke out …

Today it was so ridiculous to be out in a beautiful fresh sunny spring day, and only a few people around, and some of them hysterically wrapping their faces in scarfs …

But the truly astounding point is that I felt attracted to the TV-series "The Good Doctor" again, and there are a few episodes I haven't seen yet.

So I just sat down to work on my contact diary, editing the first part, while *watching "The Good Doctor",* and an ***older woman***, just like the one I've been thinking about today, too, from the humming-bird-house**, died on the surgery table**. And she has **a small humming bird tattooed** on her body!





Now … I don't think that the woman in my neighborhood is dead, but I do know that this is a hint that Bob is "with me" ***and seeing what I see*** … and he lead me back to "The Good Doctor" and to that episode …

Since I saw and heard Suzanne Giesemann yesterday, I have a different feeling about "the dead" once again, because she speaks with such certainty about her connections with the ones in the beyond … and I did check out her website … and I realized how many people are really dealing with "after-death-connections" … but the subject of "synchronicity" isn't as obvious. But as soon as my c. d. is in the shape for it, I'll network and have some actual researcher read it.

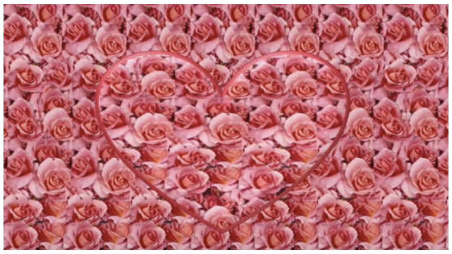
April 2, 2020 – **Morning with the Roses**

I started my day watching a video by Suzanne Giesemann, "Connect Across the Veil in 7 Steps". And the roses that I kept finding now make even more sense … the "**heart of roses**" is part of her work … Remember, I've been wondering how and if I should learn to "become" a medium? Now, I just got the information how. And only that one video makes all the difference in the world.

I introduced Suzanne to Werner from Thanatos.tv … wow, there are so many videos to watch … I love it! So tired of TV-series right now …

I feel guided and blessed.

My face looked so old this morning, and that's okay.

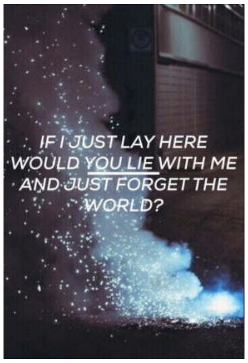


(Note/edit: Twelve days, on April 14, 2020, later I realized that the pictures of the ***roses*** *I’ve been “finding” – actually reflected something that I’ve been seeing every day since I moved into my new apartment: a* ***curtain with a rose pattern****! Geez … I walked into the room and was baffled by the sudden realization that maybe Bob has been trying to tell me that he is present a lot, because he knows that I’ve put up a scarf that I’ve bought in Vienna just before moving away into my bedroom?!)*

(A few hours later …)

Okay, now I’m in tears now … was before already. I was working on editing text, when *suddenly it hit me that Bob was dead and that I wouldn’t go to see him and I will* ***not*** *be with him on Maui …* it came “out of the blue”, and maybe it means that he was or is so close that I picked up his energy … so the effect was, though, that I really couldn’t help but think how this life is over for me and that I can’t really imagine it without Bob in it, and I don’t want to … there was ever a thought in my of one day not knowing Bob in my reach, to accomplish with him all we had planned …

So I began to google, instead of working, had to think of how *I’m wasting my time*, hours and hours, days and days of editing … instead of making films … “Hulihuli Moon” came to my mind … Matthew Perry, and I googled SAG-rates for actors … I suddenly had to think of **Coco Arquette** … *yes, the daughter of Courteney Cox of “Friends”* … I really had last seen a picture of her as a toddler … and what did I find?


IF I JUST LAY HERE
WOULD YOU LIE WITH ME
AND JUST FORGET THE
WORLD?

She is now 14 years old and an Instagram clip shows her **singing on stage** *… but what does she sing?* That **song** that has been going around my head ever since I heard it as the background to the “**Denny-dying**”-scene in “Grey’s Anatomy” … and it has been **haunting** me ever since, but I didn’t think there was a way for me to ever find what that song was … and ***Coco Arquette and that singer sang that song!*** I heard it … and I cried some more.

Still. The song is by **Snow Patrol** *“Chasing Cars” …*

CHASING CARS
SNOW PATROL

And I guess I was supposed to read the lyrics … it’s like Bob talking to me … it’s our story … “**We**

don't need anyone, doing it all on our own …" And we did. And it worked. Until his brain failed him. He didn't know how to express himself … just like in the song. Maybe that's why I had to cry so hard, even before I had an idea I'd "find" that song, because Bob was or is here with me, right here? I did a little big of the exercise how Suzanne Giesemann teaches it ***… I realized that I've been figuring all this out all along, through the last year!*** So I got close to what she calls "shifting", just earlier, … is that why I have this emotional breakdown right now?

The song goes "I need your grace / To remind me / To find my own …" It happened, in my last days with Bob … we talked about his past pains, his fears, his anger … it was so heart-breaking, and it's right here, right now, with me, again … all over … I don't know how I shall stand it.

"We'll do it all / Everything / On our own
We don't need / Anything / Or anyone

If I lay here / If I just lay here / Would you lie with me and just forget the world?

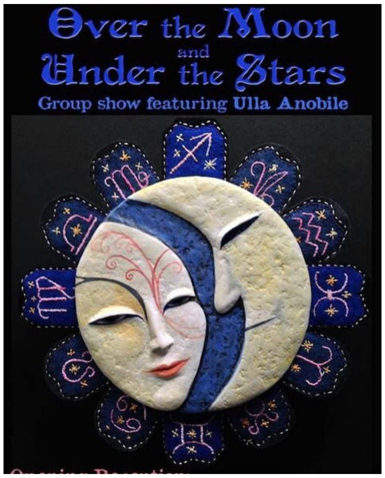
I don't quite know / How to say / How I feel
Those three words / Are said too much / They're not enough

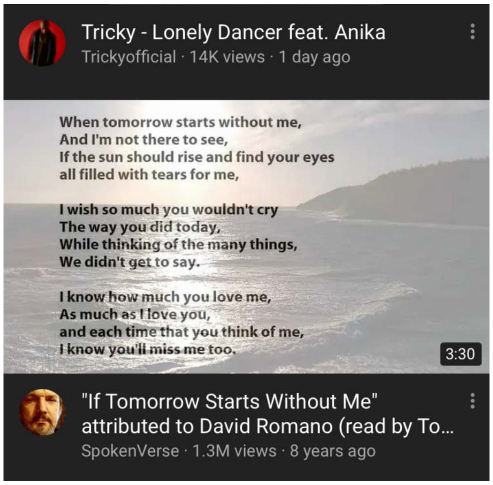
If I lay here/ If I just lay here / Would you lie with me and just forget the world?

Forget what we're told / Before we get too old
Show me a garden that's bursting into life / Let's waste time
Chasing cars / Around our heads

I need your grace / To remind me / To find my own …"

"I need your grace to remind me to find my own …" Is this the message, really? Yes, I was lying with Bob, that one time, a day before I left, next to him, and we held hands, and he said "We're doing this together, Dani." No, we aren't. Are we?


Over the Moon
and
Under the Stars
Group show featuring Ulla Anobile

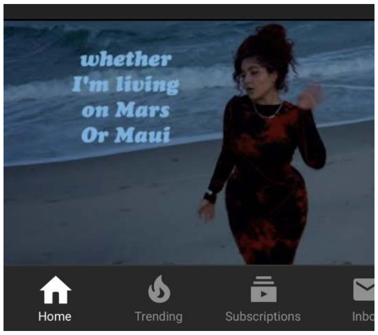

Tricky - Lonely Dancer feat. Anika
Trickyofficial · 14K views · 1 day ago

When tomorrow starts without me,
And I'm not there to see,
If the sun should rise and find your eyes
all filled with tears for me,

I wish so much you wouldn't cry
The way you did today,
While thinking of the many things,
We didn't get to say.

I know how much you love me,
As much as I love you,
and each time that you think of me,
I know you'll miss me too.

"If Tomorrow Starts Without Me" attributed to David Romano (read by To…
SpokenVerse · 1.3M views · 8 years ago


whether
I'm living
on Mars
Or Maui

(One hour later)

Okay, here it goes. I had the urge to check my emails … and I found that "**C" had written to me, after a long time.**

And guess what she sent to me ***today***? The proof that **Bob knows that I'm crying, including a note of "Maui"!**

There are no such odds, that's pure synchronicity as a message

And of course the moon-image. Just … makes me cry more.

All I have to say to Bob right now, that he "said to me" that I shouldn't cry … ***"You have easy talking! You never had to go through something like this, a loss like this! You're only dead! You're fine! But I'm here without you, and I don't know how to make this work and live on until it's my time, finally! You don't have my needs and thoughts and memories … you are f*cking energy!"***

(Crying again!)

(Evening)

I found myself having a very strong impression of Bob, and I said out loud "So am I supposed to really think that you're a ghost now?" … and then I realized something, because Suzanne Giesemann came to my mind: Realizing that Bob really is a spirit, makes it even harder to realize that all my remaining lifetime I will be without him as the man he used to be, the mortal man. It's not that I don't know that he is dead … but somehow it seems to "sink in" differently now, the more I'm sure or clear, that life goes on after shedding the physical body.

It feels like betrayal right now. No matter what I know about the why and how and all … the mortal me feels immensely disappointed and alone and hurt and just … missing the life with Bob. Missing it so much. Much more than in the months past. Much clearer is the loss. Is that a good thing, that awareness that never again will I be back with Bob in this life … is the clarity, that he is a spirit and I'm still a mortal, the ultimate realization of separation, in all the closeness that comes with "knowing" that he is not "gone", he is only dead, as a body?

Maybe that's it.

It feels so painful today, so lost and gone and past … it's very hard. I feel my love for Bob so clearly and so strongly, ***and it is as if I feel and sense and know and recall all that was our time together AT ONCE in my heart.***

That's now.

That's painful. It's a kind of expansion … the pain has expanded, the love too, the memories seem to be all accessible suddenly … and I know that it's like that in the beyond … I've read about it so much and heard of if, from Suzanne, yesterday.

She talked about a "shift", and even though I didn't even do the "shift" exercise yet, I only tried a little bit, I think something shifted.

That's why my emotional me is completely devastated right now. But also "bigger", in a strange way.

It's like …

… I'm there with Bob, in our life, in the past, I see feel hear … there, I'm again breaking out in tears, I haven't cried so much in a year than today … him and me and our house … as if all was still there … and I know it is, in essence.

But I'm a mortal, and I don't know if my mind can handle that kind of mix … of being "eternal" and yet still here in the obstructed realm …

I guess I will have to do what I've been planning … watch more videos of Suzanne … no exercises … I only want to consume the information for now.

I was clearly lead there.

The question … should I and how should I learn about mediumistic abilities … was entirely answered.

There is a feeling of **disbelief** … of new disbelief … like I think about Bob and there **is a black hole** where my thoughts about him living on Maui and waiting for me where … I just read the poem above again … and it made my head spin, almost, with grief … It's like I hear Bob say these things, in my head, as if he was right there, in my head … but the mortal me realizes that he is gone from my earthly life, nonetheless … and that seems unbearable right now.

I don't know what has to happen for me to feel better.
I really don't know.

April 2, 2020 **– Yellow Butterfly & Moon Realization!**

I'm watching the documentary about Suzanne G, and her first experience with a spirit contacting her was, that she read that something unusual could appear like "a **yellow butterfly** in December". Yes, a yellow butterfly has been on my path too, recently, as you know …

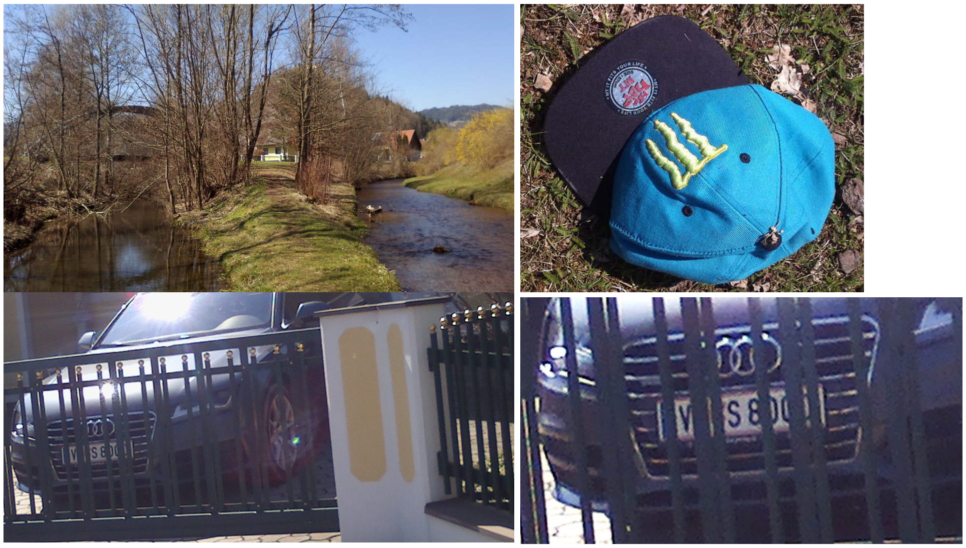
And a little later, *on a boat way out on the ocean*, after the recent death of her stepdaughter S., a **butterfly** followed them … and later in a harbor the boat was surrounded by butterflies.

*(**Note**: This entry will have special meaning a little than two years later, on March 12, 2022.)*

Then, she talked about a **baseball cap** … and guess what? ***Today, I found a baseball cap on a playground, in Bob's favorite color!*** So I went in there and photographed it!

See, I never have to do with baseball caps … except today, when a medium talks about them as I watch the video about her because I was lead to her … on the day I found a baseball cap, on a path that I don't walk very often!

On the way, I also ended up at the interesting intersection of **two creeks** again … and right after that, a car with a quite interesting **car license plate** number …



Okay, I watched another video of Suzanne, and she does talk about **synchronicity**, as the way of communication between the spirit world and the physical world. Thank you very much.

The Top Ten Questions People Ask About the Afterlife
32.816 Aufrufe • 07.07.2017
742
22
TEILEN

The Top Ten Questions People Ask About the Afterlife
32.816 Aufrufe • 07.07.2017

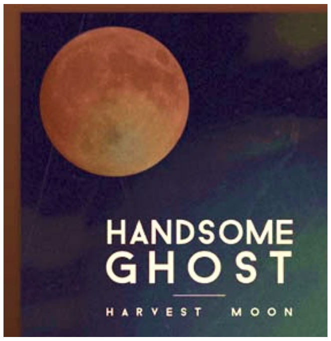
Suzanne and her husband did so much together … I'm very jealous …

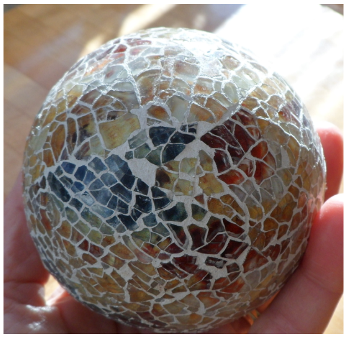
(Note/edit: Two days after writing this, I ended up editing the November 5 entry of last year … and these cave images gained entirely new relevance …)

(Hours later)

Three Moons!

I'm watching "*Heart Gifts*" by Suzanne Giesemann … about "Wolf's message" … and suddenly the two moons came to my mind, the picture that had popped up and the moon that "C" had sent to me, from months ago … (September 16, 2019, which I've just been editing …) So those moons side by side … *and might glance fell on the crystal ball on the window sill*, that I've found a few months ago … geez!



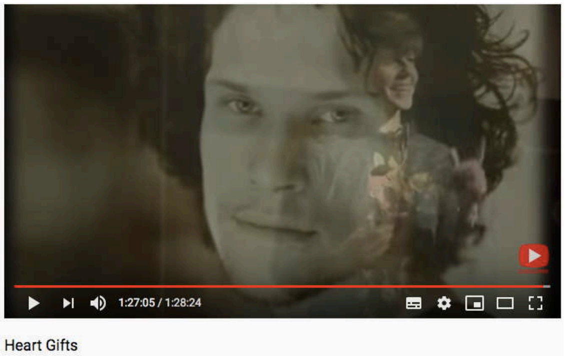


Suddenly I see it! **It's the moon!**

Can it be … that I was so blind? That I only see it today! *I found the moon*! Every night I'd look at the sky and the moon and wonder if Bob was around and what the moon was to him. And one day, I found this crystal ball opposite my door, on the street, in the dark … but I still saw it and picked it up …

It's the moon.

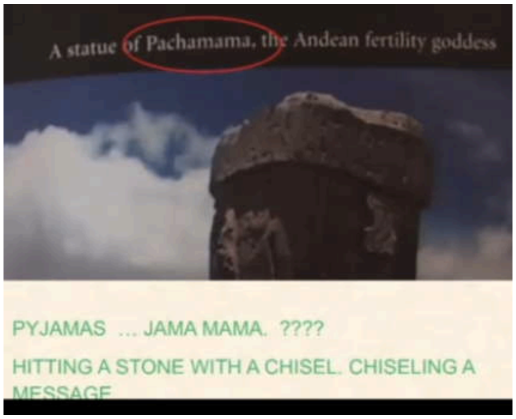
And this evening I find myself entirely invested in a story called "Wolf's Message" … about a young man who was considered mentally ill, but who really was somehow connected with the “beyond” and was really preparing messages that later Suzanne Giesemann would decipher. And: **Some of it relates directly to me and Bob!**



It is *breathtaking*. There is a book, but Suzanne tells the whole story in a video presentation … about that young man **Wolf**, what he did, said, wrote, drew … his pre-death visions … it’s all about “he knew”, but without consciously realizing it. It’s all about ***synchronicities big big time*** …

Suzanne is a trained medium, and Wolf got sentences and images into her mind … in a *session* with his parents. A lot of it made direct sense, but some of it didn’t …

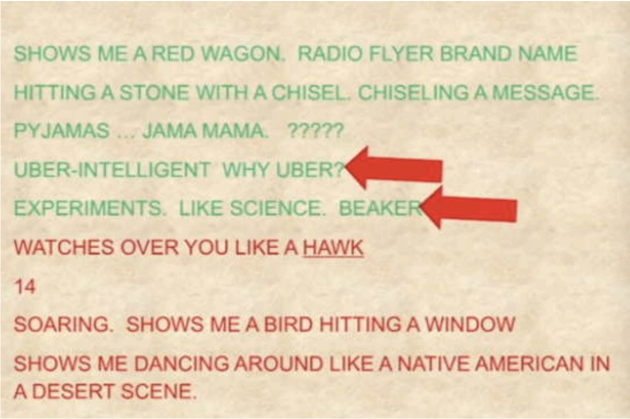
BUT: In the next weeks and months, literally everything that Suzanne had “received” from him, as inner messages, words, sentences, impressions – appeared in her life, often literally!



A statue of Pachamama, the Andean fertility goddess

PYJAMAS … JAMA MAMA. ????

HITTING A STONE WITH A CHISEL. CHISELING A MESSAGE



SHOWS ME A RED WAGON. RADIO FLYER BRAND NAME

HITTING A STONE WITH A CHISEL. CHISELING A MESSAGE.

PYJAMAS … JAMA MAMA. ?????

UBER-INTELLIGENT WHY UBER?

EXPERIMENTS. LIKE SCIENCE. BEAKER

WATCHES OVER YOU LIKE A HAWK

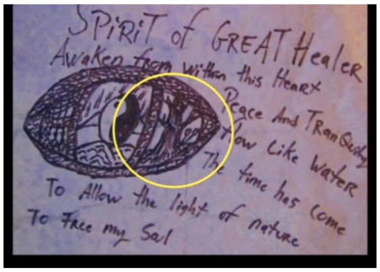
14

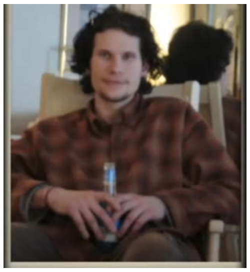
SOARING. SHOWS ME A BIRD HITTING A WINDOW

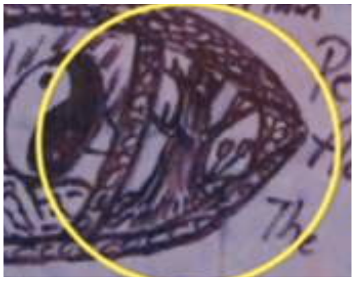
SHOWS ME DANCING AROUND LIKE A NATIVE AMERICAN IN A DESERT SCENE.

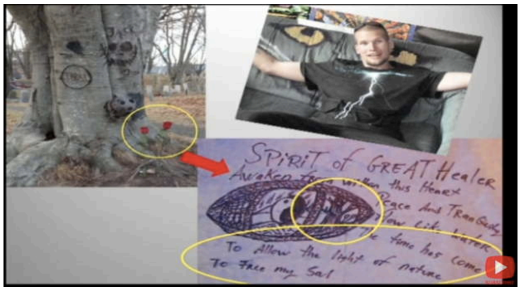
Wolf appeared “insane” to people because of what he said and did … his drawings predicted what would happen to him later … and Suzanne got all that presented from him … after his death.

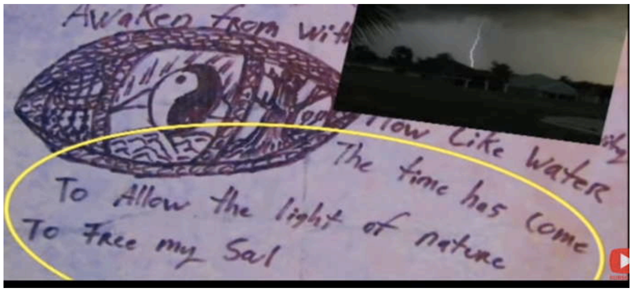
*(Note/edit: I had a **dream** in January about a **young tall man with a long face** with who I was roaming the streets of Los Angeles, and when I saw Wolf for the first time, he looked familiar!)*











He was *struck by lightning one night* … Look at the **image on the T-shirt** he is wearing! It's a **lightning rod**! Suzanne met his parents at a lecture she gave, and she was somehow attracted to them … and it turned out that Wolf had died struck by lightning, just like Suzanne's stepdaughter!

(Note/edit: When I read this: "The time has come / To Allow the light of nature / To free my Soul" – amazing, because right after that he was struck by lightning – I can't help but wanting to "edit" this, in terms of content. We shouldn't say "my soul", "free ***my soul****" … because* ***we are that soul****. So Wolf's sentence would make more sense as* ***"The time has come … to free me, the soul, from my body."***

Our "soul" isn't "free" after our physical death. It's only without material vehicle again. It exists in the unobstructed universe, but in that realm, there are rules and hierarchies and things to do and decisions to make. The soul, in the beyond, had a distinct life, too, but it's of a different kind, because there's no question that every energetic entity is part of a whole. And I can imagine that life there isn't exactly all that easy. So after physical death the attribute of the "soul" that we know as personality is actually "free" from the experiences of suffering and the challenges that the mortal "human" had to endure and go through. But the person remains the same person even without their body, because in the beyond, everything still exists in it's essence. So there is no big heaven of hovering and fluttering "souls" who can now fly all over the place. In the beyond, there is just ***another realm of life, with certain structures and laws and rules challenges and steps of evolution****. And I don't mean all of that in an Earthly kind of sense, but our mortal experiences are definitely preparing us for what happens next. Otherwise life on Earth would not make sense at all. But I think it makes a lot of sense. But we only realize this after we've returned to existing without a material body. Loving our body and taking care of it and also suffering pain and injury and destruction are part of the development of our individual personality, and during our mortal phase that development is shaped by free will and by the Earthly laws of cause and effect in terms of inter-mortal relationships and relations in general – with other creatures of all kinds.*

And not even "shell" or "pod" is really accurate to define the body. Because … and this makes me chuckle … it's really ***not us, as the entire soul that we are****, that's "squeezed" into a tiny body. It's that* ***a part of the energetic entity that we are is "running" and thereby using that body*** *for a while. But the whole big soul that we are – is never less or smaller only because we also use a body as a vehicle to make certain experiences in order to develop more individuality as a Cosmic creature.*

Well, thanks, Wolf for giving me the space to formulate this out, finally, today, April 20, 2020. I stop now, as I could write a whole book about it.)

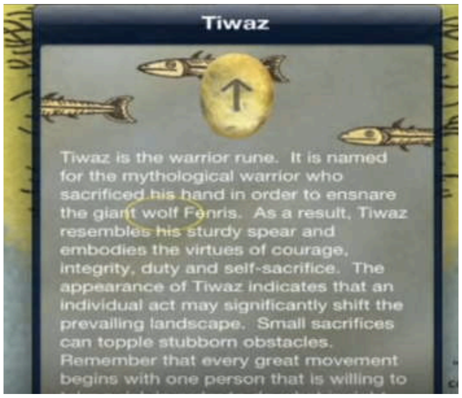
Wolf himself had said "He had been in both worlds at the same time" … but that doesn't ring right to me.

Wow, this is very important for me to have found it.
So yes, I'm writing while I'm watching, because I'll be unable to recap later …

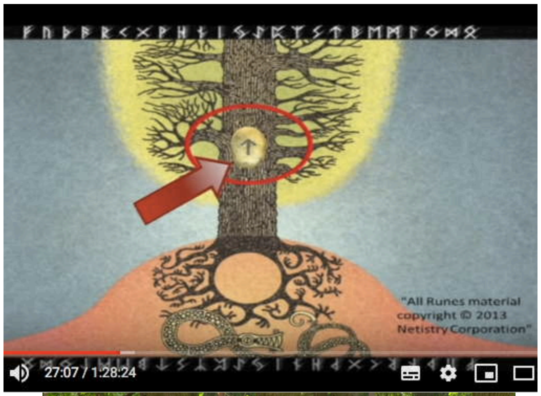
Right now (April 2, 2020, 11.57 pm, I'm watching on my laptop) she is talking about the **Runes** that had been important to Wolf, and that she discovered that there are **24 stones … 24**?! Remember **the 24 hearts** I had found on the mountain before traveling to Bob in August 2018?

Okay. Got my attention even more now … the story of Wolf is very much like my contact diary.
So Suzanne got a hold of a Rune app in a hotelroom, just when she had gotten the message from Wolf (in her mind) that runes were somehow of importance, and he asked her to "cast one stone". So the image that she shows of the rune tree has an **arrow on the tree!** Remember the arrows on trees I've been seeing and photographing? Just the other day again …

April 3, 2020 **– My Own Wolf's message, My Hand and so much more!**
So yes, I'm writing while I'm watching, because I'll be unable to recap later …
So she **cast one stone** (hahaha!) *like Wolf had asked her to* … (Well, actually the story is so complex, it must be seen or heard directly, I'm only giving aspects that somehow relate to me …) So that "**arrow**" is **one rune out of 24** that Suzanne got when she used that Rune app.


Tiwaz

Tiwaz is the warrior rune. It is named for the mythological warrior who sacrificed his hand in order to ensnare the giant wolf Fenris. As a result, Tiwaz resembles his sturdy spear and embodies the virtues of courage, integrity, duty and self-sacrifice. The appearance of Tiwaz indicates that an individual act may significantly shift the prevailing landscape. Small sacrifices can topple stubborn obstacles. Remember that every great movement begins with one person that is willing to



And it reads: *"Tiwaz is the warrior rune. It is named for the mythological warrior who sacrificed his hand in order to ensnare the giant wolf Fenris …"*
(Note/edit: I just have to mention here my best-script win for the animation movie screenplay "Wolves Are Us", about a poodle turning wolf. Interestingly, as I looked for the competition certificate, I came across

that image of mine, see below … wow, I had all but forgotten about that. It was taken at a some wildlife reserve, but I don’t remember when.)

Now … since this is my story and the message from Bob … I’ve been calling Jacqui “**My big wolf**” in the last days all the time. And remember, **my hands?** I’ve been having trouble feeling them? First the left one, recently the right one, too, sometimes?

So **Bob is telling me** through this whole story of Suzanne’s and her story of Wolf … that he is with me, that he is seeing what I’m seeing and hearing me and answering me.

And likely right now Wolf is here, too.

Because the evidentials that Suzanne has been presenting relating to Wolf’s story … are amazing. And they prove to me, that what I’ve been documenting and experiencing – is all **real**.

I’m not “*sacrificing* my hand”, but my ***hands*** or rather the situation about them, me losing my strength in the left one, but it has been recovering, are used right now as evidential by Bob and “them”. And … my hands … I work with them … they go numb because I’m writing all the time, so I’m “sacrificing them …” to my “kuleana”.

The message also reads ***“Remember that every great movement begins with one person that is willing to take a risk in order to do what is right.”***

So the whole Wolf’s story is Suzanne actually “working” just like me, only that she is a medium, and I’ve been doing that on my own with Bob … receiving all those hints and messages … and I did it not by intention, and I did not hear voices or have visions … I only talked with Bob. Well … you but because it just so happened.

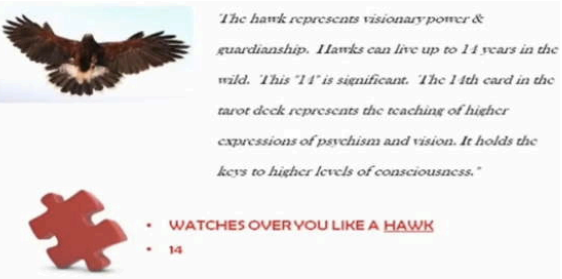
She even goes into ***movies*** – where she receives messages of evidence of movie plots.

Well, now she talks about Pachamama … big Mayan **stones** … **“Hitting a stone with a chisel”!**

Okay, Stoneman, good one.

So yes, Suzanne and Wolf relate to Bob and me. Her talk is actually from December 2018.

Okay, now even the **Hawk** and the **number 14 show up!** Remember, the “hawk”, last year? Bob’s “Hawk” from Taylor Camp … and me, seeing the birds of prey all the time? Is it, that now I’m receiving an explanation? “*The hawk represents visionary power & guardianship. Hawks live up to 14 years in the wild*” … and it’s about *“the keys to higher levels of consciousness”.* Sure.



The hawk represents visionary power & guardianship. Hawks can live up to 14 years in the wild. This "14" is significant. The 14th card in the tarot deck represents the teaching of higher expressions of psychism and vision. It holds the keys to higher levels of consciousness."

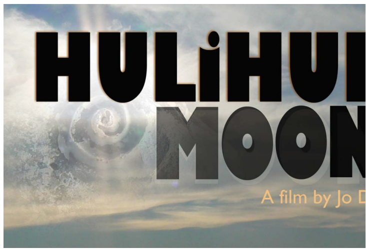
- WATCHES OVER YOU LIKE A HAWK
- 14

She now talks about *snowshoes* even … it’s rare to hear about snowshoes at all … but I’ve come across them often, in my editing work … and for her the message was … it’s about their **webbing** having to do with **dream catchers** …

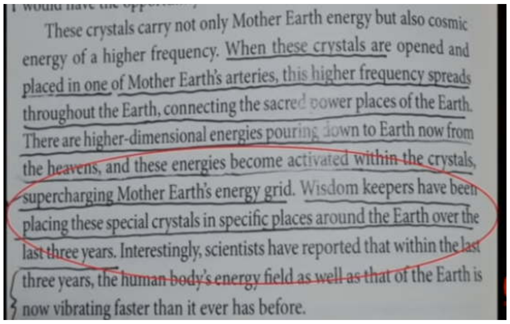
It’s very interesting how Suzanne’s and Wolf’s stories tie into mine and Bobs! Of course, why else would I have been lead to watch this video, to get all this information?!
She even shows **song** titles that “*spoke*” to her because they absolutely matched her experiences of the time … like what “C” sent me yesterday, exactly on the day that I was crying all the time. Suzanne really is able and willing to see the connections … but again, she studied that … and I was forced to learn this, by my grief.
It’s a double synchronicity …
I wish she’d read this book.

The video goes on … it’s very long … I’m very excited, even nervous, more impatient than ever.
A **spiral** on a book cover … like the **spiral** on my “**Hulihuli Moon” poster** …

Message for the Tribe of Many Colors



The crystals … being placed around the world, the woman she met who placed **crystals** all over the place … remember, *how many crystals I found in the last years?* Including the **heart crystal**!? Okay, the “dinosaur egg” looks all different now, too …



These crystals carry not only Mother Earth energy but also cosmic energy of a higher frequency. When these crystals are opened and placed in one of Mother Earth's arteries, this higher frequency spreads throughout the Earth, connecting the sacred power places of the Earth. There are higher-dimensional energies pouring down to Earth now from the heavens, and these energies become activated within the crystals, supercharging Mother Earth's energy grid. Wisdom keepers have been placing these special crystals in specific places around the Earth over the last three years. Interestingly, scientists have reported that within the last three years, the human body's energy field as well as that of the Earth is now vibrating faster than it ever has before.

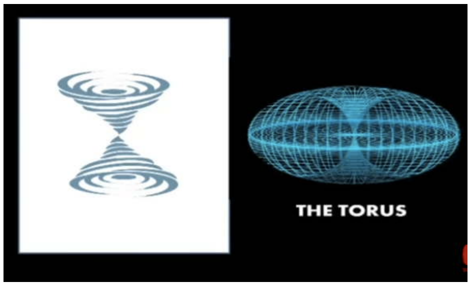
I hope that Wolf and Suzanne's guide "Sanaya" will have her connect with me … that's supposed to happen. I want it. I must work with her. She must read my book. **She must support "The Bridge".** She does already, in a way … but she is supposed to do as I say.

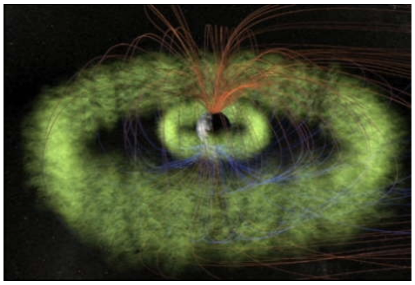
I'm her senior. She is waiting for me to come get her to serve our project.

That sounds strange, but I just wrote it down like it came.

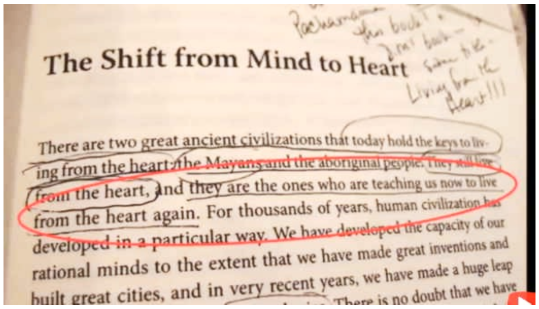
I listen to her right now … and I realize *how immensely much more I know than her*. She was recruited, I think. She has been dealing with those things spiritual for a much shorter time than I've been … She is a piece in my synchronicity puzzle. She is smart and open and capable. I want her on the team "the bridge", but for that she needs to meet Stewart and Betty, Ruth and Emmet, Richard and all the others.

Okay … just now she presents "the **Torus**"! And that's the work of Marko Rodin, who I talked to, once Bob's friend, Rebecca's grandson Nalu's father.





She talks about **heart energy** … that's not new … and with every word she says I feel "closer" to Betty and Stewart … it makes me so uneasy realizing that she may not know about their work!



The Shift from Mind to Heart

Living from the Heart!!!

There are two great ancient civilizations that today hold the keys to living from the heart: the Mayans and the aboriginal people. They still live from the heart, and they are the ones who are teaching us now to live from the heart again. For thousands of years, human civilization has developed in a particular way. We have developed the capacity of our rational minds to the extent that we have made great inventions and built great cities, and in very recent years, we have made a huge leap

She is a very good speaker, very convincing and clear … I really like her.

And let's not forget my script **"Wolves Are Us"**, *best script winner, Bob's favorite.*

At the end of the video, there is an image of **a galaxy** … that I have too … from the **fireworks** of New Year's Eve.

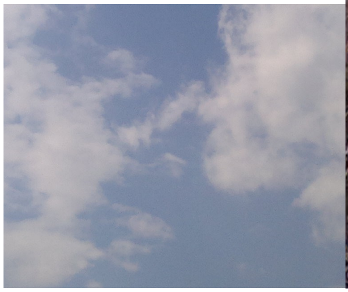
April 3, 2020 **– Wolf & Kim & the Others**

Life is different today.

I realize how Wolf and Bob and Betty and Stewart are working together. My feeling of isolation in the mortal realm is stronger though, and so is my feeling of impatience, and the task ahead, to get my work out, this contact diary and to make “Regents of Clouds” and the other projects, seems … well, huge. I’m watching Dr. Eben Alexander with breakfast, and the idea of contacting the Theosophical Society just came to me. I will do that, right now …

Knowing what I know it’s so hard to bear what’s happening with our world just now, with the alleged “Corona pandemic” and governments forcing people to stay inside their houses, making them sick at body and spirit, supposedly to “fight the virus” … that never was a threat in the first place. The worst part of it is that those governments can really do with people what they want, because people are so incredibly uniformed and dumb … it makes me nauseous thinking of what I had just seen and learned and looking at the still frame of Dr. Alexander as I’m writing this … it was in August 2014 that he spoke, and he was so sure that mankind was going in a good direction, but the contrary is the case, now, so many years later. I was wondering if Bob has ever seen videos like that … he loved to sit and watch educational and spiritual stuff for hours on end.

I took a walk, like usual … feeling a little numb about my recent experiences … but I did notice amazing cloud formations … ***mimicking*** what was underneath and indicating a “***connection***”. And a heart in a tree trunk …



And then this … a **cloud "fist"** … a hint at my fists being clenched with helpless frustration a lot of the time? But I was too slow to get the phone out to photograph it … but a little remained:

Last night, I couldn't watch Dr. Alexander, even though I wanted to, but it was past 1.30 am, and I had to go to sleep. Wow. What a night! **A dream**!

As I lay in bed and was kind of drifting, I saw *something strange white* on the wall, kind of wavering, but I didn't want that, so I thought "Don't spook me, remember? Let's get together in my dreamstate!" Because earlier, I don't remember where, exactly, when I had been walking with Jacqui, **one single white cloud** had crossed my path. Literally … but that had been before I'd watched those Giesemann-videos and before I had learned about Wolf. Yes, on head level, a white cloud moved across my path. First I thought it was smoke, so I walked there, fast, to sniff. But it didn't smell of smoke. It wasn't steam, because it was late in the evening, and there wasn't any steam anywhere …

So right before I fell asleep, a **male voice** that I don't recognized said the one word "**Kim**". It was very loud in my head. And I realized that I got "conscious" right away and thought that I really should learn to not "wake" up and stay in that trance like state … and then I fell asleep.

The dream … wow … my dog was so restless, too, because I was, and I always woke up just enough to realize that he was moving … but I just couldn't wake up.

(Note/edit: I'm editing a previous section of this c. d. now, and I just came across the only time I had to do with a "Kim", in the recent past, in the movie "Parasite", where Kim is the main character and the one who smells bad … the entry from January 8.)

What I can remember of that **dream** … which is totally present still, right now, is, me and a younger **man**, we were outdoors, and we had been on a visit there, we had explored something … and it was kind of dusky, gloomy, dark, it was a meadow, somehow, with that strange heap or tiny hill, of soil, with plants that I could barely see, though … and we had to get into some bus or car to travel somewhere, but I simply couldn't get my stuff together … there was that hill, where there were two **flower** petals, but at the same time, those were **insects** and I had to protect them … somehow I have the impression of a ***fox***, too, but not clear …. then those petals kept turning into animals … bigger insects … and I also was sucked into some other setting, at times, indoor, but would always end up back at that hill … and the setting was **gloomy** and dark and *like before a rain*. And that man was pushing for me to come … but I couldn't figure out what to actually do … And I wasn’t dressed or something, I was unable to move forward, and he simply wouldn’t understand.

Suddenly he turned into my “friend” T., which whom I had had that unsatisfying discussion the other day (in real life) … and with her, I kind of drove in a bus to the home of two famous women, who were “influencers”, I knew in my dream, both with short hair, and they were a couple. I only got to talk with one of them, and it was all kind of mingling … because I still wasn’t fully dressed, was missing pants or a skirt, and I tried to tell T. who at the same time was that man, that I needed to find my clothes, before I could do anything. But for some reason I walked down to the ocean shore, that was right behind that mansion where we were talking with one of the two tall, short-haired women, and it was gray and cold, and the influence told me upon my inquiry that they had bought that mansion after they had earned that much money as influencers, and in my dream I found that very unfair … and T. was pushing to get moving. But I had to get back to that strange heap of … mud, it was like a hill, where still I had to find something … and I ended up getting the two flower petal and tying a thin string to them separately to then hang them on a nail on some wall. I don’t know where that wall was … but I remember that I was entirely alone with that in my dream, nobody knew what I was doing … and I couldn’t explain myself.

In real life, of course, I’ve done that recently, when I had strung my herbs together to dry them to make a **tincture**.

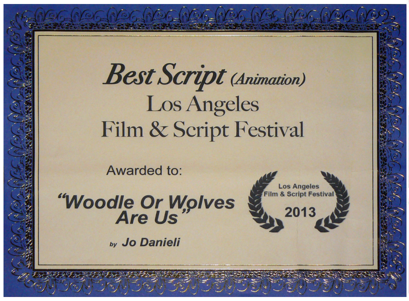
(Which I’ve done, I put 70 % alcohol on the dried herbs, and they are now in glasses, soaking.) Very amazingly, I have found that those **beautiful flowers** were even more beautiful “dead”.

I have the feeling today that I got further in my understanding how everything works and that “they are still right here”, I’m amazed by my own journey, too.

I feel a little comforted, I must say, And I shall listen to Dr. Alexander’s talk fully. “**Kim**”, huh. Curious what will show up in my life now in regards to this word and to the fact that I now know about “Wolf” … the many things in his story that I have in my story too, are a very fascinating hint at the fact that I’m really involved in “the bridge”.

I woke up thinking that Wolf isn’t really someone who has “lived in two worlds”, but his consciousness wouldn’t fully enter the body in the awake-state … Whatever.

I’m sure he and Bob are chatting, about my project **“Wolves Are us”.**



Best Script (Animation)
Los Angeles
Film & Script Festival

Awarded to:

“Woodle Or Wolves Are Us”
by Jo Danieli

Los Angeles Film & Script Festival
2013

Claude
Fidget
Coriander

My own feeling of urgency is huge today. Something else … I only watched the first part of Dr. Alexander's talk … he fell into a **coma** … after *waking up with severe back pain and cold sweat* … the talked about a form of **meningitis** that affects the brain … for a moment I had the thought that it could be my problem, too … So I'll keep doing those sips of colloidal silver that I've been taking … and each time, my backpain had gone away and my dizziness and even the ringing in my ears and the fever spells … (Well, a little later I realized that just a story of backpain and the total immersion in the beyond of a man like Dr. Alexander may also be a hint from Bob that he is aware of my ordeal, too, my physical one.)

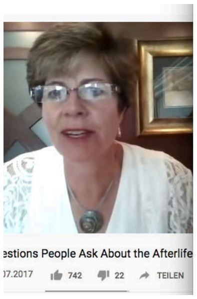
Watching Dr. Alexander … It reminds me of **my own ordeal** of going blind because of a **staph infectio**n on Maui, with a completely ineffective treatment in the ER … and one day later, after indescribable agony as my eyeball disintegrated … but I wouldn't take pain killers, because I was going blind, and I had to "do it in the energetic way" and heal myself. And I did. Overnight. Literally: My eye, that had been left a mush of puss, was entirely intact again. Impossible, actually from a medical and physical point of view. The same with my breast: Only pussy mush … and yet, it rebuilt within days … Anyway. I'm realizing that I can related to all those stories because of personal experiences.

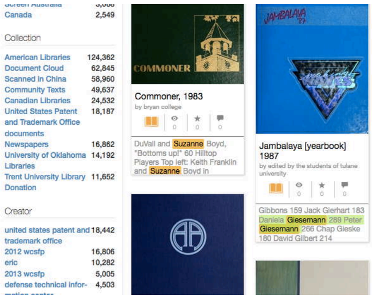
Dr. Alexander talks about riding on a **butterfly** wings … He experienced an alternative reality … splendid, colorful, with music … in what he calls a "**gateway valley**", "much more real than this world", he says that what we think is the real world is very "dream like", … what he describes I've read – described by Betty White. It's fascinating … I can't possibly describe all of that.

" … crisp alter-reality …"

I makes me realize how many people are actually aware of the nature of our mortal "life" …

There is something really odd, too, in regards to my "discovery of Suzanne G." I went to the internet archive to research if her books are available to check them out there … and I didn't find them … ***BUT*** I found "***Giesemann***" together with my name and with the name of **my brother Peter**! And I've been asking my brother to get in contact with me.


estions People Ask About the Afterlife
07.2017 742 22 TEILEN


Canada 2,549

Collection

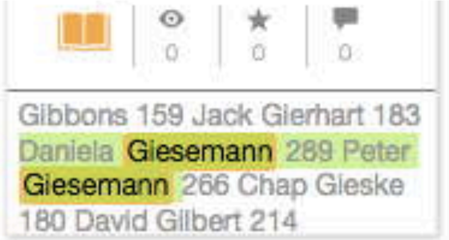
American Libraries	124,362
Document Cloud	62,845
Scanned in China	58,960
Community Texts	49,637
Canadian Libraries	24,532
United States Patent and Trademark Office documents	18,187
Newspapers	16,862
University of Oklahoma Libraries	14,192
Trent University Library Donation	11,652

Creator

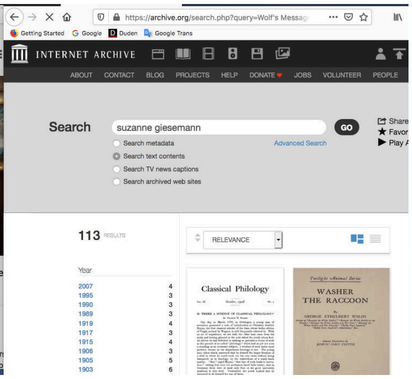
united states patent and trademark office	18,442
2012 wcsfp	16,806
eric	10,282
2013 wcsfp	5,005
defense technical infor-	4,503

Commoner, 1983
by bryan college
DuVall and Suzanne Boyd, "Bottoms up!" 60 Hilltop Players Top left: Keith Franklin and Suzanne Boyd in

Jambalaya [yearbook] 1987
by edited by the students of tulane university
Gibbons 159 Jack Gierhart 183 Daniela Giesemann 289 Peter Giesemann 266 Chap Gieske 180 David Gilbert 214


Gibbons 159 Jack Gierhart 183 Daniela Giesemann 289 Peter Giesemann 266 Chap Gieske 180 David Gilbert 214

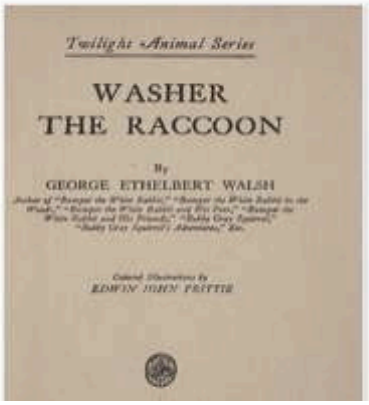
https://www.youtube.com/w
YouTube AT
Ten Questions People Ask About the Afterlife
ufrufe • 07.07.2017 742 22 TEILEN
Suzanne Giesemann
14.000 Abonnenten
Evidential Medium Suzanne Giesemann shares the answer
Questions People Ask About the Afterlife (and the spirit wo


https://archive.org/search.php?query=Wolf's Messag
INTERNET ARCHIVE
ABOUT CONTACT BLOG PROJECTS HELP DONATE JOBS VOLUNTEER PEOPLE
Search suzanne giesemann GO
○ Search metadata
● Search text contents
○ Search TV news captions
○ Search archived web sites
Advanced Search
113 RESULTS
RELEVANCE

Year

2007	4
1995	3
1990	3
1989	3
1919	4
1917	3
1915	4
1906	3
1905	5
1903	6

Classical Philology

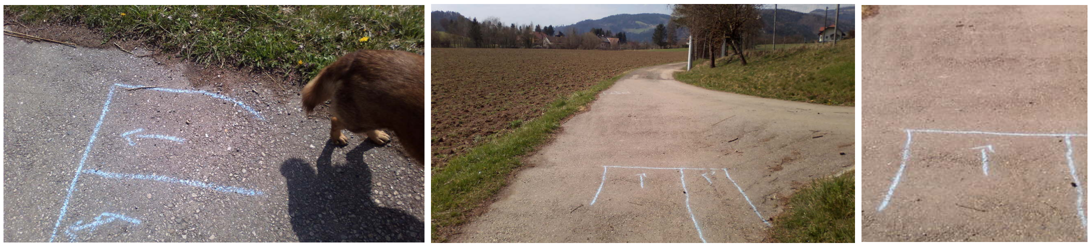

Twilight Animal Series
WASHER
THE RACCOON
By
GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH
Colored Illustrations by
EDWIN JOHN PRITTIE

Plus … a "**raccoon**" showed up, too! Yes, during a search in the internet archive!

April 3, 2020 **– Wolf's Bridge & Bob's Responses**

It's hard to believe, but I got evidence that first, "I got Wolf right", and that they are aware of my new gain of information, my big step of self-realization, confirmation if it, that is happening right now.

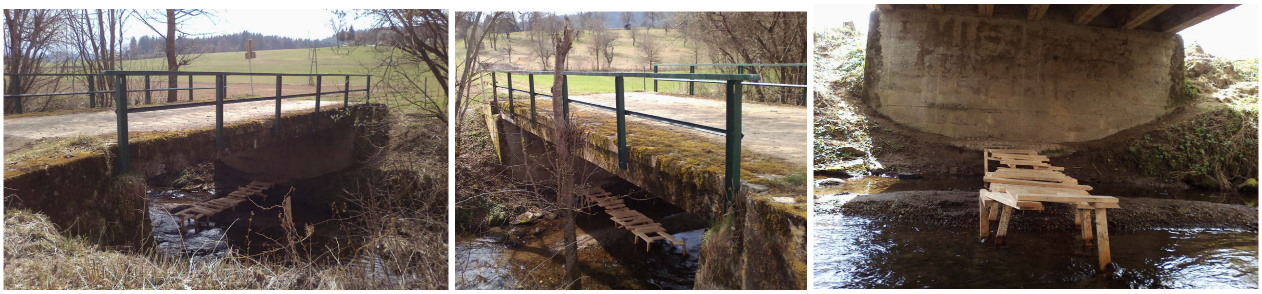
I did the field today, the one with the rabbit ears … and then in headed even further towards St. Kollmann, but I couldn't take the direct route across the field at the beginning of that path, because it has been newly ploughed. So I went past the farmer's house where the wild pig lives (it wasn't there today) … and there they were**: Turquoise blue arrows** … just like the arrow on the rune number 24 I saw yesterday as presented by Suzanne! They are actually on both sides of the path, pointing in both directions … some kids drew with chalk some kind of "street marking" …



I'm just now thinking that Bob may have gotten in contact with ***Wolf*** easier because of Bob's love for my story "***Wolves Are Us***" … and the question why I wrote a best script winning screenplay about how humans are just like wolves … well, that's part of my life's kuleana.

But further:

So I walked along that creek towards the bridge that's usually my "border", from there I turn left to the road or I turn around. Today, I stood there speechless**: There is a bridge under the bridge!**



And as I stood there, gawking, I said out loud "So that's you, Wolf …" The bridge under the bridge was fragile and raw and didn't reach all across the stream … and that's what I felt and thought about Wolf last night, hearing his story. That he didn't really "live in both realms" at the same time, because we all do, but that his consciousness couldn't really cross – **but from the other side!** Wolf was a young man thought to be mentally ill, while he was really a highly advanced mortal! ***So that bridge expresses exactly what I was thinking!***

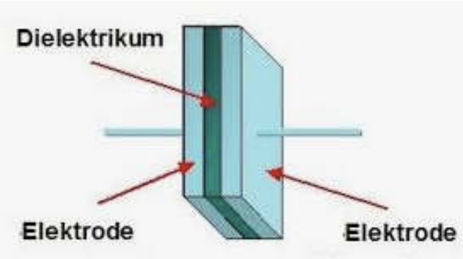
See for yourself, isn't that stunning *… to discover something like this raw and fresh and instable bridge, just after I had learned about the story of Wolf, who was the master of planting evidentials, without even knowing it during his mortal phase**! And some of those evidentials relate to me and Bob!***

I kept thinking of how Dr. Alexander described that “gate valley”, the perfectly pristine living world of the “dead”, and how life on Earth seems like a hallucination … and I kept thinking how Betty had said that **“Earth is the borning place for individualization” …** and many wise people obviously do not know Betty’s and Stewart’s work “The Unobstructed Universe”, because it would explain everything to them! I must help change that!

Back on the way back home, I really had a moment when a **huge bird of prey, likely a hawk** (!) *came to circle right over my head …* and I was “asked”, in my mind, what I want in the first place. So I thought about it … and it’s money. When I have the proper amount of money, I’m not dependent on other people to help me network, then I can just “do”. And that’s what I want. I asked them “to get me that”. I hope, they will.

And something funny, too … In the last weeks I’ve been editing incredibly bad texts, among them texts about electronics, namely about “**capacitors**” … and I’ve been asking Bob often if he sees how I’m fucking wasting my time editing that shit!?

Now, see what I found on the field, today … **huge parts of a “capacitor”!** (They are made of some kind of Styrofoam foam and wood, I think, about half a foot in diameter.) Okay, Bob, thank you, I believe now that you see what I’m seeing and that you’re totally with me!



So before arriving at the bridge under the bridge … I had spoken out loud that I had to end grieving. Just like Suzanne had said, it hinders the true progress I’m supposed to make. And at home, taking a shower, I saw how my skin is withering … it’s kind of interesting to watch.

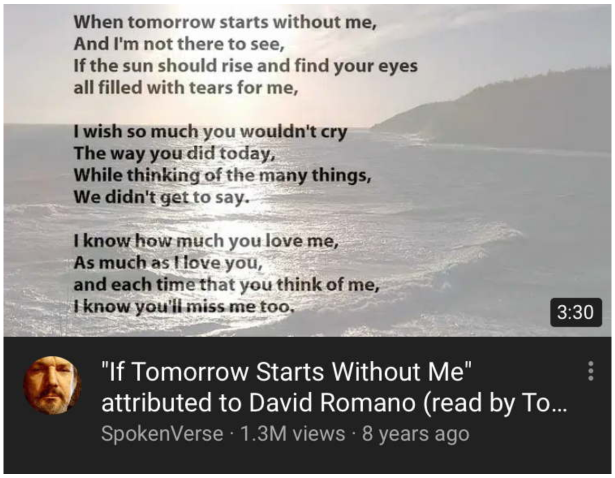
My feeling is right now that I must get “The Unobstructed Universe” to Dr. Eden Alexander.

April 3, 2020 **– The Poem**

Oh geez!

Dr. Eben Alexander just shared how he got to see a picture of his dead sister, who he had never known and who he had met in the afterlife without knowing it … and his other sister handed him a picture of the dead one with a **poem** on it … and it’s **by David Romano,** and it’s ***the poem “C” had sent***

me yesterday!



When tomorrow starts without me,
And I'm not there to see,
If the sun should rise and find your eyes
all filled with tears for me,

I wish so much you wouldn't cry
The way you did today,
While thinking of the many things,
We didn't get to say.

I know how much you love me,
As much as I love you,
and each time that you think of me,
I know you'll miss me too.

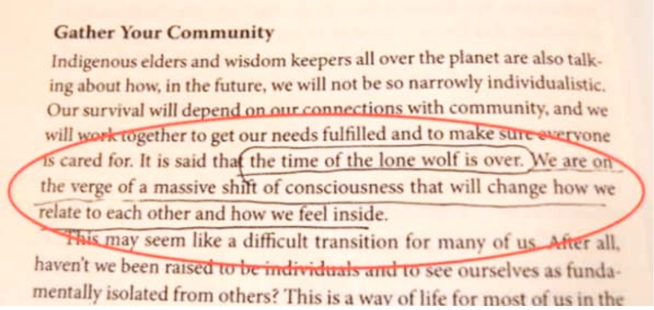
"If Tomorrow Starts Without Me" attributed to David Romano (read by To...

SpokenVerse · 1.3M views · 8 years ago

His story is about pretty much dying of a disintegrated brain due to meningitis, with a 2 % survival rate and that in a coma, and how he took a trip in the beyond and found himself on a butterfly wing with a beautiful unknown girl … and then he returned to life, and to this day there is no physical explanation for it … Later, he, who was adopted, got to meet his birth parents and their other children, his siblings. And he recognized the girl on the butterfly wing as his sister. And this is what his sister had told him, in the afterlife, on that butterfly wing with him: *"You're deeply loved forever. You will be taken care of. You have nothing to fear."*

Aha! My Guardian Angel ...!

It feels surreal, reading all that. Surreal how I've come along this path … only in July 2018 I had no idea about any of that.



Gather Your Community

Indigenous elders and wisdom keepers all over the planet are also talking about how, in the future, we will not be so narrowly individualistic. Our survival will depend on our connections with community, and we will work together to get our needs fulfilled and to make sure everyone is cared for. It is said that the time of the lone wolf is over. We are on the verge of a massive shift of consciousness that will change how we relate to each other and how we feel inside.

This may seem like a difficult transition for many of us. After all, haven't we been raised to be individuals and to see ourselves as fundamentally isolated from others? This is a way of life for most of us in the

April 3, 2020 – **The Warehouse**

Okay, this is spooky, but in a good way. Dr. Alexander had mentioned a woman with an amazing near-death experience, in a cancer state like Bob had been in, lost and completely worn out. I had seen Bob's tumor shrink and Bob get better … and I had thought that he'd be one of those "miracle people" who'll give so much hope to the world. But he was not. But that woman is, ***Anita Moorjani.*** *She went to the beyond, realized the reality of our existence as consciousness, then came back, and within her incurable cancer was completely gone.* I saw this happening in Bob … and yet, he had to die. Suzanne talks about something like "exit dates" where a spirit has the chance to leave the body … but sometimes we survive those, live on in the mortal realm and then have other opportunities. I had surgery twice, and each time I was told I had stopped breathing … I had out of body experience when I was sick with Malaria … so likely I was supposed to die even in 2014, when I could barely breathe and was sure I was going to suffocate. I think I may have had lung cancer. But Bob gave me some kind of dishwashing or cleaning liquid to inhale, and I did and it went away.

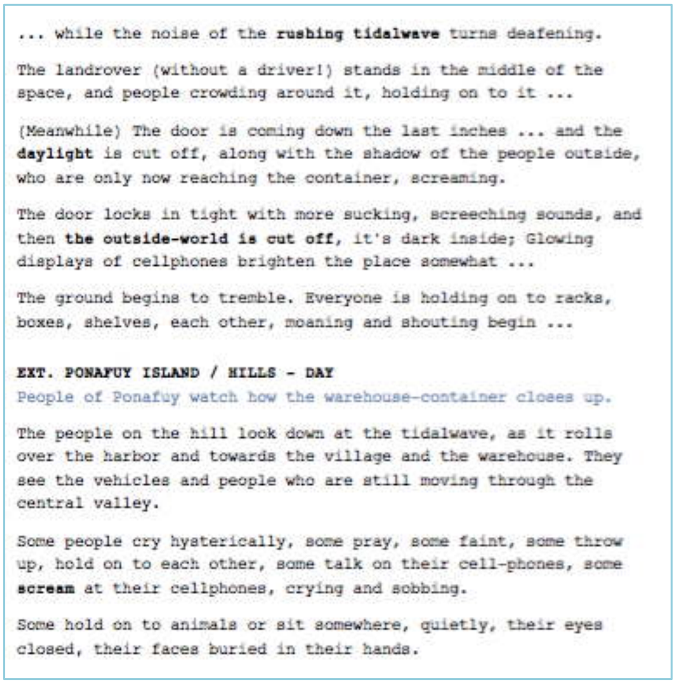
I had a tumor growing on my elbow once, I "made" it disappear with a visualization technique. I have had many times episodes that felt like heart attacks … and I had bumps and lesions inside my abdomen that disappeared … and I had the staph infection I have mentioned before, that turned my eye into a ball of puss and my right breast too … and I'm still alive.

Now, the baffling thing is, that **Anita Moorjani** describes the limited perception of mortals using the image of a "**warehouse**", where you walk around with a tiny flashlight. *And I even "heard" Bob chuckle, because one of the films I wrote, was "**Subsistence**", **people being trapped in a warehouse** … that was swept into the ocean by a tidalwave.*

Dying to be me! Anita Moorjani at TEDxBayArea

3,219,610 views • Nov 30, 2013

TEDx BayA
25K
856
SHARE
SA



… while the noise of the **rushing tidalwave** turns deafening.

The landrover (without a driver!) stands in the middle of the space, and people crowding around it, holding on to it …

(Meanwhile) The door is coming down the last inches … and the **daylight** is cut off, along with the shadow of the people outside, who are only now reaching the container, screaming.

The door locks in tight with more sucking, screeching sounds, and then **the outside-world is cut off**, it's dark inside; Glowing displays of cellphones brighten the place somewhat …

The ground begins to tremble. Everyone is holding on to racks, boxes, shelves, each other, moaning and shouting begin …

EXT. PONAFUY ISLAND / HILLS - DAY

People of Ponafuy watch how the warehouse-container closes up.

The people on the hill look down at the tidalwave, as it rolls over the harbor and towards the village and the warehouse. They see the vehicles and people who are still moving through the central valley.

Some people cry hysterically, some pray, some faint, some throw up, hold on to each other, some talk on their cell-phones, some **scream** at their cellphones, crying and sobbing.

Some hold on to animals or sit somewhere, quietly, their eyes closed, their faces buried in their hands.

And the people in that warehouse don't know for a long time whether or not they are submerged or not … and the scenes in the darkened warehouse that Anita describes … that's what I described in my screenplay. *People walking around with flashlights!* It's meant to be a TV-series. I wrote it in honor of the beloved Costco-warehouse in Kahului, beloved, because Bob and I used to go shopping there, and it was bliss

So among all the amazing things … even the "warehouse" story comes back to me full circle … that's … well, pretty amazing. That I picked of all the videos about near-death experiences today the one with the warehouse-allegory. And why have I written that screenplay, that story?

I had the comforting idea today, that I was going to print out this contact diary … just because. But I don't think I'm dying anytime soon … yet, my body feels different than ever before … but: The high pitched tone in my ear has subsided, it only comes back briefly … like this evening. I felt so exhausted and tired that I had to lie down, and I slept through all evening, didn't even take Jacqui for his dusk-walk. When I woke up, I was sweating and fevery … something is going on. But not due to Corona virus, because I'm not coughing and I don't have a running nose or anything. I did notice, though, today, that my face looked very strangely old … and my skin looks withering. I'm not losing weight, though, and I have a normal appetite.

Whatever it is … right now, I feel that pain in my right abdomen again … and earlier, this afternoon, driving back up the hill from the walk, I felt sharp holding pain in my heart. But I talked to my heart and made the heart-supporting "mudra" (ring finger, index finger and thumb of the right (!) hand pressed together) and decided that my heart is fine. And the pain subsided.

She also talks about the "**flashlight**" being the "**awareness**" … and that's the basic theme of my old book "We Creators of the World" is that "energy flows where attention goes", and attention is made of thoughts.

April 4, 2020 – **Eating With Souls & the Hand**

This morning, I chose a random mini-series, "***Unorthodox***", about a young Jewish woman. I had to think of H. a lot, so maybe I was attracted to the film. Turns out, in the last third, a message was there for me …

First, I went for a walk with Jacqui, in the forest … and suddenly, **my right hand** began to tingle and to sting, as if I was touching something electrical … And I asked the disca who was *holding my hand*? (The photo shows the place where it happened.)

And several people came to my mind, first, "Mother" Filomena, Bob's friend on Maui, who also was had a fate like Anita Moorjani, she died, was incapacitated, then returned to life and supposedly was visited by "Mother Mary" who blessed water during the night, which Filomena then gave to people who were healing by it … I walked a bit, holding my hand out, sure that I was holding someone's hand … then I had a glimpse of a thought of **my brother Peter**, who had died in 1993, and I broke out crying on the spot. I think that means he was there. My brother. Having seen the story of Eden Alexander who met his dead sister in the beyond … I started to think that my brother Peter may have been around me a lot … and I had no clue …

It was a very intense walk …

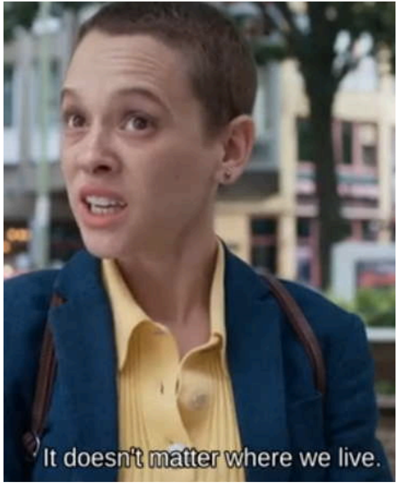
Later, I kept watching "***Unorthodox***", although I hated the story … but I was eating and watching, it was supposed to relax me … I kept thinking of H. and how she had gotten me in contact with Bob, by bringing me to Maui … in 2001. And suddenly, a scene happened in the mini-series, that seems to have nothing to do with the plot … but it kind of stopped me short:

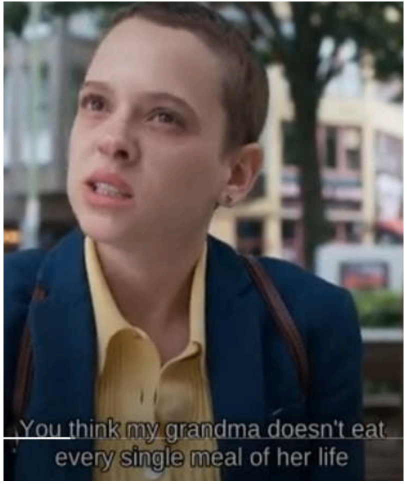
This place is full of Jewish souls, Esty.

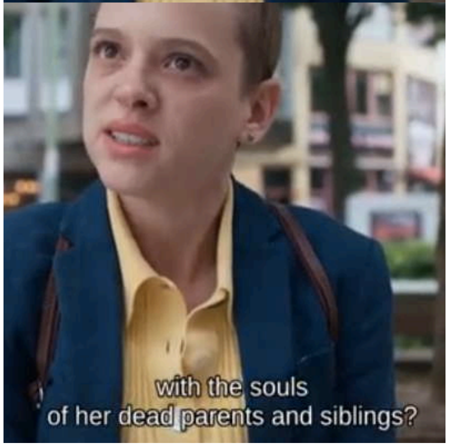
The souls of a million dead!

You want to raise a child
among all these dead?

The dead are with us anyway, Moishe!


It doesn't matter where we live.


You think my grandma doesn't eat
every single meal of her life


with the souls
of her dead parents and siblings?

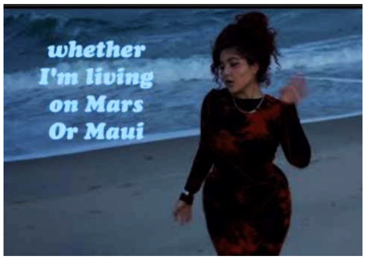
Yes, the dead are with us always. **And that the "grandmother" is "eating her meals with the dead"** … **how often have I asked Bob to acknowledge what I've been doing, "sharing food" with him, and to tell me whether or not it makes sense** … and then in a place, where I expect it not at all – the answer occurred! It's not a new concept, for a good reason – and for some people, filmmaker or screenwriter, *it's important enough to* ***stick the information*** *into a film that otherwise has nothing to do with the dead!*

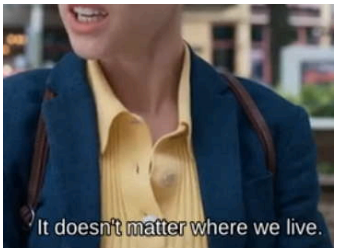
This sequence in the film sticks out from the rest or the film … it has nothing to do with the storyline, the character who says that doesn't ever deal with souls or death or religion at all in the film … it seems "out of character" for her to say that. But it fits absolutely to my "agenda" … My question got answered, **if**

"feeding" Bob's spirit has any merit or effect. There are no odds that I get to see this scene "by chance", is there? **The dead are around all the time ..?** Of course that's my subject. And I had no way of knowing that something like this would be in this miniseries. A few hours ago I had no idea that this story even exists.

So.

And now see, how the "no matter where we live" fits to what "C" sent me:





So, now something else just happened … I started to watch another TV-series that caught my attention, in a list of TV-series on 123movies.la, "**Blacklist**", and in the first episode, at about minute 21, **a young profiler** shows a criminal (James Spader, there reason why I even clicked on that older series) **her right hand** that is hurt and **scarred**!

And I had been having that burning **stinging *feeling in my right hand,*** as I just wrote about the feeling that someone was holding my hand, a minute ago … while I was watching this film! Somebody is telling me *that they know and see …*

April 4, 2020 **– Costco & Maui Film Festival**

I'm watching some TV-series while working on the photos that you see above … and I kid you not, there is an episode in something that's called "*High Maintenance*", something supposedly funny, but really satirical about New York people … and one that episode (season 1 episode 4) pisses me off and I can't follow … but suddenly, two guys are talking about Costco! One tells the other how he got the money back – cash – for "***a pool island** that I couldn't use the entire summer*", without even a receipt, and the other said how great that was … well … and then the first guy says:

"I just can't give up Costco, man, I feel so fucking calm at that place."

That's like Bob speaking to me directly. Costco was such a big part of our life together. I've been thinking how I won't ever go to Costco with him again ever … and just yesterday, when Suzanne talked about the **warehouse**, and I had written an entire disaster-franchise about a warehouse, **inspired by Costco**, and Bob had gotten such a kick out of the story … and today I stumble across **a guy raving about Costco and how he misses it!**

In our last weeks together Bob made sure that we'd get to shop at Costco Kahului together, because, he said "I know how much that means to you." I did. But only because it was with him, shopping at Costco with Bob was a highlight of my life.

So maybe he means it literally, that he doesn't want to give up Costco … maybe he doesn't have to. Everything exists in it's own essence, in the beyond, so Bob and I will go shopping at Costco again, maybe. Oh, that's just silly. But so what?

Oh, geez.

Just earlier, walking with Jacqui, **I had such a very very strong feeling of Bob's presence,** but it came with a very certain memory of a situation, from 2014 or was it 2013? … where Bob and I had been at a **Maui Film Festival presentation,** with Keith Carradine and Shep Gordon, about Mike Myer's film "Supermensch", and I remember how immensely proud I was, being with Bob, the famous filmmaker, and we went through that hotel and then through the crowd, and we met people, other filmmakers, and then we sat in the front row … I remember that we took forever at home, yes at home, it was my home, in Pukalani, to get ready, and I already thought we wouldn't' make it to drive all the way to Makena in time, but we did … Bud had gotten us those seats, and Bob wasn't happy about that first row position … ***but I felt him so close, then*** … and today, walking along a Griffen path, this situation was right there … *right with me, as if I was there* … and I could feel and sense Bob right next to me.

And now Costco. ***Costco*** of all things. It makes my heart burn.

I can still feel the breeze at that festival screening, close to the ocean shore, and I smell how was there, on that warm Maui evening, at the ocean, but the wind was quite strong … and Bob next to me.

It was the last time we ever went anywhere official together.

I also remember thinking that when we met other filmmakers there, a woman among them, who I had met way back when I had first come to Maui and had made my studio production course at Akaku, the community television station, where I learned studio camera and lots of stuff … and she asked me what I had been doing, and I was kind of disappointed, because Bob was right there and he didn't mention that I had made an entire TV-series about the history of Hawaii and that I'd been working with him …

This was an ongoing problem, that he just wouldn't acknowledge any or my work … I had to say it out loud in the last weeks of our time together in 2018, that I thought that I'd been very efficient and really good at editing and filmmaking … and I could see how he was kind of baffled, and he apologized … and we cried together.

I hope I helped him that he didn't have to take too much emotional shit and regrets to the beyond … I remember him twitching and crying in his bed as he had several realizations. I thought this would lead to his recovery … and it did. Only that he, as the soul that he is, needed to discard the body. Damn'd.

Eden Alexander mentioned a lot of stuff in terms of "*what happens in the afterlife, will we meet again*" … and I know we'll meet again. Something Suzanne said, also keeps ringing in my mind … she sometimes talks to discarnates that ***are on the passenger's seat with her in her car***! And that I've described, too! She also said that "they love when we talk to them" and that they are very frustrated when we don't … I'm inclined to think *that I heard her say that because Bob is answering my questions* ***"using her".***

Just now … since yesterday, that song came back to my mind, that I heard decades before I even met Bob, in a film … "**Return to Paradise**", I think it's by Elton John. I used to sing it all the time … I remember the film vaguely, a man who died and came back as a dog …

“It's paradise here where the sun meets the sea
There's nothing to fear and so much to be
But soon I must go, say goodbye to it all
That homeland of mine is beginning to call
Goodbye doesn't mean this has to be the end
Fading dreams grow cold as ice
And I got a feeling we will meet again
When we return to paradise

The wind in our hair and the sun in our eyes
There's no need for tears and no time for lies
So reach out your hand and I'll reach out my heart
Remember me while we are apart
I'm heading homeward
Leaving sunshine and heading for rain
But we'll return to paradise again …”

Looking at this song now … talk about a ***foreboding***. And that was years before I met Bob or even got to Hawaii, that I kept singing that song … and there one other thing that has manifested … a book I had read in my early teenagehood, about a young woman stranded on an island with her brother, who died, and she only had a dog, Rontu, was his name, and even Rontu died … The “mood” of this story has stayed with me always …

I’m just now seeing that line **“So reach out your hand and I'll reach out my heart”** … and it reminds me of today, in the afternoon, *when I had the feeling something was happening to my **hand*** while I was walking, the tingling and prickling … and I had told Bob so often, how I had missed him holding my hand … he hadn’t done that for years …

ELTON JOHN
return to paradise

Also, a lovely **white rabbit** was shown in a “High Maintenance” episode … but just mostly his face! Just earlier, a few minutes ago! This is an unusual perspective!

Later in the evening …

I was just working on this c. d., when I felt the urge to look outside … and it was again almost too late, but I did catch the remainders of those two amazingly **parallel floating clouds** in front of my window … right with the moon!

And: I saw the little neighbor doggie Marshall alone in the garden, and this time he saw me on the balcony, and I'm glad. Poor guy. Feels alone a lot.

April 5, 2020 – Night With Bob & the Song Notes

I had an amazing night. Barely slept … I was more in a between-state a lot of the time. I did dream, something about myself, my body, where I explained to someone that the crinkled looking flesh on the side of my ribs was a sign of aging …

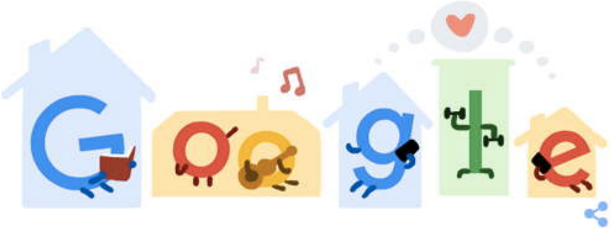
But besides … Bob was all over the place. I saw him in all kinds of versions and situations, from our past, probably memories, but it was more like Bob was like a "model" for himself. And several times he sort of appeared right in front of me, *looking at me, to see if I was "getting it".*

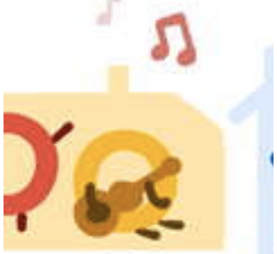
Actually, now that I think about it: That **rabbit**-image from last night (see above) perfectly reflects the **way Bob looked at me** …! And remember our *rabbit-challenge*? Now that rabbit in that short film has nothing to do with Easter … It's actually a TV-series of episodic and short films (strange, just now, that I'm trying to do something about CineDip, that is based on short films!) that I kind of enjoy, called (as mentioned) "*High Maintenance*" … and the stories circle around one pot dealer that all stories have in common, and they are weirdly teaching and entertaining … I'll keep watching.

I woke up from one such "**session of being with Bob**", and immediately, that drowsy state, a vision of Bob (in my mind) appeared, where he was just "there", looking at me. And I said to him, in my mind, not out loud, "So you're right here, are you?" And in that moment, the armoire crackled.

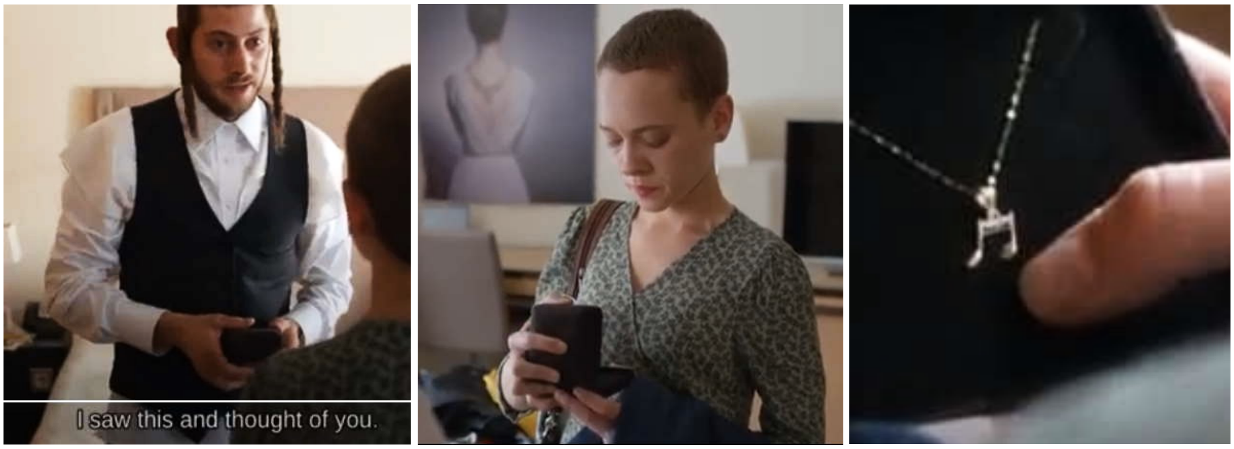
I thought "okay, I get it, atmospheric pressure can be applied by discarnates", and I immediately fell back asleep.

I love today's **Google theme**, that seems to reflect on what I'm experiencing right now … notice the **heart**, the **song notes**, the **book** and the **"ukulele"?** Oh! And the **two song-notes**!





They appeared in the movie that I watched yesterday, "*Unorthodox*", the one, that prompted me to write to H.! It was a **gift** from a husband to his wife, but they were being separated anyway! But the most important aspect: He had seen the pendant in a jeweler's shop window and "had to think of her" before he even knew that she had a special connection with music!


I saw this and thought of you.

And today those ***notes appear on the Google display***?! Is that far fetched, to see a connection? I don’t think so.

And yes, it has been about **the song “Paradise”** last night, and before that about **“Chasing Cars”!** And now I’m facing “***song notes***” *that I had those intense song incidents in the last days?*

Of course I am.

I also have been having some kind of day-dreaming episodes where I was back in our house in Pukalani, but with Bob, and I was right next of him again, when he looked out of the kitchen window … or did the many things he used to do. And sometimes it’s just me in the house, hearing him in the edit room, and I feel and smell and hear everything about that house … It happens when I’m in bed, mostly, and I kind of “wake up” from those kinds of states, too. And several times I asked Bob actually, in my mind, that this means that we are really visiting our old life together?

And I’ve been asking myself to “not grieve” when I find myself in such a state. I have understood that it’s my mind that grieves, the attribute of consciousness that’s part of my current mortal personality, but in real reality, everything still exists, and there are two ways of accessing that “essence” of everything: indulging in memories, or actually going there. And the latter is possible in the state when a mortal attaches to the beyond … while asleep in a certain way.

I got that now.

If I allow myself to enter the grief-state again, that deep heavy sadness, then I can’t connect in the “essence”-realm with Bob. I must learn to really accept him and me to exist in the beyond all the time, just that my soul has chosen to incarnate in this body that I have now and to develop this life story and personality, and I’m not done with it.

Suzanne and Eden have said incredibly precious things in that regard … I can’t repeat all of it but it absolutely and totally confirms what Betty has shared, and Richard and all the other discarnates of that era that came through.

It pains me, though, that the experts of today don’t know their writings and the wonderful elaborations on how “the unobstructed universe” really works.

If they only knew! I want to share it with them! But how?

I did the “**sharing of food**” with Bob just now, during my late Sunday-breakfast. And I think I “got to him” … it’s an interesting process: I feel a very strong connection when I “am Bob” in a way, feeling as if I was in his body, then I can “reach” him energetically, as there comes some kind of flash or emotional surge or whatever that is, and suddenly I “feel connected” closely, as I’m projecting the experience of his beloved “hot black” (coffee) and “Jause” (bread, salami, cheese, olives) and something sweet (bread with butter and jam), and I kind of “hurl” it out there, into the beyond, mentally. As mentioned before, I have taken on **mannerisms** that were Bob’s. *From posture to little things he did like wiping his fingertips in a* *kitchen towel after grabbing something, to sitting up in a certain way … and even the silly grinding dance moves he used to do I’ve found myself doing sometimes. They just flow out of me, I don’t think about doing them or think about Bob. It’s part of me now.*

Since I’ve seen Suzanne explain the “7 steps to connect with the beyond”, I know that I’ll have to take the time and do sessions to learn it, to calm myself down … but I feel so driven. I must write, finish the contact diary, work on the films … so many things … I don’t have so much time left.

I found out, last night, that H. really still exists but had just made a big professional change in her life, too. I have the urge to connect with her and share the contact diary with her. Why is that? Maybe because I simply feel that she was a major part in the entire story. She was. I’d like her to learn about Dr. Thiering’s work, too. That’s the input I got, last night .. feels like it.

I also realized, just earlier, when I thought towards Bob “**You were and are my teacher**”, that *the ones who pass on before us, are automatically our “teachers” in a very direct sense.*

I’m a little worried that H. won’t respond … but well, I guess it’s my job to try and communicate with her now. Also, it just came back to me … that **last night**, literally, in the night, I woke up and was wide awake for a moment and had a very clear impression of **my brother Peter**. *I’d really like to connect with Peter.*

(Note/edit: He died in 1993 at the age of 27 of a kidney tumor with bone metastases. He suffered. So much. Unbelievably much. He was a good and sweet person. Why the suffering? And all of that is like a blur to me. I was an ignorant idiot back then. Yes, I tried to find healing for him. But looking back, I thought I was kind of smart and wise at 29, but I wasn’t at all. It’s strange how – in all our life’s stages – we think we know it all. And we do, given what we were able to develop as of personality, wisdom and insight. It’s a pity that we remain clueless and oblivious for such a long time … and whose fault is it? It’s the fault of those who determine our “beliefs” and “truths” and enforce what they think is right and true by law. Mankind’s society rules suck.)

I also had the sudden thought that maybe I should take some kind of intensive-lessons in mediality, from some expert, like Anja P., maybe, because that would force me to focus and keep still for a while …? Not sure where that came from. Today feels like a very active day. Energetically. It’s bright and cloudless, very warm. Too bad and actually tragic, that people stay in their houses because they think the government wants them to …

Unbelievable, what mankind has come to be.

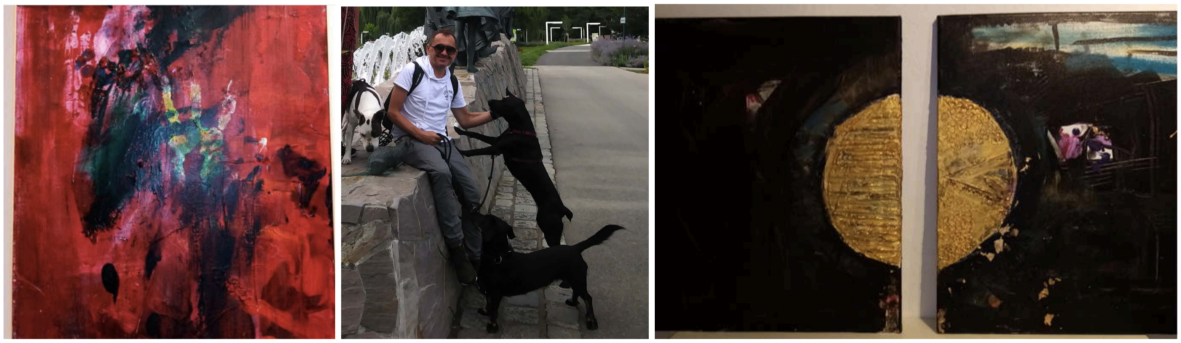
This morning, looking into the mirror, I found myself even older than yesterday. I have many age spots now. They seem to sprout. That's fine with me. At the same time, weirdly, I sometimes feel the urge to exercise, and I do a few of my old Karate exercises.

Something sweet I just discovered: I had brought a dry twig from the forest to prop up my "bird of paradise" plants that I had rescued from the dumpster in early winter and that are still living and making new leaves. **But the "dry twig" is also sprouting leaves!** Life sign of the special kind …

Okay, I received an email of an acquaintance of mine, from Vienna, **Zoltan** H., a Hungarian-Austrian … well, I think he is an immensely gifted **artist**, but I got to know him as a gay man in constant love pains and interested in alcohol and drugs, to say it politely. He has two female rescue dogs, Vita and Bonita, and that's how we met, one day, in a dog zone, when he asked me if he could share his heartbreak with me. Maybe that was in 2015 or 2016 … ever since we've been in contact. But I've shied away from him because of his tendency to freak out under the influence and because of his toxic relationships. He moved away from Vienna, before I did. I shared some thoughts with him, yesterday, about how "the dead" still live, and his answer was along the lines of "of course they do", and that he knows that but just doesn't like to elaborate on it because of the narrowmindedness and dumbness of people.

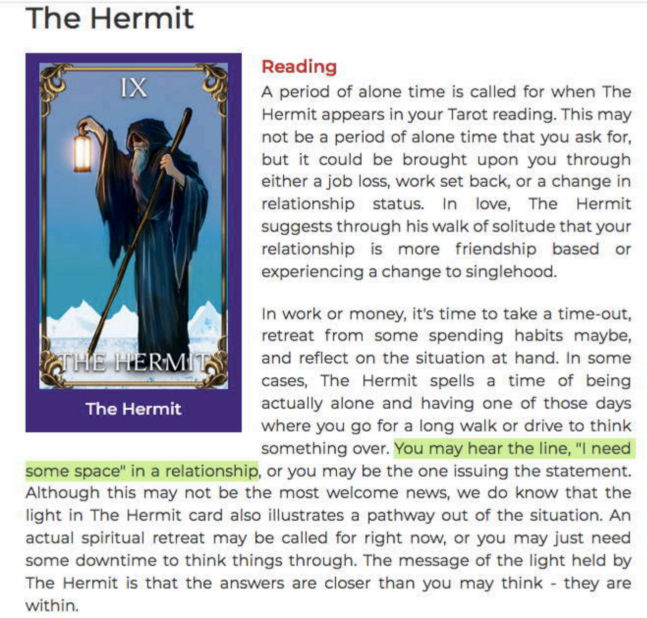
I was so happy to read that! And then I saw the **paintings** he had attached as photographs … and they blew me away.

I've never bought paintings, but those three belong to me. I hope. The **red painting** is actually much longer, its bloody red up and down, with specks of black "death" … it expresses to me extreme pain and suffering and grief, and somehow, in the center of it all, lies … well, a new sprout of sorts. Hope. Light. Growth. It's just stunning to see that. It gives me relief to look at this painting. The **two part moon / sun** speaks for itself … I can't even express how I feel looking at this painting.



Then I checked out my horoscope … and again, blown away. There is always a Tarot Card, too, and today, "The Hermit" appeared, and talks about "**needing space**" … it can reflect on the current situation of the world, where we're supposed to keep the distance due to the Corona situation (Zoly is aware how we are manipulated an played) … but it can also be a direct “hint” at me. ***Does Bob need space***? *(Hahaha, in the unobstructed realm?)* Am I supposed to distance myself from something or someone? Or is it the ***contrary***, that the time of distancing myself is over?

So … I’m sure I’ll find out soon what this all mean.

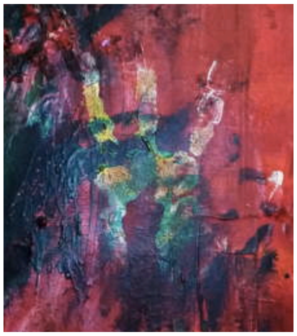


The Hermit

Reading

A period of alone time is called for when The Hermit appears in your Tarot reading. This may not be a period of alone time that you ask for, but it could be brought upon you through either a job loss, work set back, or a change in relationship status. In love, The Hermit suggests through his walk of solitude that your relationship is more friendship based or experiencing a change to singlehood.

In work or money, it's time to take a time-out, retreat from some spending habits maybe, and reflect on the situation at hand. In some cases, The Hermit spells a time of being actually alone and having one of those days where you go for a long walk or drive to think something over. You may hear the line, "I need some space" in a relationship, or you may be the one issuing the statement. Although this may not be the most welcome news, we do know that the light in The Hermit card also illustrates a pathway out of the situation. An actual spiritual retreat may be called for right now, or you may just need some downtime to think things through. The message of the light held by The Hermit is that the answers are closer than you may think - they are within.



Also, what I notice … the **pattern** on the *baseball cap* I found the other day, I was attracted to it … and it’s reflected *in Zoltan’s red painting* …

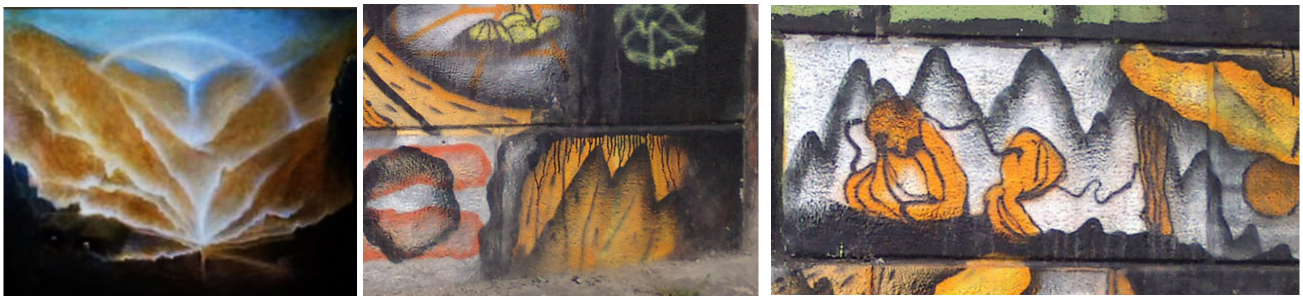
Oh my God: Suzanne Giesemann responded to me! She wants to read my contact diary! *I’m just beyond … just beyond anything. I’m grateful. And: She is familiar with Betty’s and Stewart’s work!* **This is a good day.**

Splendidly … I found this **bunch of thistle flowers** on my path today … literally, tied together to a bunch, right at that spot. It’s special because I’m currently re-editing the section of this contact diary that took place in *October 2019*, and I had just read over the day when I had found the *mirror shard and the thistle flower* right next to it.

As I walked on, I suddenly had the thought “*and the rabbit challenge isn’t over*”, and just then, in that instant, I looked down and saw “**rabbit ears**” … and they were the only ones on the entire path, and I hadn’t seen them before.

My friend “C” would say, “You can’t make this shit up” … so there, another amazing case of synchronicity.

Plus suddenly it came to my mind why the one strange **golden painting** that Suzanne had presented as related to Wolf's story looked so familiar … I've seen something similar before, on Danube island, last year … just the style of it … and what I had seen I interpreted as a *depiction of the beyond* …



More importantly, though … it relates directly to "Regents of Clouds". because that is "**Laniloa**", right there.

Also, just now, ***eating my soup***, and remembering that I want to share with Bob … but I'm very busy getting this contact diary in shape for Suzanne to read it, I thought that what if the "*feeding of the spirits*" (or "Aumakua", including the own of course, and I've written a lot about that in "We Creators") is even the more important if they are in some kind of "in between" state, when they want to be with us and help us? So they can't be fully in the "deep beyond", they must be closer to our frequency, our mortal frequency, and maybe they will really and truly benefit from any energetic "package" that we send to them? Maybe the Tantric methods of generating energy to project anywhere is really something very useful to empower those spirits who are close to us, and I mean literally "close"?

This thought feels very dense right now. I'm almost sure I'll receive a response about it.

"***Revolution is the sound of your heart still beating***," says a preacher-character on "High Maintenance". Amen to that. I thought Bob would be the living proof of such revolution. Preach also just called the heart an "otherworldly algorithm". Nice.

Something funny: I just got up to get a blanket to sit on, because my chair is too low for the table and the laptop reach, and I felt that sick stinging feeling in my heart again, and it came with a sudden feverish flash … and I said "*My heart is giving me* …" and a voice in my head finished the sentence "… ***a heart time***?"

Now, that's exactly Bob's humor. So I really spontaneously, as if he was really hear, uttered a sarcastic chuckle. It still lingers, that kind of spontaneous exchange.

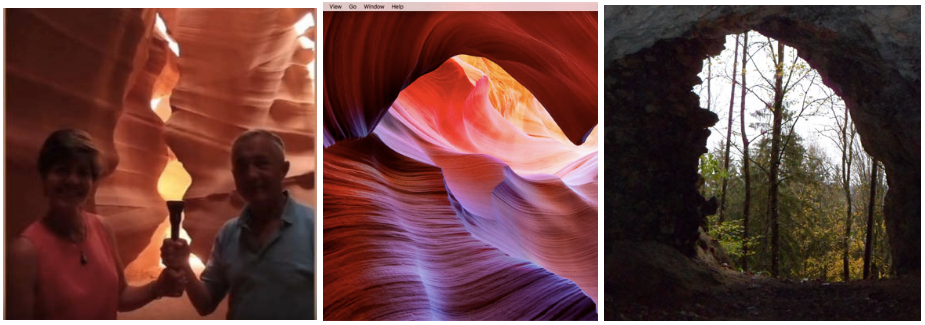
So I'm sharing some salty peanuts with Bob, he liked them. He'd always go to the kitchen counter, grab the nut box and take a handful, then stroll back to his edit room. And he'd ask me "Care for some nuts?" Mostly I did. Or I felt like having nuts, and I asked him "Would you like some nuts?" And he'd always answer "Who you're calling nuts?"

I always say that when I take nuts, "Would you like some nuts?" And I always hear his response. Just now, I shared the nuts with him and it was easy to project the experience of it to him, he was right there, I closed my eyes, and I saw him in various images, until one image kind of "settled in", and it was so real that I stretched out my had to touch his cheek.

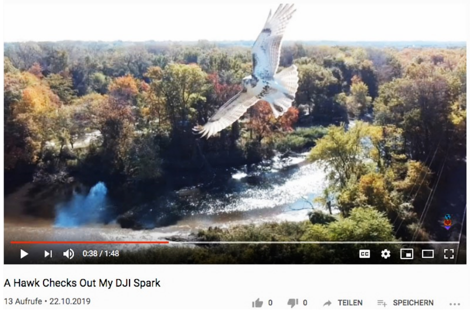
If you now expect that I tell you that I "felt" something, no, I didn't. It was more some kind of very deep moment. Because he looked right at me.

April 6, 2020 – **The Cave**

Today I edited the November 5, 2019 entry, and the cave images of Suzanne and her husband gained new relevance … On that day, I had changed my screensaver to a cave-image, and half an hour later I found a pink-silver “penis” in a cave close to where I live, on the day after Bob’s death anniversary.



And along with that, on the same day – the **hawk** showed up!



A Hawk Checks Out My DJI Spark

13 Aufrufe • 22.10.2019

April 6, 2020 – **Purple Baggies & the Bridge**

Something curious just happened, and in itself it sounds silly in a way, but yet it’s a distinct proof that Bob is watching and part-taking in my life.

In the last days **I’ve been notoriously out of small plastic baggies.** I need them for the dog poop, and there are special ones for that, in dispensers. But I like to gather stuff on the way, like Dandelion leaves or Stinging Nettle, *and I never seem to have proper baggies for that with me.* I use one, when I have one, for a while, and eventually I use it for trash.

So I’ve been complaining just this morning ***“How come that I’m out of plastic bags again?”***

When I drove down the hill (***okay! I “hear” it right now, “drive down the hill” that’s what we did on Maui!***) I was heading for the creek by the store, *but I took a turn on a whim* and went to the entirely new path, towards the “treehouse”. A man was there, maybe in his mid forties, on a motor bike, taking a rest just where I was about to park, and we chatted for a few minutes. He looked nice, he talked nicely, I felt that he had a very lovely energy. I walked off with Jacqui, and he drove off …

And just before crossing a street that separates one part of the field from the other, where the treehouse is, I **found – a brandnew soft small purple baggie!**

I picked it up, my heart racing … this was uncanny! Bob's color, a bag that I needed so urgently … there it was!

I heard Bob say "*Dani has a knack for finding things",* a day before he died, Joyce told me about it as she had shared with him what I had just found … and of course he has been making use of my habit of being attentive ever since.

So I took a photograph, stowed my nice new baggie away … then I crossed the street, *and on the other side, there was* **another purple baggie** … ***next to the bridge*** (as the road traverses the creek along which the path runs!). And I realized that it may have been blown through under the bridge … but the message in itself was that on two sides of a bridge I found a purple baggie each, just as I needed one?!

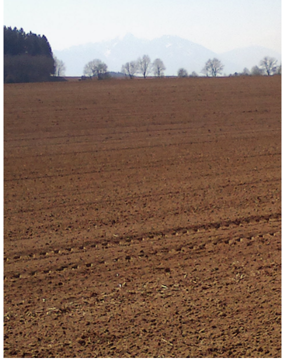
(Note: Wait for it, there is more … below!)

As above, so below … on either side of "*the bridge*"?! Remember the **ring** I found, in the dirt, in Vienna, many months ago, that expresses just that? In shades of purple, too …

Had I not taken that spontaneous turn … I wouldn't have found those baggies!

See what I mean with "silly" sounding, but so immensely precious as an experience and … as a clear and total act of ***collaboration***!

Walking along those freshly ploughed fields I noticed the **patterns**, and I know that **Bob** wanted to remind me of one aspect of his life before we had met: *His ex-wife had made him* ***vacuum*** *their* ***floor*** *in exact strokes to make* ***exact patterns*** *… and those fields looked just like that.*



Okay, there is more to that story … Weeks before I met Bob for the first time in my life, in May 2002, I had a job on Maui, in Kihei, **cleaning** a house. And the **owner**, an extremely beautiful woman told me to **vacuum all her carpet floors** with strokes *in just one direction and make sure that a certain exact* *straight pattern would be created*. I thought, well, okay, I'm getting paid for that. Later I was wondering who that lady's partner was, as around her bed were all crystals and esoteric stuff. She was a yoga-teacher, she told me. She also asked me to kill all the ants in her house, which I did not do … long story short. It turned out a little later: She was Bob's ex-wife, and I only found out when he told me about the vacuuming ordeals …

(Oh Stoneman, I miss you so much.)

(Edited for privacy; H. did respond to me.)

I realized and I said it out loud that this means that I'm on the path *to **sort out the people who are not good for m**e in my life.* I have expectations and wishes, but people won't fulfill them. I did respond to H. today that I want to know if she hadn't been answering my previous attempts to communicate on purpose … and I want the truth. I was also fantasizing about telling her my mind … and depending on what her response will be, I will.

I have been longing so much to share my story with just one person who'll totally get it and appreciate it … and it may be **Suzanne**. I thought it may be H., too. I know, *Rebecca* is interested. She has very much appreciated the link to *Wolf's story*, she responded right away (haven't checked my emails in a day, though). It's a miracle that Suzanne responded to me. I talked about that out loud do … because I was wondering about my feeling of ***anxiety*** when I think about sharing this "contact diary" with Suzanne*. It's because I think it may not be good enough yet, not ready* to be shared, to lengthy in parts … but then I had the strong input, ***"It's the perfect time now, and it's perfect the way it is".***

Okay … then. I relent. I'll just go through the sections again, then I'll combine them and send them to her. It must be the right thing to do. She won't mind if I'll take one more day …

I'm confident.

Okay, it's now a few hours later … get this: I went back to editing this contact diary, and I ended up with this entry:

November 12, 2019

*Another bad **dream**. I was **with Bob**! In some foreign place, and I was visiting (!), but in a way, he barely could stand having me around. There was a sense of urgency that I'd leave again, and yet I knew he **liked** me there, **it was only a situation that wasn't possible to sustain.** (…) And there was something about a **plastic bag**, not sure what I did with that …*

A plastic bag! ***In the entry I edited today!*** **And I found two purple plastic bags today**!

April 7, 2020 **– The Wolf in the Water**

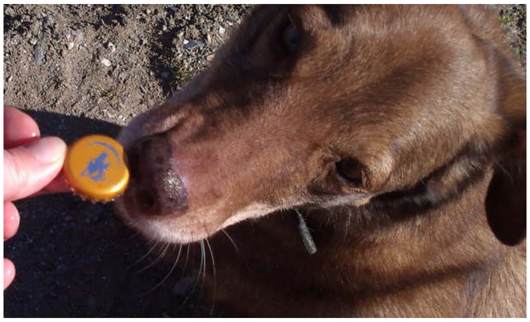
So there were a few amazing things …

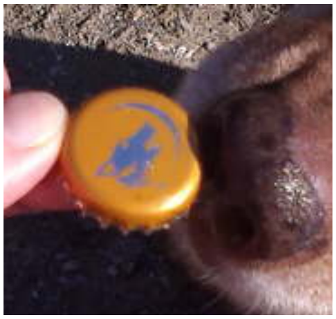
Just now I recall something from last night:

I was lying in bed, realizing that I wasn't totally tired, kind of listening to my dog's breathing. And as I was drifting off, there was a very clear and loud female voice, kind of on my right side, and she said briskly "**Hello**?" It sounded like a mix between a question and a call-out. It was in a way like "Kim!" I had heard the other day. This "Hello?" was uttered by a female voice. And I don't know that voice. If I had to guess, I'd say it was the voice of a woman in her early forties.

I realized that I had just heard a voice call out "Hello?" and therefore realized that I was awake … and I said out loud: "I heard that. Hello to you too." And that it was a mistake to bring myself onto a fully conscious level, I realized, too. It felt like someone had just "come through", and I had spoiled it. And I turned around, leaden tired suddenly, and I fell asleep right away.

So today ... I was walking with Jacqui to the Helldorf pond, to the "Quiet Oasis", and I had the *urge to* *take off shoes and socks and step into the water* … it was ice cold, and I thought "Nice, Kneipp treatment!" And I see something shiny right next to my foot, and I pulled it out: **A beer cap with the head of a wolf!**





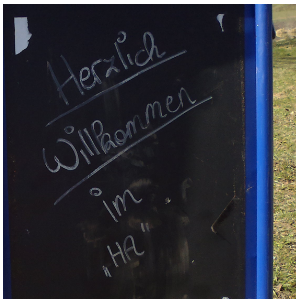
Well … I had been talking out loud about my strange behavior that I can't make myself check my emails, I need to get the contact diary edit done until January 2, 2020, and then I'll send it to Suzanne.

So is the wolf-head in the flowing water telling me what just came to my mind? *"It's all in the flow, don't worry, I'm right here."*

Nice, Wolf, nice.

Also, right before stepping into the water today, I saw that someone had put some sign there, into the "Oasis of Quiet", and it reads:

Herzlich
Willkommen
im
„Ha"



"*Welcome to the Ha*". "Ha" is the Hawaiian word for "breath of life", like in "Aloha".

Also … I saw the ***purple plant pot*** again, and I realized that the plastic bags I had found were ***purple***, too, and ***that I have been wearing purple pants*** for three weeks now.

Is that a "I see you"-message?

Also … talk about "foot" … this just happened, as I'm editing the November-2019-part of this contact diary:

November 30, 2019 ***– Fucking Fate***

*Found myself standing in a store today holding my ears closed … barely able to make one more step, and the reason was that the song “**If Tomorrow Never Comes**” was playing, and I thought I’d be entirely undone in a sec. It was like Bob singing to me …*

Ronan Keating - If Tomorrow Never Comes - YouTube
www.youtube.com › watch

“And if my time on earth were through
And she must face this world without me
Is the love I gave her in the past
Gonna be enough to last …“

What a horrible shit thing to hear! I was so heartbroken … the whole day, and more than ever, and then that!

*(Note/edit: **Wow**, you know what just happened? I’m reading through this, now, in April 2020, and just this moment **I jumped up in my chair**, because something “stung” the side of my leg! I pulled up my jogging pants, there is nothing … except the memory that I had come back from swimming every time in August 2018 saying to Bob “**Something touched my foot!”** because really, something always had touched my foot in the water … And I had been so close to Bob just now, reading the lyrics of that song ... This is a first! I’ve never felt that kind of “touch” before …)*

See, it’s all so interwoven … I kind of … I don’t know, feel so different, somehow.

And here is something strange … I came across this entry, too, today:

December 6, 2019

*Suddenly started to turn “**Flippers**” into a Hawaii-story … I even wrote to the agent that I was doing it. I surprised myself in a way. Didn’t think I could even handle Hawaii-stuff. Or screenwriting. But there it is. I’m doing it.*

(Note/edit: To my surprise I realize that now, months after this, I had entirely and totally forgotten about that … but now I remember that it was a big kind of work, to turn an entire screenplay into a Hawaii-related story! This is odd.)

Seriously. I have forgotten about having done this work. Entirely.

April 8, 2020 **– The Jesus Revelation & the Kitchen Towel**

Today I woke up with Jesus.

I’m not a religious person, but I’ve studied the work of Dr. Barbara Thiering intensely, and I know who and what Jesus really was. Her 30+ years of research have given me all the information I ever could have wished for, and I’d like for all of mankind to have it too.

But the awakening today was different than a sudden turn into having some spiritual crush on a dead man. That said … I realized that Jesus was just that, a dead man. He may be very advance in the beyond, and who knows how often his essence or "quality of consciousness" was reborn already, but still, he knows what a mortal phase is … and I was aware of that. And then came the thought of Bob, and I related to something I had read just yesterday when editing the older parts of this contact diary, that the medium I. O. had given me "the message from Bob", that had he not died, I wouldn't have ever dealt with the topic of "death" like I do right now. Clearly. But that's a thought I've had on my own, way before I. O. said it … but it now has a deeper meaning: He died "for me". For me to be able to accomplish something.

We always say "Jesus died for us". Yes! Exactly! He did not die to relieve us of our "sins"! He died so that we could deal with his death! It was dramatic, and when you read Dr. Thiering's books you'll realize how dramatic this man's go-around in the mortal realm really was. But it was all to get other mortal to … well, to do what they do!

Jesus died "for us", mankind as a whole, but he really died **for very certain people**, actually, ***so that they'd prompted by his story or my mourning him to do things in their mortal phases to advance mankind as a whole.***

Just like I'm doing. And the aim of it all is – the bridge between the realms.

That was my morning's insight. I felt a bit "blank" … because this thought is kind of … well, so essential.

I also thought about finding the *wolf's head* in the stream in which I had just stepped … just when I had "met" Wolf … and I "heard" him "say", "***Do it in your own flow***!" Or does it mean: "I'm in the flow"? or "I'm part of the flow of your life" … or "of your kuleana". Or just "Hi, I'm here. Let's do this!"

So, and then I edited for the agency like crazy. Ever again, when I got up, I kept looking around for a **kitchen towel,** because I had taken it out of a drawer yesterday, and then it had disappeared. I had looked everywhere, and the kitchen towel was gone baby gone.

It was baffling. Truly. I couldn't believe it. A kitchen towel can drop, end up in a washing machine, even in the garbage … mine did not. It had disappeared.

So today, just earlier, I took a walk with Jacqui in the forest … and when I came back I felt inspired to do the dishes. And I did … and suddenly I grabbed a glass lid of a pot … and there was the kitchen towel! **It had been the entire time under that transparent glass lid**! And I had not seen it! (The green mat is folded up because I tried out if it was possible that it had been that way so that I couldn’t see the towel, but no way … and if, I would have adjusted the mat …)

You must know that the day before yesterday I was dealing with the mystery of the “kitchen towel rabbit”, and today I had another kitchen towel mystery revealed.

But what is it really telling me? That ***something was in my plain sight, and I didn’t see it when I tried so hard to find it?***

Yup. So, what is it that I’m not “seeing”? Or is it only another hint at the fact that the discarnates are only invisible to us, and that the barrier can’t be penetrated. And only if you “know how to look” you’ll see what’s behind it?

Whatever it means … it was such a strange “shock” to see the kitchen towel bright and material in front of me. *How in the world could I have not seen it?* I must have looked at it directly several times.

It remind me of something I learned many years ago and that I’ve told people several times, in relation to “awareness”: Someone can wear two different color socks right in front of you, and you won’t notice it – if you don’t expect that from that person. If it’s a person who is always neat and exact and anal about things, and if for you, wearing two different socks is not “neat” or “exact”, then you’ll see only what you expect to see from that person. You won’t notice the two different socks on a person who you deem correct and reliable and into details. Well, there are other aspects to this, and people can say, well, but exactly because it doesn’t fit the expectation you will notice it … Maybe. But the comparison is strongly on my mind right now.

So what am I supposed to learn? Do I know somebody who is not who I think they are? Is it relating to Bob himself or to me?

The **kitchen towel moment** will forever be burned into my mind now. Along with **the Jesus moment.**

Oh geez! I’m editing December 21, 2019 now, and in that night, I also heard a “**Hallo**!” like just last night!

The entry:

*“… and there was that moment of drifting off, and suddenly, **an entirely clear female voice said to me “Hallo?”** in my left ear. It was as clear as if I’d hear that person through headphone as she was speaking through a microphone. And I have a lot of experience with that. The way she said “Hallo?” expressed absolutely clearly “Do you hear me, are you there?” with a tinge of “Here I am, what do you say?” I was so stunned, that I immediately woke up, but at the same time I knew that my excitement - and my heart was pounding! - was exactly the wrong thing to keep any communication going. So I tried to stay in my mind and I “thought” towards that woman “I’ve heard you, whoever you are … are you Fe Fischer?”*

The voice said an Austrian-German “Hallo?”, not English or French or Italian or anything, it was a word from my language. (…)”

This means that somebody knows what I’m editing …!

April 9, 2020 – **920 FN**

Most days I could start my entries with “Something amazing happened today”. Something amazing happened today, too!

Yesterday, I had edited the entry of December 23, 2019. And I deleted a car license plate number and my interpretation, because it felt kind of “far fetched”. I did think that I should trust my insights of the moment, and looking at something months later of course feels different. So I deleted this:

December 23, 2019

(…) A car with “K ***920 FN”*** *and one with “****SM****” in the end passed by me. (I’m not entirely sure about the K, but pretty much.) I kind of startled, as for me, that means something since I “read” what first comes to my mind: After the meaning of “910” and the last day Bob and I spent together on that date, and the huge meaning of it, the number “920” seems to be “a step further” and will be fun, as expressed in FN. And then the signature, “SM”, for “Stoneman”.*

So today, I drove to see my mother. (She was more fragile than the last time I saw her, but she liked to chat and she accepted the nutrition I gave her. I have decided to listen less to what she wants me to do or rather not do, visit her, that is, but instead do exactly what I feel is right.)

Driving on the **highway** I thought of how *slow* I was at editing the contact diary .... and for some reason it crossed my mind again, why I had edited out “920 FN”. I never had edited out any car license plate number before. Right then – *and I swear right then!* – a car with the license plate number “**K 920 FN**” drove by!

Was it the same car? It must have been the same car. What are the odds? I think about having edited out “920 FN” and just then “**920 FN**” drove by. Exactly that. Not similar, not kind of, but exactly.

This is proof of connectedness. Right after that car came “**K 808 FJ**”, the Hawaiian area code. Mind you, there are very few cars around, because it still is Corona-crisis lock down of sorts.

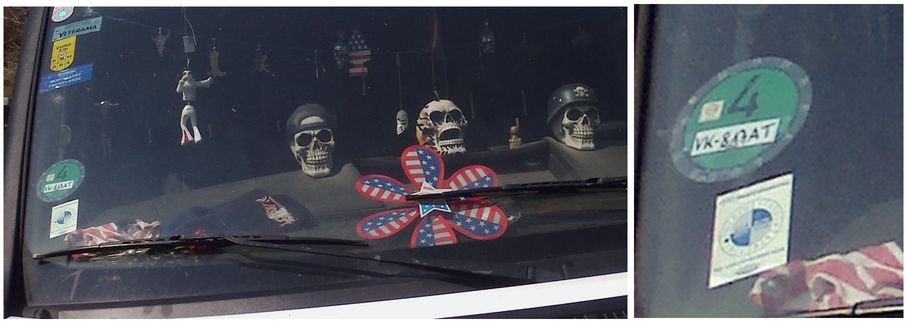
Driving out of Griffen, on my way to my mother, a car with the license plate number “**VK 31 UA”** had turned into my path … and you know what “ua” means … “blessing from heaven”.

And just as I’m writing this, I realize that I may have misinterpreted the “920 FN”, if it has to do with a date. September 20, 2018 was one of those days on Maui where Bob was really well. He went to the hospital on September 23. So maybe the “9/20 was fun” related to Bob, and not to me?

One thing’s for sure, he knew I edited it out … There is not other explanation, except “coincidence”. And that’s not an “explanation” at all.

April 10, 2020 **– First Sharing**

In the morning, I took Jacqui down the road and to the pharmacy and then briefly around the block along a creek … and to a parking lot where I’ve walked a lot of times. And there it was: A **van**. With **skulls** in it. And a **US-American flag in the form of a flower!**



Is that a … greeting from a certain American discarnate – or freakin’ what? Especially because there is the number “4" in the corner of the van.

I took Jacqui for a late afternoon walk at the field with the treehouse … “Taylor Camp”, you know. And as I ended up at **the end of the pathway** … that road actually really ends a few meters after that treehouse … it suddenly hit me: The first version of that documentary was named **“Taylor Camp: The End Of The Road”!** Because that camp actually was very close to the actual end of the road on the north shore of the island of Kauai.

I stood there, stunned shitless, like so often. **A treehouse at the end of the road. And I had just recently discovered it.**

I then saw a **cloud** develop in a strange way, but I couldn’t “read it”. And of course I saw a kind of “**barrier**”, some symbol of what I’m dealing with in the form of a green stripe in the field.

I just emailed the first part of this contact diary (A to F) to Suzanne Giesemann, she’d be the first person to ever learn about the story of Bob and me … if she is up for it. I hope so. I really hope so. My anxiety was for nothing, because she hadn’t been impatient about me responding to her again … she told me that she is in some deep reading and won’t get to reading “Wolves Are Us” until in a few days. I was a little disappointed that she didn’t mention the amazing “bridge”-greeting from Wolf. But then I realized … that’s not possible yet, because she is not used to live with synchronicities as communication. She communicates directly, as a trained medium!

Later last night I suddenly checked out the ISA-gigs, and I did submit all lot of my screenplays to several producers. I think those are agents who are looking for scripts, too.

April 11, 2020 – The Cardboard-Mystery & the Easter Stones

Easter Saturday … and it started great. Well, first it started weird, because I noticed a tick on my right upper arm. A tiny tick, but the spot he made on my skin was already kind of big and red and sensitive. I put on Thuja tincture, my own, self-made one, and the swelling immediately went away. I realized that I’m feverish again … but then, so what?

Then I took Jacqui for the morning walk – and a car came up the hill and just passed by me after us having left the house, and the license plate number was “**K 910 FL**” (not entirely sure about the FL, but the rest was like that. So a visitor from Klagenfurt. “**910**” right at the “House of the Sun”. I kind of startled, it felt emotionally very deep.

Then I went to see my mother.

On the way **– flat cardboard** on the highway! And that is a big deal for me: Yesterday, when I received the shipment of the special nutrition for my mother, I put the box on the balcony, and seeing all the other ***cardboard boxes*** there, I thought that I had to flatten them all and get them into the recycling bin. But I didn’t want to get all dusty. This morning I took the nutrition bottles out of the cardboard box – and I saw that there was more paper and stuff in there, *and I was this close to doing the work and flatten them*, but I didn’t, because I didn’t feel like making all the noise and getting all sweaty and dirty. I hate flattening cardboard, but I know I have to do it.

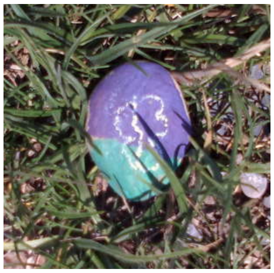
So I was driving on the **highway**, thinking how the first car license plate number that passed by me was already super interesting (I forgot it, though). And then I saw something lying on the street: I drove by – it was a **whole bunch of big flattened cardboard boxes** that someone had lost.

I kid you not. And it left me speechless.

My mother was astoundingly well, but it took me some persuasion to get her to accept the new bottle of mental elixir and more nutrition bottles. She gained a little weight, I love to see that, but her mind is still kind of weird. But all in all … my Easter present was that I saw that she is well. Because it wouldn’t ever occur to her to not try to hurt me by brutally rejecting most of what I bring to her or to get something for me. One chocolate Easter egg would have made all the difference. But that’s not her. For her, I am … nobody. I’m accepted to “serve” her, and I’m aware that she isn’t aware of her behavior … or, wait, I’m not sure. She never liked me, she said it often, and a lot of what she does is really an extension of her old habits. And at my last visit a neighbor looked down from the balcony, and I hadn’t seen her in maybe 10 years. I told her that I was living in Griffen now, and she said that she knows, because my mother has told her! And my mother always says she talks to nobody. And when I asked her about that exact same neighbor a few weeks ago, my mother said she didn’t know whether or not she still lives in the house. Okay, my mother has beginning dementia … I’m cutting her some slack, alright. She wanted to get rid of me, but I managed to get out of her that she did buy herself some nice Easter dinner with Carinthian pastry and ham and sausage. I had brought her two cooked eggs, but she rejected them. Okay, even more eggs for me then. I’m just glad she is taking care of herself.

Before I went to her apartment, I went to the *cemetery* and put a few new plants *on my brother’s* *grave*, that I had just stolen on Schlossberg … and I weeded a bit and watered the other plants that I had brought there previously, and that are actually growing nicely.

Then I took Jacqui for a walk in the nearby **forest**, and on the way there – I found a **small red painted stone.** I looked at it, noticed it and said to myself, “well, I won’t make a big deal of a small red stone that some child put there”. A few meters further, was a **ring with a wooden bead** on it, looked like some dog’s toy, so I left it there.



On the way back – I suddenly stood facing another **painted small stone**, and this time I took a picture, and a few meters further, there was another one! In Bob’s favorite colors teal and purple! With a **butterfly drawn** on it, a **yellow** one! Wow, I thought. *(Note/edit: So painted Easter stones instead of Easter eggs?)*

I came across the **round dog’s toy** again and photographed it.

Okay, and on the way there was also a “**B on a pole**” and **a huge plant pot** *just by the street* … I was so tempted to take it, because *I still really need plantpots*! Oh, now that I think about it! I stole a “*Primel*” this morning from a garden, and I had no pot to plant it into! So I emptied my plastic cookies jar and put the flower in it! And then I found a plant pot! Is someone telling me that they see what I see and know what I know? Of course they do.

After the visit at my mother’s I wanted to do my Easter food shopping – but all shops were closed! So no ham for me and no Carinthian “Reindling” (a special traditional pastry).

I took Jacqui for a hike around newly filled **Forest Lake** .. and the first thing I see there is: **a painted**

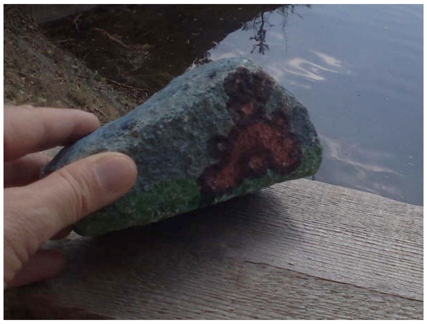
stone on the railing right above the path that leads from the parking lot to the lake. (By the way, there were lots of people, and nobody tried to hold extra distance on the hiking paths!) It's a little man on the stone. On the teal stone. Yup.

Geez, I thought, painted stones … yes, it's Easter, but never in my life have I seen painted stones like those. And I have a very good memory.

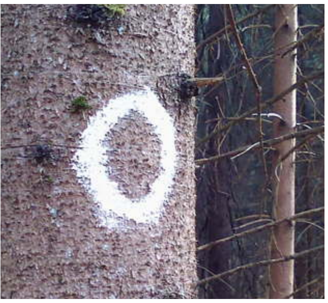
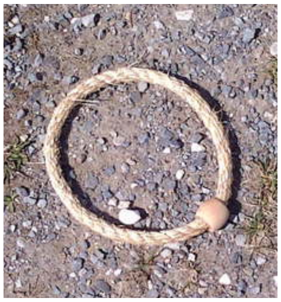
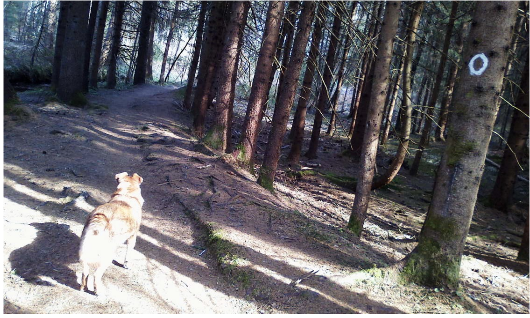
And the flattened cardboard! On the highway! On the day that I drove off after having postponed the flattening of my cardboard boxes! Never ever have I seen flattened cardboard on a highway!

So then, Jacqui went for a swim! So sweet! It was hot, I got to say, about 25 degrees Celsius.

And a little while later – I found a sunny cove, stripped naked and went for a dip, too! Twice! I dried off with my shirt and used my pullover to dress. The water has about 15 degrees, and it was cold, yes, but it was wonderful. Just wonderful.



And then … close to the parking lot, there is a **path** where I never went before … and I thought I'd go there, when two mountain bikers came and blocked that path. I almost turned away, but I did take Jacqui there … wow, a kind of *eerie place, spooky* … very narrow along a creek …

I went little ways, because we had already taken the entire route around the lake … and as I turned around, there was a **white circle on a tree**! And I totally flashed back to the ***circular dog toy with the wooden bead*** on it, that I had seen and photographed earlier!

What are the odds?

I had to go there to see the circle, obviously, the second circle today! So I want to be bold now: The circle was Bob and Wolf greeting Jacqui, and the painted stones and the cardboard boxes were the greetings for me!

To round off my Forest lake adventure … next to a sandy cove at the creek next to the parking lot, I got Jacqui to drink some more water, and there were **green plants unfolding!** Literally! I just had to take a picture. Because I have never seen that before … and it looked like a lot of effort that those plants need to take …

Back on the parking lot I saw a **car** with a **picture of a pink unicorn** dangling from the front mirror … yes, that was a whole big lot of stuff on this single day.

But there is something sad, too. I had written Easter greetings to Edith and my father. And Edith called me right when I was with my mother, so I couldn't pick up. I had a bad feeling. I saw that she had left a message, and just thought I'll ignore it, it may just be Easter greetings or something nasty, the latter more likely.

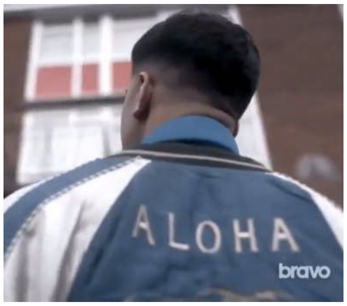
As I was about to drive onto the highway after coming from the Forest lake – where a car first cut into my path and the ended up driving behind me, and it attracted my attention, because the license plate number was "**K 100 BD**" – but I stopped at a bus station and checked my message. Edith sounded horrible, weak and desperate and sick, and she said that she'll have to go to the hospital again right after Easter, but my father does not want me to come and help him because I insulted him too much. I! Insulted! Him!

Anyway. I texted Edith that I'd like to know what's going on with her. Maybe she'll call.

I guess I'll have to deal with my father just the way I deal with my mother: Don't expect anything nice, just be happy when they are as well as possible.

April 12, 2020 – **Swim at Baldwin Beach**

Last night I watched "*Killing Eve*" while putting the pictures of the previous days into this contact diary … and since I didn't remember where I had left off in season 2 (turned out I had seen the entire season, but can recall only parts), I tuned into a ***random*** episode and clicked ***somewhere*** into the movie-timeline, and the first thing I saw was this:



Okay. Got it.

This morning I woke up "**being in housie on Maui with Bob**" again … I was awoke, my dog next to me, but I just had to close my eyes, and everything I heard brought me back to Maui into housie and into the waking up experience there. I moved around in housie, and while I did that and touched everything I realized how close everything is to me, I can feel every shape of every switch, hear every sound of the screendoor or a cupboard door … and I heard Bob and then saw him coming out from his bedroom into the kitchen, and we greeted each other "Good morning", like we've done a thousand times. My heart grew so heavy … but I had to smile, too. The interesting thing about that is that – while fully awake and conscious – *I managed to spin that day dream further,* consciously, I wouldn't allow myself to get up in real life, and Bob and I exchanged the usual words, "Shall we go for an early swim?" – "Of course, let's!", and we grabbed our swim gear and towels like we have done so many times, and then we left the house, I felt and heard the door knob and the sounds of our steps on the wooden stairs … and I felt every step and smelled everything … I chose my white sandals after first slipping into my black slippers … and he opened the car door, and I heard it like I have a thousand times …

In short***, it really felt like I was there with Bob!*** And we entered his beloved Honda Accord, and we drove down to Baldwin Beach. Bob asked "Baby or Baldwin?" And I said "Baldwin!" … because swimming there in the morning is heaven. And we parked and took our towels and we to the beach. Bob, in his turquois swim trunks, so tall and a little slow, like always, because he liked to take things easy … handed me the car-keys, and on the beach I dug a hole with a sandal, put the sandal in, put the keys in the sandal, put the second sandal face down on top, then Bob's flip flops on top of my sandals, and the towels on top .. and then we went to the waterline.

The way I entered the water was "real". I saw Bob next to me, enter his special way, backwards … and then we swam. The crystal clear water … I felt it, I smelled it, I felt myself in the water … I saw the environment … *all from my actual point of view*, I did not see myself there. ***I was there.***

And then I allowed myself to be awake and began to stroke my dog who sat next to me.

What I got from this was … that in our mortal form we have the capacity to create memories that are meant to be power sources when the going gets touch. A voice … my own, likely … said in my head while I was gazing at the ceiling: "Use that for strength! You must be your powerful self to accomplish what you've left to do." This wondrous wonderful magical time on Maui is supposed to me by power source.

"You can go there anytime," said the voice, ***"that's what those vivid memories are here for. And when you do go there, you'll be really there, because the essence of it all exists in your consciousness and in the beyond … and you'll be you from back in the day, when you are there, and you can take that essence of yourself from back then and do with it what you want. That's the way you're made. As a mortal you are capable of using you immortal attributes if you only put your mind to it."***

That makes entirely sense. Just we can't let grief spoil this power source, this image of us and of our past and our essence and mourn the "loss" of this time. It's a loss in a mortal sense. But it's always there in an energetic concrete substantial sense. That's why we have developed the ability to think and create memories … because they are the "worlds" we are supposed to live in and use for the prolongation of the existence and functioning of our mortal bodies, when life in the material real gets hard.

This is my insight of Easter Sunday. Mahalo, everyone.

April 12, 2020 – **Timeless Synchronicity: Proof of … A Lot!**

Oh-kay!

And I'm baffled yet again! Today I'm editing January 5, 2020 of this contact diary … and it's about my dream about Bob and me and – **cardboard**! This is always just breathtakingly exciting to me when I come across those time- and chronology-defying events! Yesterday the real life cardboard events, today the cardboard dream from months ago!

As I was working on this … I looked out of the window, and I ran to grab my camera, because there was, in the sky, the perfect **cloud formation** that told me: *"It's all fitting together, Dani!"*

Quote from the entry:

*"So as I looked towards Bob (who was his usual slightly sarcastic self, a bit critical, kind of distant, but smiling) who looked over to me, as I was outside of the car, opening the passenger's side door. I had not been riding in the car, I don't think … So there was that **blanket** or **cardboard** piece covering the entire seat, and it was covered with big snow crystals all over, and Bob simply lifted it on the top, with the effect was that the snow crystals fell inside the car, instead of outside, as Bob meant to clean them off. I moved closer and it was too late, the snow had already poured inside the car, and I tried to brush it from the cardboard outside with my hands, but that didn't work. And Bob just looked at me, still smiling, and it felt as if he didn't even really grasp what I was saying, or it didn't matter to him."*

Something else I just noticed, I my **dream**, I was *partially dressed for swimming* … and **I did go for a swim yesterday! In the freezing cold Forest lake!** Ice crystals, card board, swimming theme … I think that all is very clear? Yes, **tourists** were there, yesterday, as Jacqui and I hiked around the lake, we met people who talked English and in a Nordic language like Dutch or Swedish!

Quote from the entry:

*"So in my **dream of Bob and me**, we were in a **car**, driving along some shore of some **water**, can be the ocean or the Wörther See, where I grew up or somewhere in Italy, it was a mix of it. **Tourists** were there, and we had to **unload** something, that was covered by some blanket or **cardboard**, on the **passenger's seat**, and that cover itself was **covered by snow crystals**! And Bob was driving … but in my dream I knew that he was dead, and that it was an exceptional situation and wouldn't last, that he was there. So I had gotten out of the car, and **I was dressed entirely inappropriately, I wore a pantyhose and a one-part-swimsuit, and I felt really uncomfortable …"***

And***:***

"*Somehow, it so happened that the car and Bob were gone, and I had to run in my strange swim-suit with the see-through pantyhose underneath, along some beachwalk, kind of toward a **large basin** …"*

Yes, the Forest lake is in a large basin that has just been refilled again, after the water had been drained to a great extent during the winter! So "***zumbuddy***" "knew" that I was going to edit that part on the day after I’d have lived through that part? And “zumbuddy” also knew that I would get to the point of realizing all this now, months later, after the dream?

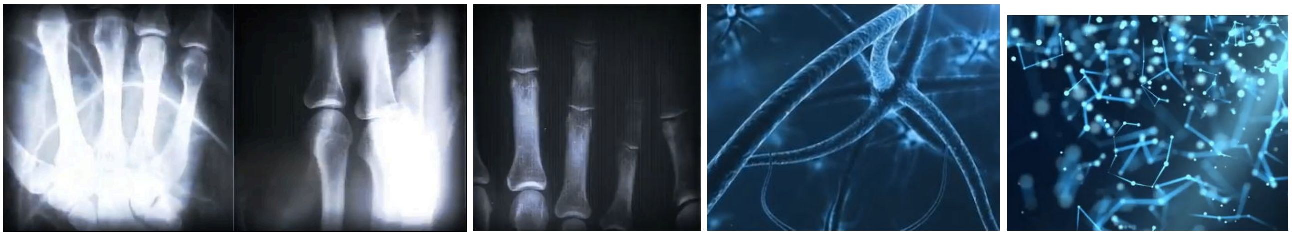
It’s all part of a project.

(Later)

Took Jacqui for a walk on the **treehouse field** … I found a **piece of fur**. Black and white. First I thought it was a small animal … because many times I’ve imagined that some tiny animal would show up on my path. And then what? So today, I found one. Damn’d, I didn’t photograph it … because all that I’ve just written, I thought on the spot, and that felt so … strange to me. So I only stepped further, and I was, as it seemed, just a bunch of fur. We walked on.

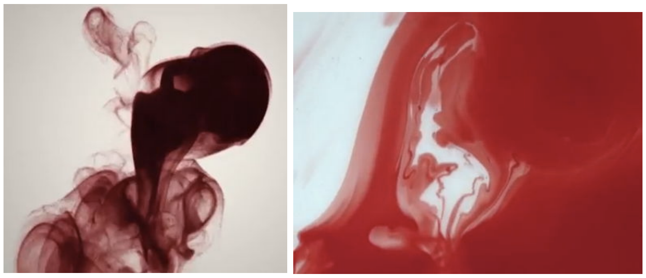
I saw the **blooming trees** sprinkle the forests, and I was thinking … is that like Betty described it, when they look at mortal mankind and see the single humans who kind of “stick out” because they shine due to their spiritual self-awareness? And there were **clouds** that seemed to ask me to “think again” …

I wanted to zap through a movie while eating dinner, so I found something of the title “***The Invisible Man***”, and I found that cool and switched it on. Turned out, that it was **not** the “Elizabeth Moss” movie featured on the website, but some other movie of the name. I didn’t watch it – but I was mesmerized by the intro – it features everything one can possibly need to visualize the fact that human mortals are machines.

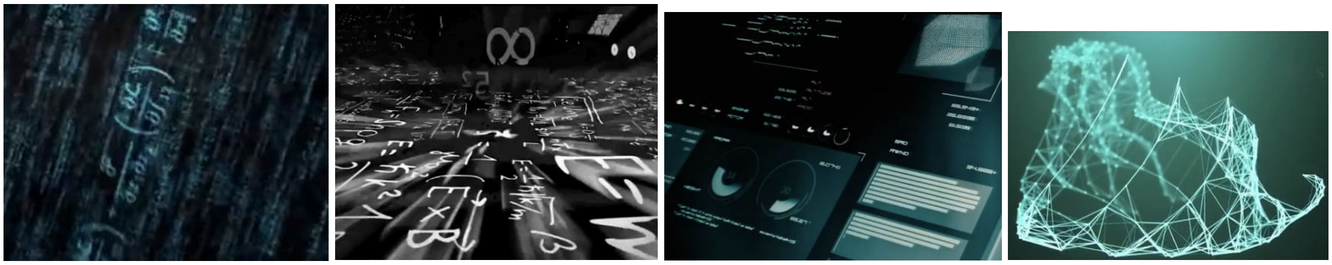


The other day I tried to take screenshots of the *“Music Across America” music videos …* and the website is not online anymore. That’s like a piece of Bob really gone now. It made me feel very nauseous and numb … I realized that the only way to get to that immense work of Bob’s and mine that took so much of our time and devastated him horribly before “Taylor Camp” was even in the picture, is to go to California to Bob’s family and get the harddrives.

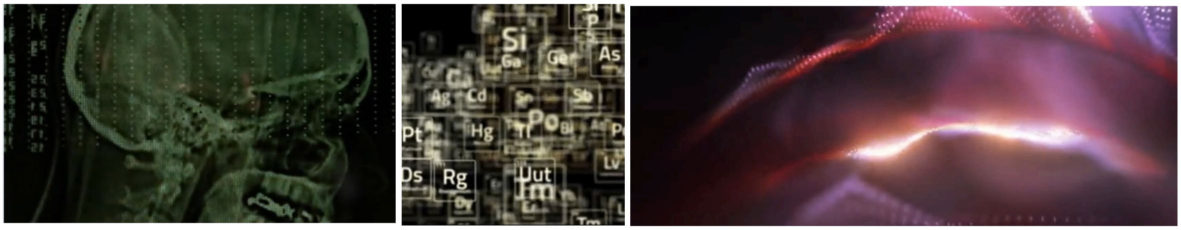
I had been thinking about our very first music video, and it’s called “**Blood**”. For illustration I poured *red juice in a water bottle*, and it looked like menstrual blood … I thought about that for days now, ever again … and the intro of ***“The Invisible Man”*** *shows just that!*



My face is burning hot now, only describing it … there is a **tech-setting** in that intro, and not is that so typical for Bob who loved to tinker with sound and images and used fancy programs, but … there **are running numbers**! They are actually mathematical formulas and other things, but I have never seen anything so suiting to illustrate what Bob had tried to explain to me: the numbers running in front of his eyes, and he couldn’t stop them. Those were silent strokes, I’m thinking now. Back then, I had no idea.

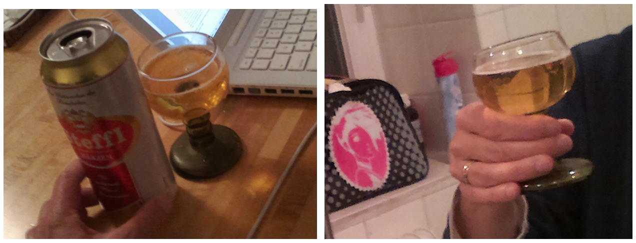


There was so much trauma and horror going on in those weeks with him, that when he said he saw “numbers running”, of course I knew it was his brain, but there was simply no way to get him to a hospital. He made me promise, because he said he wouldn’t get out of there alive …



So *“The Invisible Man”* was not the film I wanted to see, but was a mix-up from the website … and yet it was absolutely for me, only the trailer. Watching it was like looking into Bobs head …

Wow! This is extra ordinary! I just had a **beer** … the first since the one I had with Bob, and as I sat down to keep editing the c. d. part “G”, I read about my dream of having been served a beer in my dream, on January 12, 2020! Actually I remember the “dream” exactly …



Quote:
"There was some steep slope towards some other village, or maybe there was just a house high up, too … and I needed to get there, as I had stuff to do there, but I didn't get to, there was some event going on. Strangely I knew that I had to hide, and on the other hand I was supposed to take care of something … and somehow I *got served some **beer** …* **some local men**, who were on my side, gave be some beer. **It was a glass full of beer, and it tasted incredibly good …**

*(Note/edit: JESUS CHRIST! **What just happened?!** It's now April 12, 2020, about 10.30 p.m., and I **had just drunk a beer!** And that's special because the last beer I had drunk with Bob a few days before I left him forever! And the way I got that beer a few days ago was special, as I only meant to grab a cardboard – wow, the cardboard again!? – but there was one single can of beer inside. And I put it away to the others, but then grabbed it and took it with! I never ever drink beer! But just now, a few minutes earlier, I said to Bob **"Do you want to share a beer with me?"** And then I took it out of the fridge and drank half of it! I forgot to share right away! I apologized and shared the immediate feeling of having just drunk a cold beer … and then I sat down to keep editing this contact diary, and there I read the dream about the beer! This is the second time today that something I have just lived through appears in a report of a dream from months ago!)*

Interesting is also that I really followed "my drift", the "flow", in a way, my intuition. I did what I just felt like … drinking that beer. Although I had just shared my last two oranges with Bob, the special way he taught me how to eat or rather suck oranges … and I felt very very close, I felt "Bob" and I sucked them for him as him …

And even though I had drunk a yoghurt drink just earlier … I still **grabbed the beer** when that strange urge came … only to sit down and read about me receiving a beer!

And I know what comes now in the dream … I haven't read on in my edit yet. I know there is a woman on a motorcycle. And I had very intense encounters with motorcycles today … as there must be two or three young men in the area who are racing … and it feels like some act of revolt against what our governments are imposing on us … forbidding us to go out or take trips at Easter …

Actually, I just remember that I've been having many very very vivid dreams recently, but weirdly I can't remember them!

On it goes (I just stopped the editing to take pictures of that very beer, but it had already lost a lot of it's gas …)

Quoting more:

And I had Bob-Sigi try it, and he liked it. And then I was suddenly naked, and I was about to take that **half-empty beer glass** and to with it to where I knew was Bob-Sigi's and my shelter … And I knew I could get there. But I was **naked** *because something had happened to me* …

*(Note/edit: This gets even more incredible! Just **earlier I had taken nude pictures** of me because I want do document what happens to my body! I can hardly believe that this is happening …!)* Yup. I did that. Just a few hours earlier I took pictures of myself … in the nude. I'm kind of stunned how my body really changes every day, without me doing much differently than I always do. I'm starting to look like a carriage horse, while I used to be a gazelle. Nothing against curves, it's just so strange to see myself so … solid. (The photo on the right is from 2014.)

(On with the dream) … and as I walked, I realized that I had **a big chunk of a diaper-kind-of-thing between my legs**, *and Bob pointed out to it*.

(Note/edit: So and now it’s getting just … mind-blowing. I ***did*** *have a* ***“diaper kind of thing” between my legs*** *earlier, a scarf of mine, because after many weeks I did feel like masturbating, but only superficial style, just rubbing, as I had thought of Tantra-techniques, and I reached a very quick and strong orgasm and I projected the energy to Bob. I kid you not. I fucking kid you not.)*

Oh wow. I don’t even know what to write anymore.

So what I dreamed I would do months later … and how did that happen, that it was reflected back to me in a “dream”?

On January 12 I wasn’t in any way … “advanced” … but I guess that doesn’t matter …

wow. This is very very very stunning.

Most importantly – and I had forgotten all about it: During the journey back from visiting my mother, I narrowly escaped a deadly car crash, but I only wrote about it on January 13.

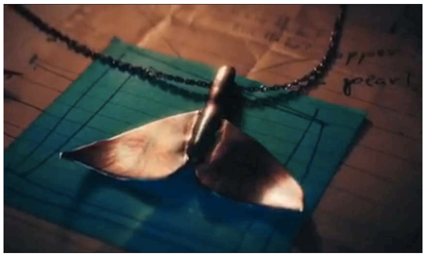
I’m still editing, and on January 13, “H.” appeared in my dream … and I’ve just gotten in contact with her again, just two days ago!

April 13, 2020 – **The Return of the Whale**

Today was a quiet day, and I did a lot of editing work on this c. d. because I want to send the part 2 to Suzanne as soon as possible … especially in the light of the recent development about the heavy occurrences where I come across something today that relates to the events of the past dates that I’m editing right now.

And it happened again today!

I had seen the title of a TV-show yesterday, and I took a screenshot. So I started to watch the episode 1 of “***Home After Dark”,*** about a 9 years old girl who thinks she is a reporter … Well, that smart girl first of all reminds me of myself. She even looks like I looked as a little girl. But was stunned me absolutely, is, that again something distinct came up, that I had just worked over yesterday: my whale ring! In “Home After Dark” a whale tail is a major plot aspect! I had no idea, how would I? But just yesterday I had gone over the January 7 entry … where I had received that whale ring as a gift, and today … the whale tail in a TV-series!



The story of that little girl of course reminded me of “Mary’s Magic Microscope”, a project that went awry because of a misunderstanding. Bob had asked me to write a screenplay from a book by a rather well-known actor. But the book was so bad, and it turned out that it had been co-written by school kids on Maui, that I made the screenplay into a real story that actually made sense. And then I developed the entire series with treatment and all. But said actor felt utterly insulted by me, the “nobody” … and I was devastated. I thought I had done what had been asked of me, and it would have been up to Bob to intervene and to make things right. But he never did. He always postponed talking to the other guy that was involved, someone Bob knew and had worked with on a film project. It would have been so easy to get me a ticket straight to Hollywood, but Bob postponed the conversation with that actor, until I gave up asking him for it. Nothing I could do about that … it was (and is) a wonderful story that I wrote and a great treatment. Now that I think about it … well, I could connect with that guy again. I don’t know. Maybe …

It all just came flashing back because of that whale tail synchronicity …

Before that, I took Jacqui on a long walk to St. Kollmann … and the most amazing **cloud shark** appeared! And something that looked like a **writing**.

Walking along **huge fields** prepared for sowing … Also a **dried out creek** seemed a scenario from my “Regents of Clouds” trilogy. I saw something shiny in a field and felt urged to go there.

I found a heavy **metal thing**, something that a tractor may have lost. So I placed it there on a pole for everyone to see. Still, it was strange, that object …

I had a lot to think about … and I was wondering, suddenly, if I’m focused on Bob too much, and if someone else wants to “get through to me”. And Sigi came to my mind, and I saw myself go to Dürrenmoos where he had lived and where his grave is and talk to his partner, Sonja. It almost got me laughing. Those are my own thoughts, I’m pretty sure. And if not, I’m sure I’ll find out.

But the story of the whale tail … that’s something. Very dense experiences of that kind … pretty amazing.

And just as I kept editing (January 26), I had an insight … and I wrote the lengthiest “note” ever:

Hey! I just had an **extraordinary new thought** … but there was some inkling of that today during my Easter Monday walk too, it’s April 13, 2020, that I’m editing this … and here is my thought: If we, like I believe, enter the beyond in our sleep state, meaning that when our body is “out”, our consciousness lives fully in the “beyond”, tied to the body by the symbolic “silver cord”. So this means … I myself am in the beyond with Bob and with “them” … so of course “they” then know what I’m all about! Is it me, myself, who “tells them”? This is a more naïve way to put this … because it’s actually very complex that mere idea. For example, relating to the chronology aspect, and that there is no time in the beyond … yet, me as a mortal who visits there always goes back to the realm with the time as I know it as a mortal … and at the same time, I don’t have to really “tell” “them” anything, because when I’m “there”, I'm just consciousness, and I can share with them without speaking, and they can look into my energetic persona anyway. But all that has only value if a “visit” to the beyond in the sleep state was really a fact and also effective! By that I mean … well, most certainly, we can’t “totally” be there, because otherwise we wouldn’t wake up as bodies anymore and be “dead” as mortals. So … it may not be that way that we just hang out there and deal with stuff … If we’d do that, it would mean that we actually pull our own strings! So most likely we have an advantage in sharing what we’re doing beyond the watching from the side of the discarnates. So I’m sure that I’ve actually connected with Bob in my sleep state and have retained some memories of that via my subconscious that then delivers stories that I, as the mortal, can understand … and, as an advanced insightful person, can then interpret … so … anyway! Just saying that … it doesn’t have to be Bob or “them” alone to create that network of amazing synchronicities. It may be that **I myself am involved** in that when my consciousness is not “tied up” in my current mortal story and when I’m “in the beyond, visiting”.(End note)

That’s actually a pretty cool thought … and I feel that there is something to it, but that I can’t really “grasp” it with my mortal mind right now. It’s like Betty keeps saying and like the Invisibles said while Betty still was a mortal, that it’s impossible to explain the workings of the unobstructed realm to “mere mortals”, because our capacity of mind doesn’t suffice to grasp it. And even thought I’m dealing with these things on an advanced level, I know, because I’m not trained as a medium, I can’t and won’t grasp it – intellectually, yes, to a certain extent.

But it feels right now like Chess-playing, and I hate and have always hated the “thinking ahead” that’s necessary for Chess. I can’t do that. And I won’t. I guess I’m a real “here and now” kind of type, in a way.

The story is getting long … so I’d like to show the amazing **cloud formations** that showed up and seemed to “**look at me**”.

And to top it all off – **vagina and penis clouds** too.

Just looking at the picture of Bob that comes with the whale tale … and recalling that Christmas evening 2011 … makes my pain and longing flare up so much … and there is the strange feeling of ***disbelief*** … that I won’t just fly over and enter the cozy housie ever again to be with Bob.

That’s kind of a deal-breaker, this insight. It won’t matter how sure I am that he is a discarnate and with me, I want Bob the man, the Bob I knew, my partner … looking at the picture and reminiscing and at the same time eating a very tasty strawberry yogurt got me the impression of Bob’s presence very strongly. And I said “Play me” … and I actually slipped right into “playing him”, and it was as if I was him and eating that yogurt that I wanted him to enjoy, too.

And then I return to “me”, sitting here in Griffen, in my kitchen, writing this stuff, and Bob is dead, and there is no Maui life for me anymore. It’s fucking hard.

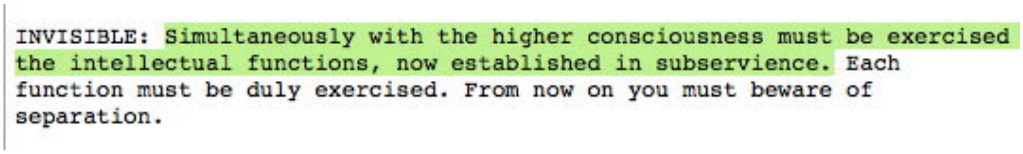
And it such moments I really have a hard time with any kind of outlook on this current mortal life.

Like I’ve written before:

The double synchronicities in alignment with dreams is exciting and confusing. Is it a proof by Bob that he can “read” my mind and knows what I’m doing? Or is it a hint that what happens in some of my dream … *actually happened?* So they aren’t dreams but **encounters**? In the beyond? What went on while my body was asleep and my consciousness was “free” to “visit the beyond”, is reflected in what I’d see later, so that it will remind me and help my subconscious to connect and retain memories better and better?

Is it a “device” like a mnemonic device, to get me to realize how much “real life” events, finds and occurrences relate to my communication with the discarnates and that my questions are answered all the time … I only don’t retain the answers that I might pretty much get personally, because my subconscious functions are limited to mortal use ... and finding or experiencing things that were in my dreams in real life, can help me – get it? Or maybe it was just **meant to get me to this point right here, right now, April 13, 2020, 10.46 p.m. as I’m writing this**, **that I’m getting it, just the way I’m doing right now?**

My “brain” feels like someone holds it in their fist and squeezes … I so much want to look behind it all and see it all clear, but I know, I can’t.



INVISIBLE: Simultaneously with the higher consciousness must be exercised the intellectual functions, now established in subservience. Each function must be duly exercised. From now on you must beware of separation.

Remember the above quote? It’s from the amazing January 26 entries.

That said … **I have the feeling right now that this is a pretty good insight.**

Feels like the discarnates are sighing … with relief?

No, I just heard my neighbor yawn. Not really. Could be.

Bob knows that I would notice all that I’ve noticed so far … that I wouldn’t give up my investigation, my research, this project … and I knew that Bob would know, when I made him my partner in this rebirth .. when we both were in the beyond before he and I were born here as humans. To then go our paths in the big network, suffer and travel and find each other to suffer some more … but learn a lot and intensely about each other because of my insisting on a relationship he didn’t want. And that was his job, to reject me ever again … so that I’d do what I did. I can “feel” the huge complex amazing network. But I have to stop pondering right now and watch some stupid TV-show … because I’m feeling a bout of frustration and impatience come up … as I know that there is no way to “wrap my mind around it all” or to “realize it all to the point that my grief stops” … because I’m still a mortal.

And I still grieve. And I still feel that things don’t advance fast enough. And I still have the painful realization to bear that mankind is deeply fucked up and dumb and mislead. And shit no – I don’t want to come back and suffer again.

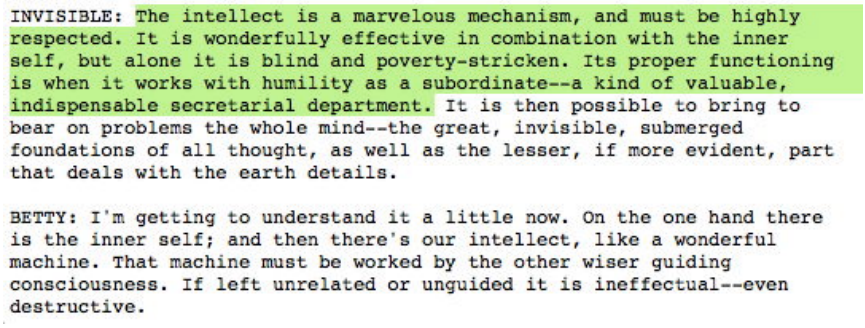
Today, on the field … I actually broke out in that kind of thought … I looked at the **sky**, with the **amazing cloud formations**, and I said out loud: “Please, guys, let’s make this happen …” And I was talking about “Regents of Clouds”, “because I just don’t want to go through shit like this again!”

And just now that I was writing this, some other insight hit me:

Of course I must go through these phases of insights and recognition of basic truths, that lead me to my own “entity” that I am in the “beyond”. And why? Because this contact diary will be the direct blueprint for the stories in “Creators of Stones” and “Masters of Choices”. I want to tell my own story as the film story of a fictional character. But I will literally take this contact diary and make screenplays out of it … that relate to “Regents of Clouds”. And of course there will be a superior fictional storyline, but this contact diary and my experiences and dreams **are the basic story!**

Okay. Now I took a sigh. That’s a relief. Got it.
That’s exactly how it is.

Here I repeat what I’d shown with the amazing January 26 entries:



INVISIBLE: The intellect is a marvelous mechanism, and must be highly respected. It is wonderfully effective in combination with the inner self, but alone it is blind and poverty-stricken. Its proper functioning is when it works with humility as a subordinate--a kind of valuable, indispensable secretarial department. It is then possible to bring to bear on problems the whole mind--the great, invisible, submerged foundations of all thought, as well as the lesser, if more evident, part that deals with the earth details.

BETTY: I'm getting to understand it a little now. On the one hand there is the inner self; and then there's our intellect, like a wonderful machine. That machine must be worked by the other wiser guiding consciousness. If left unrelated or unguided it is ineffectual--even destructive.

Thank you, my friends, my team, Bob and everyone … for working with me. I was told so many years ago that this time around was useless for me as the one who was supposed to “gather the patterns” like I had done over thousands of years. And yes, this I was told literally. In my mid twenties in Vienna. So I guess nobody expected how good I actually am. So that I made it into a kind of self-realization that got me to write exactly what I just wrote.

It can sound utterly crazy to people, but I do have come to think that what those people told me about myself and who I’ve been over the millennia in many incarnations, back then, is actually … true.

It doesn’t matter that I think that, I’m still a normal aging woman in this realm. I behave normally, I am normally. And all of it will also be part of “Creators of Stone”. And “Masters of Choices”? Well, first lets manifest “Regents of Clouds”. Then I write “Creators of Stone”. Then mankind will already be awakened and alert and aware and looking forward to the next step … and then the final story will be ready to be written.

Oh yes, I want to do that. In this life. Not next time around. In this life. I want to spend my time busy. So that all the suffering and the painful memories and longings aren’t in vain.

Wow.
It just felt good to write this. As crazy it may sound.

April 14, 2020 – **The Question of Re-Creation & the Roses**

Last night when I stepped inside my bedroom like so many times before, I saw something baffling; roses. Every day since I’ve moved into this apartment I’ve seen it: a **curtain with a rose pattern**! Even of the color that I’ve seen in the roses that have come to my attention!

I gazed at the roses, realizing that maybe Bob has been trying to tell me that he is present at my place … and that’s wishful thinking. But the fact remains, that I have a **rose pattern curtain** in my room, made from a scarf that I bought before leaving Vienna at a flea market.

It’s a very cold and windy day, can’t believe I went for a swim just two days ago.

Walking with Jacqui I had a very stunning thought today: As much as Bob is part of my memories and therefor of all the energetic substance that makes me and my experience, ***I’m part of his energetic substance*** and all he ever was and is. So what if he “imagines” or, in his status, “recreates” his time with me? Doesn’t that affect me in my current state – when ***a discarnate re-experiences his time with me in the mortal realm?***

The same is true, similarly, when we indulge in our memories of the discarnates – it must affect them too. Why? Because it enhances them! It makes more of them. Everytime ***I recall “the essence” of Bob***, which is memories of him, which are, of course, also my essence at the same time, because they are my memories … so ***everytime I remember Bob, it adds substance to the idea of “Bob”.*** But then – does it “shape” him as a discarnate, his energetic essence as a whole, or does it only shape the part of ***Bob that is directly related to me and my memories?***

Do dreams maybe have to do with discarnates involving us in their “thinking”? It’s a thought that I can’t, in a way, “completely think through”, because it feels so complex and incomprehensible, but also – it’s utterly plausible!

In the beyond, we can recreate anything we want – and we take it out of everything we did and were and experienced and “stored” in our “memories” in our mortal phase, because it all still exists in essence! And that includes people … who are maybe still mortals!

Yey. That’s an interesting aspect of the inter-realm relationship matter.

When Bob “goes back” and relives his time with me, and I’m so connected to him, but I’m still a mortal, and my consciousness isn’t fully comprehensible to me and thus also not the way in which my energetic substance can be “with” Bob and perhaps even “in” Bob … how is that experienced by me, then? Is it? Should it? Does it have to do with dreams?

Feels huge, this thought. But also like I have to “switch if off” again, because it’s huge.

Wow, I can’t wait to find out …

(Later.)

Wow! I think I “met” Wolf (yes, Suzanne Giesemann’s Wolf) in a dream on January 31! I was just editing this section when I found this …

“And my **dream** … I dreamed of being in **Los Angeles**, where I visited an actually **nice man**, *and I wanted to stay with him, but I had to leave, but not really, and while there, I was kind of roaming the streets, and he was with me … I don’t know how he was supportive, but he was, and it felt like we had something in common, something we both wanted to do and had to do … and I felt kind of good with him. But he didn’t look like anyone I knew … just his presence felt kind of comforting and familiar … he was* ***tall, brown hair, kind of curly, short, a long face, a kind face*** *… and I think there was something with a bicycle or some other kind of thing, or with clothes … all this is blurry. When I woke up, the dream story wasn’t resolved, but it also wasn’t a bad ending …”*

Also, as I finished editing part “G” of this contact diary … I felt inspired to the following note, that I include here too:

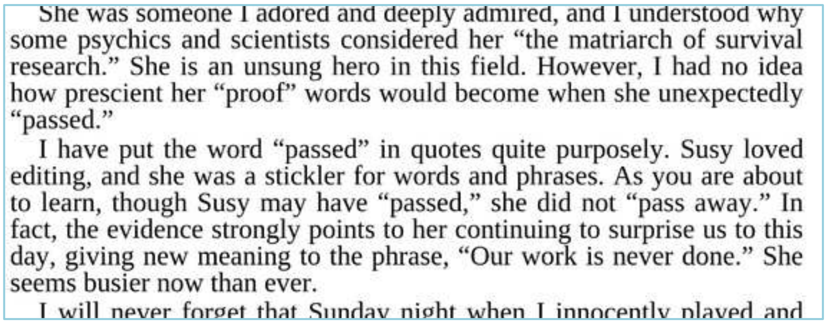
Isn’t it that the ones who survive a loved one’s death are actually the ones “dying”? *Because in their mortal being so much breaks and dies off because of the loss and grief, that they really aren’t who they were anymore, and many never recover and never make sense of the pain of loss they had to experience. So they are the “walking dead”. The person who had “died” and left their body, they only graduated. They are fine and live on in a great new “world”, in the unobstructed realm. But the mortals … they are the victims, not the “dead”.*

And: Why do we suffer so horribly after losing a loved one to death? We weren’t “planned” to be so ignorant of the matter “life after death”. And because we haven’t learned to “see” what “dying” really means, we are suffering when someone who we love, “dies”. Instead of being happy for old people that they’ll be graduating and live on entirely rejuvenated, we try to “keep” them in their failing “shells” as long as possible … that’s just wrong … unless the old people themselves really want to keep their bodies functioning a while longer.

Now, in the “Corona”-crisis, many very old people with previous serious illnesses were “killed by the virus”. Well, I’m sorry for the people who were not ready to “go”, but I also got to say that I’m happy for those old folks who really didn’t even see much of a point in living in this realm anymore anyway. They got to graduate, thanks to the virus … and I just know how well they are now.

April 15, 2020 – **Susy & Suzy?**

I was busy putting pictures in earlier sections of this contact diary, that for some reasons are still in the “To Be Used” folder, and I came across screenshots I had made about Gary Schwartz writing about the sudden passing of the famous **after-life researcher Susy Smith**. “My mind” quickly made the connection to Suzanne Giesemann … I don’t know why. Just putting this here so that I won’t forget it. Besides, the screenshots are interesting, because about Susy insisting that “dead people” did not “**pass away”,** but just **“passed”.**



She was someone I adored and deeply admired, and I understood why some psychics and scientists considered her “the matriarch of survival research.” She is an unsung hero in this field. However, I had no idea how prescient her “proof” words would become when she unexpectedly “passed.”

I have put the word “passed” in quotes quite purposely. Susy loved editing, and she was a stickler for words and phrases. As you are about to learn, though Susy may have “passed,” she did not “pass away.” In fact, the evidence strongly points to her continuing to surprise us to this day, giving new meaning to the phrase, “Our work is never done.” She seems busier now than ever.

I will never forget that Sunday night when I innocently played and

April 16, 2020 – **Sound of Longing & Josy-Dream**

This morning I shot out of bed, waking up … not knowing what had startled me. Immediately I realized that I had come directly out of a **dream** that had just been about to come to its conclusion, and I realized that it was very late, that I had slept in after I had switched off the alarm, and I sat up, my heart pounding … thinking that I had to keep that dream in my mind, and then a horrible noise sounded**: a long-drawn wailing of a woman in utmost pain and longing**. I thought.

I jumped out of bed, thinking that something horrible had happened to my landlady or to her heavily pregnant daughter next door or to “Marshall”, the puppy. I thought maybe he was caught in the fence or something … I have been having a very hard time seeing the puppy all by himself day in and day out, and recently I’ve noticed that he has to sleep in a styropor dog hut by himself. He can’t be older than about a half a year. It hurts my heart a lot, because the little animal will never have the feeling of a pack that protects him … poor, poor guy, ending up with people who have no clue about how to deal with a dog. The sounds he produced, howling … wow, I’ve never ever heard anything like that.

Yesterday afternoon Jacqui and I happened to run into our landlady who had actually taken Marshall for a walk, with her little granddaughter Isabel, and it was nice that the two dog could finally greet each other …

So this morning, I ran around, trying to figure out what to do, I dressed and slipped into my shoes, took Jacqui … and it turned out that it was Marshall who produced sounds that nobody would have deemed possible. And the landlord was outside too and told me that Marshall was sad because nobody was at home, as his owner had been brought to the hospital with early birth contractions.

I felt so sad for the little guy, who was so happy to see me and Jacqui … and later I took Marshall on a little walk with Jacqui. Maybe I’ll be able to include him in our tours from now on. Just that the little dog has never learned to go on a leash, and it’s frustrating for Jacqui to walk when Marshall is with us, because Marshall is a track dog, and his nose is glued to the ground, and he gets into a sniffing frenzy right away and keeps crossing Jacqui’s path.

How stupid of the owners not to take advantage of having a really young dog, because taking them for walks early in life gets them to learn how to behave from the beginning when their interests aren’t yet “dog” but more “baby”. Now Marshall wants to do dog-stuff, and people complain “how difficult” he is. Geez.

So I took Jacqui for a separate long walk through the forest, just earlier, where I found one single candy paper with a hazelnut on it …

And I tried to remember my **dream** …

There was a **group** of people in some kind of **wilderness** along a **long path**, maybe four people, and somehow I knew some of them, but we weren’t friends, they were even somehow distancing themselves from me … just now I realize that there was a side-plot to that dream, but it’s just a “knowing”, I can’t remember, although I think my brother Peter was there, too … So that group was moving along that path, towards West, maybe there was a river to their left, and somehow the weather was not good, or there was some impending danger. Certainly there was a drama that related to that group, and to me, somehow. But I wasn’t part of that group, I seem to have roamed around them and I couldn’t approach them or wasn’t supposed to. One of the people was a very tall man in his thirties, with dark curly hair. There was drama or tragedy around him, and somehow I had to relate to him. I managed to talk to him or at least got him to face me, and he said something … and instead of a nose, he **had a penis growing from the middle of his face**! I stared at him, in my dream and was wondering if he knew that he had that penis in his face, which was about ten centimeters long and quite thin and stood upright slightly curve. It seems like he wanted to explain something to me … and as I am writing this own I realize that the second plot of the dream, that I can’t remember, played out in the dream in between, as if it was a movie and the scenes cut back and forth between two different stories and locations.

The tall young man with the dark hair (like Wolf, in a way?) ***kept turning to me and talking …*** Okay, I just had a flash of memory, the second part played in a publishing house where I was supposed to work, and there was a project that was secret and dangerous, but only I could work on it, and that young man was a key figure to it, too … but at that publishing location there wer other people, too, and I was kind of an outsider, but I was accepted as a new colleague …

There was some kind of **hut** or **enclosure** on top of a hill just in the direction where that group was heading, and I was in that enclosure. I had to get that young man to join me, that was what I knew. And the name “**Josy**” showed up. All the time. I don’t know who said it first, but at some point the young man came walking towards me and was willing and ready to enter that hut or house, and he said ***“Josy … it must be Josy”*** all the time. There was some kind of erotic spark between us, and he had a very nice smile … and another woman was in that hut, with me, a friend of mine, and I knew that I knew her in real life, but right now I can’t remember who it was.

So that young man came up the hill to join me in the hut, and the other people stayed down there on the path, but looked up …

The second plot played in, suddenly, where it was about some accomplishment I was about to finalize … and back to the young man, who looked at me, entering that hut, and I saw that the penis had just grown out of his face again, like before, it grew upwards, curved, and the man looked ridiculous. In my dream, though, I knew that it was nice **that the penis appeared again**, as it meant that the young man was interested in talking with me. *Talking!*

He walked by me, and we were going to do something together in that hut or house on top of the hill … and he said **“It’s only Josy, it must be Josy” …**

… and then I woke up from the horrible howling of Marshal.

How very odd.

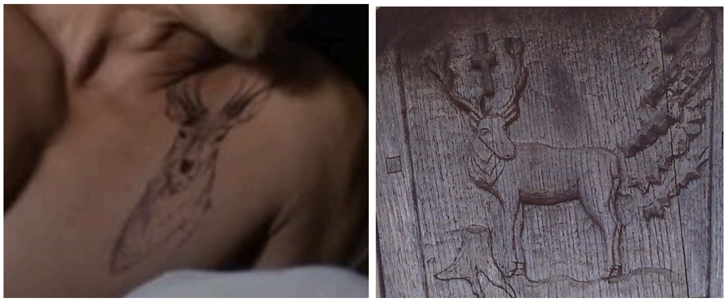
April 17, 2020 – The Roe Buck & The Cloud Bridge

Several interesting things happened today.

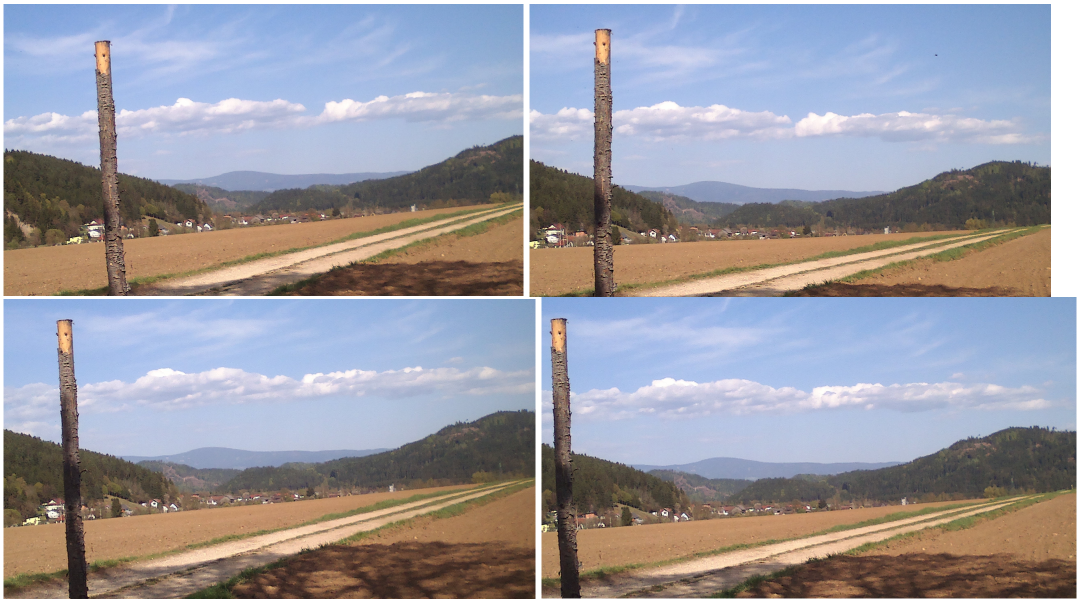
First … I took little neighbor puppy Marshall on a walk with Jacqui and me, to the mill. Broke my heart how happy the little guy was to be allowed to come along. Jacqui wasn’t too thrilled, but I think he understands that it’s for the good of the baby. *(Note January 2022: Interesting how I didn’t really document the Marshall-drama in detail, but probably it’s better that way.)*

Later, I went with Jacqui alone. And because it was very hot, we took a break and sat down in the shade of **a Christian memorial** like a **wayside shrine** … We sat there, in the quiet, until some **motorcyclist** came along that pat (from behind us) and just wroomed by … so I looked after him. And as I realized that the small shrine behind me had very old wood carvings, and the one under which I was sitting, depicted a **deer stag!**

That in itself wouldn’t be particularly interesting, except for the fact that I have never ever seen a **deer or a stag** among Christian pictures … but just a few days ago I had edited *the “Grey’s Anatomy”* section where I finally got to see the *tattoo* that “Dr. Mendelez” had on his chest: A **deer**! And I thought to myself, why I left that in this contact diary, it really has nothing to do with anything I saw, or with Bob. So today, when I saw the stag … I immediately flashed back to that. And suddenly I had the feeling that I was just looking at “proof” that Bob know what I’m doing and thinking!



So after photographing the stag, I looked up – I saw in front of me the most amazing depiction of … well, of a gap between clouds, and I thought of how that really symbolizes “**the bridge**” and how it can be closed! And the **gap began to close right before my eyes!**



Then some kind of "**mimicked hill**" appeared above the spot where the **cloud bridge** had just closed … and a little later the bridge opened again …

And I immediately thought of "**the bridge**" … As Jacqui and I walked on, we also saw an amazing image of **clouds mimicking a mountain** …

And as we walked further, the gap in the **clouds appeared** again, and they separated! How interesting! What kind of thermia was there, in the air, to create that spectacle in a short period of time, closing the gap, capping it and then opening it again.

Back at the car, I was touched to see a few still **rolled up fern plants**. Oh, the beautiful big man-tall ferns that had grown at our Pukalani home front door! **And two clouds connected**, just for me to see.

It was a strange day, because my mother called me to tell me that she does not want me to come visit because of the virus and all.

Then, the poor neighbor's puppy "Marshall" began to howl and whine again, all alone in his garden, while my landlady and her little granddaughter were out and about in the garden from which he was separated, and nobody was at home with him. And the landlady said that she doesn't bring him over because "then he wants to come over all the time". What an ignorant brutal person. The poor little baby dog feels so excluded, literally nobody cares about him, he had barely water in his bowl and food that can't possibly count as puppy food … and I felt such hatred for that idiot woman when she said that. What harm would it do to let the little dog be with them, just have him sit in the shade so that he wouldn't feel so lonely?

I could barely do my editing work, I was so upset, and the howling and whining was horrible. But she didn't do anything about it. Except for once she said to him as if she'd talk to a person, "Marshall stop complaining". Geezus, I'm not the person to witness this!

So I took him for a walk. For the landlady it was fine that I entered her daughter's place and garden and took the dog with me … and Marshall was so happy. Broke my heart seeing how sweet and curious and interested he is, and nobody gives a shit. His owner is still in the hospital about the baby, and the husband works all day, nobody with the dog, he is outside all alone.

It's not fun for Jacqui when Marshall is with us, and it's really hard to walk with him, because he know absolutely no behavior and simply can't walk on the leash. But he is so attentive and learns so much. I have noticed that he is very instinctive in some behaviors, like the wanting to rub himself with Thuja-smell, and he tried to slide under every hedge, or trying to jump into the next best creek or sniffing to his heart's content.

So we went to the mill … it was hard to bring him back and leave him alone again. I can't believe those people …

Then I took a separate walk with Jacqui … that's when I saw the "cloud-bridge" spectacle.

April 17, 2020 **– Talking With Dead Danny, Housie & BIBBI**

Okay.

There we have it.

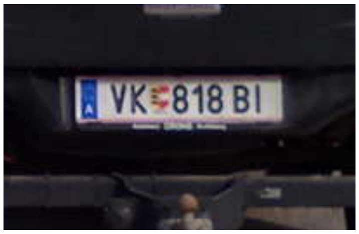
I just wrote down my thoughts about **how the ones who really “die” when a loved on passes over, are the “living”,** because something in them breaks, and they are never the same. Remember?

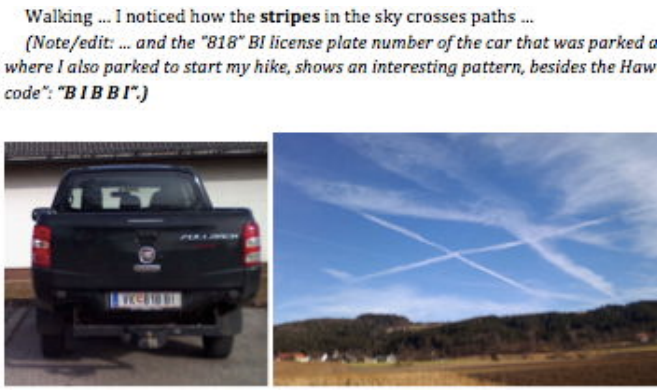
Okay.

Just now, about 6.30 p.m., I came from a walk with Jacqui, and I sat down to work on editing this c. d., but I just **had** to go to the movie-sites, to check out TV-series. Long story short, I didn’t find one, but I saw ***“The Lost Husband”,*** with Josh Duhamel, who I find very attractive. A very cheesy story, grieving widow moving to Texas, learning how to make goat cheese …

The Lost Husband
Trailer

I had my dinner over it and just clicked through it, really not my kind of story. At some point the former newbie … played by **Leslie Bibb**, who I really don’t know, and I couldn’t stand her … **except** that I had just this morning edited the section (February 15) where I had seen a **car** with the license plate number “**VK 818 BI**”, which I transcribed as “**BIBBI**”. Today. I did that.





Walking … I noticed how the **stripes** in the sky crosses paths …

*(Note/edit: … and the "818" BI license plate number of the car that was parked a where I also parked to start my hike, shows an interesting pattern, besides the Haw code": **"B I B B I".**)*

So I did notice right away when I saw the cast names that “**Bibb**” relates to my “**BIBBI**” of this morning … But I didn’t think too much of it, just noticed it, *because it seems so unlikely to encounter any kind of “Bibb” twice on one random day!*

So back to the point when the character that Leslie Bibb played (actually, I don’t even know that character’s name, that’s how uninteresting the story was) introduced a young woman to farmwork. And they began to chat about their personal lives … *and then young girl takes Bibb in the night to a “**haunted** place”*, and she lights a fire and tells Bibb that this is the spot where to **talk to the dead**.

I really really did not see that coming in that kind of storyline. In this case "**Danny**" was the **dead one**, and Bibb let her self be inspired and talked to her dead husband about how she feels guilty for his death and how she misses and loves him and hopes that he is okay wherever he is.

I was sitting there … dumbfounded. How in the world did I find this movie? I didn't, that's how. Bob found it for me! In the end, Bibb says that she thinks it didn't work, and in that moment the **camp fire** at which the two are sitting – **extinguishes by itself.** *It's blown up. By …?*

You know, there is no way to find something like that in random movies, and I was clicking through it and wanted to stop watching it right away. Okay, there was a sexy kissing scene in it, but that's all.

So … me getting to see all that, about "dead Danny" … is also **me realizing that Bob just talked to me.** And this morning, **seeing the "BIBBI" in the license plate number** – *which I only did while editing, not on the original date*, I immediately had a strange intense **feeling** of … **something coming related to "BIBBI". And then the actress Leslie "Bibb" talks to a dead person.** *On my behalf.* **And she receives the confirmation that her dead husband had "heard her".**

Does this mean that I'm learning to connect better?

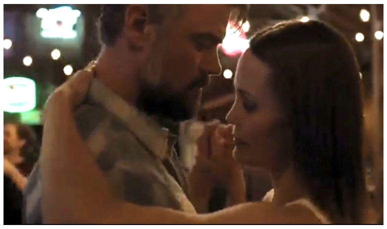
How am I learning?

"You can eat all the health food in the world, and still end up in a wheelchair …" Said the guy played by Josh Duhamel and tells Bibb's character that he and his partner Erin were moving into a farm to raise cows, but Erin met someone else, but she didn't want to separate from him … but he divorced her anyway. And then she had a stroke. And now he regrets all kinds of things.

Wow. Didn't see that coming either.

Then the band plays "I wish I was a baby bear …", *"I wish the wind would blow me … back to you."* Geez. Cheese. Country-music. Bob loved and hated it at the same time.

The part that's really chilling … **Duhamel-guy sang that to Bibb-girl while dancing!**



He sings to her! Bob sang to me! So much in that movie that I didn't even really watch but only zapped to, that literally relates to Bob's and my story. And yet … instead of being happy or excited about that, I can't help but think that I should be on Maui with Bob in our house, and we'd be so busy making our films and just be together.

And guess what … the song fades out with something about "Jesus letting them know that everything is going to be fine … and something about candy" … and there is a **pan across a "lanai"!** No people there, just the empty terrace … and that after I've been thinking and writing so much about my beloved "lanai" of "housie".

I should probably cry. But I can’t.

And the song goes on: “I wish the world would do what I want it to. I wish the wind would blow me … back to you.” And then the Bibb-character **goes to check out an empty abandoned house.**

Yes, that’s me … wandering through “housie” in my dreams!

I haven’t even dared to think about what may have happened to “housie” … whether or not it’s still there, if someone lives in it now … in my kitchen, in Bob’s edit room …

April 18, 2020 – **Babys & Potatoes**

Oh my gosh. Sometimes I think I must explode with impatience about sharing.

Something utterly special just happened.

I went on a long round with Jacqui, by the quiet oasis, where we both dunked our feet and did some “Kneipping”. Then we walked on by the creek with the high reeds … and suddenly I stood facing a **baby-tool** that someone must have just lost.

It was entirely clean, no dust on it, nothing. I left it on the ground, because I thought in times of the virus the owner would feel better finding it on the ground, which means nobody has touched it … than tied to a branch or somewhere. But I did take a picture, because it struck so strangely. I thought “This isn't the last I've seen of baby stuff", especially, because a **rabbit** is on that chewing thing, too.

Back home, I cooked potatoes to make a puree … and as I peeled them, and there were many, I said to Bob ***"Okay, now, talk to me. This will take a while and I won't think about anything else."***

And I started peeling. I didn't feel like especially calm or mediative, so I thought "well, that's not gonna work, but if you have to say something, I'm listening."

I forgot about that, actually, just worked with the tiny potatoes, thinking about the daughter of the landlady who is due to have her baby in a month, but she is currently at the hospital, for early contractions (*okay, there is the **baby**-reference to the **baby** tool I found! But wait, there is more!)* … and suddenly *I talked to **myself**!* And I said: "When babies die, this doesn't mean that they don't get to have a life as a person. It's only that the material shell of a soul is kind of recalled and destroyed, because that soul doesn't want to be in that baby."

I noticed my strange thinking, and I looked up, literally, thinking "Why that?" and then I talked to myself again, and said: "It's pretty obvious: The parents of that baby must have done something, based on free will, that changed the course of their future, and that outlook didn't match anymore the path of the soul that was supposed to live inside their child. So the soul decided against living in that baby, so that very fresh mortal human organism isn't needed anymore, and the baby dies."

I was very baffled about that topic and about saying that. But when I think about it, it's really true. And it relates to the thoughts about the interrelatedness of things and how free will can still, after all, interfere with anything.

So it doesn't mean that the parents of that baby did something "wrong", but they influenced the course of their future development as mortals somehow, maybe even only by developing certain mindsets, that would hinder the course of "fate" that was meant for the soul to develop. It may not even be that the parents of that baby did that kind of change of impetus or enforcement of something that would drive an entire section of the cosmic network into a different direction than it appeared only a day ago … anyone in close relatedness to the parents of that baby may have! Maybe a stranger, that would cross the parents' path one day did something that changed his future persona, and that would affect that baby, had it lived, somehow, maybe only in her or his adult life, and that was not what the soul "needed". So the baby had to die. But it's not that a "human being" "die" or "didn't get to live". The baby's body needed to stop functioning so that the soul that was about to be attached to it, was free again.

That's not a new thought, that souls "choose" the bodies they want to "use" … but the major aspect about is the **environment that baby was to grow up in.** And that includes the environment of ***anyone who was going to be a major influence in that soul's mortal go-around.*** A distinct **change** in that – and in the beyond there is no time and place as we know them, so to some extent the "souls" know what will happen in the mortals network – multi-faceted environment, just a very strong impetus that suddenly appears to be playing out, because some mortal developed in a new way or because something happened that would prevent some event that was necessary to happen in that soul's mortal phase, like a car was never bought, or a house was never built … and the future environment of the baby in question is altered, and that baby is no longer the perfect "pod" for the soul that needs to be involved in a very distinctly destined network of events in the material realm. The other mortals are also incarnated souls, let's not forget that.

Alright. Good potato peeling, everyone!

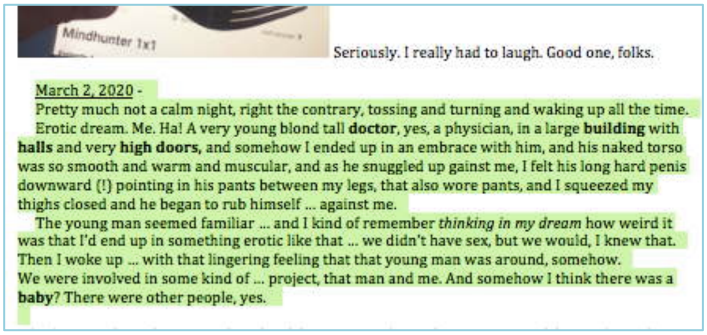
The death of a baby may be a catastrophe in the mortal relations, but as a cosmic event it's a necessary change of plans of a certain soul.

To think like that is only possible once you've realized that a human body is really a "vehicle" for the energetic being that uses it.

Babies are cute, and we're raised to think that "all human life is sacred". It is – but this doesn't really mean the life of our flesh and blood "pods".

But to me, this very clear **connectedness of baby-deaths and soul-fate** simply appeared "out of nowhere" while peeling potatoes.

And of course … after I had found the baby tool. Needless to say, I haven't found any baby tool ever around her. Except when I'm to come up with some revelatory inspirational insight while peeling potatoes two hours later. Right – *and yesterday I edited the section with the **dead mother** next to the **live baby** she had just given birth to …* and I wrote about how those scenes made it so clear to me that mortals are simply **vehicles** for souls. *(Also, I keep flashing back to the name "**Josy**" in that dream with the guy with the penis in his face …)*



Seriously. I really had to laugh. Good one, folks.

March 2, 2020 -

Pretty much not a calm night, right the contrary, tossing and turning and waking up all the time.

Erotic dream. Me. Ha! A very young blond tall **doctor**, yes, a physician, in a large **building** with **halls** and very **high doors**, and somehow I ended up in an embrace with him, and his naked torso was so smooth and warm and muscular, and as he snuggled up gainst me, I felt his long hard penis downward (!) pointing in his pants between my legs, that also wore pants, and I squeezed my thighs closed and he began to rub himself … against me.

The young man seemed familiar … and I kind of remember *thinking in my dream* how weird it was that I'd end up in something erotic like that … we didn't have sex, but we would, I knew that. Then I woke up … with that lingering feeling that that young man was around, somehow. We were involved in some kind of … project, that man and me. And somehow I think there was a **baby**? There were other people, yes.

Okay! More amazing – I went on to **editing**, and in the entry that I started to read through, there is a **baby**! And sex! *Procreation*!

April 19, 2020 **– Jojo & Danny & The Breakfast-Insight**

It may be nothing, but it caught my attention … I've been watching the TV-series "*Tommy*", about the first female chief of police in LA. I basically dislike the dumb stories, and the way problems are solved, the clichés, it's really incredibly shallow. However, there are a few characters in it, actually most of the main cast, that I sort of like, and I consciously (!) chose to watch it while editing and plugging in the last pictures into this c. d. and finish part 2 to send to Suzanne. Again, I haven't checked my emails for a week, I feel I must finish this editing first.

So in one episode, a weird couple is presented to "Tommy", and their names are **"Jojo and Danny"**. Now that's both my names. And it kind of rings in my awareness that *I'm "two people" really, a mortal "story" and an immortal entity*. It maybe was just for me to have this thought.

But some other **insight** happened today … feels **very profound** like the one about the babies yesterday, and *it happened while preparing breakfast*. Jacqui and I had just come back from the Sunday-morning walk, and we've been caught by a very wonderful spring rain shower …

I suddenly had to think of what a woman had said during her talk about her near-death-experience, that ***"God knows and is aware of every single human mortal"***. That keeps ringing in my head, because it's such a religious cliché … but then: When you think what "God" actually is, the entirety of consciousness and it's most advanced form, then of course every "human being" meaning every "mortal" is "known" to "God", because the single souls are all part of "God" as consciousness as such. But then I thought – what about the many **nameless** and **faceless humans** *who are born into poverty, never get education and die young in misery?* And then it hit me: Like in a film or in a theater play, there must be **extras** and **supporting** actresses and actors so that the **story** of the "**main characters**" can **unfold**. But that does not mean that the "extras" and "supporters" are "worth less" than the main cast. Everyone watching knows that they person who has the shortest appearance still has a life story and a mind and a personality and a family and a history and a future. *And: Every "extra" and "supporting characters" plays their roles deliberately.* They apply for the job. They may want to play a bigger role, but for the time being, they apply for the job of an extra. They themselves don't see them as inferior, and they are not, only in the story of the main figures are they "not them most important ones. **What they do, is their own choice.**

So making breakfast I suddenly said to myself – like yesterday: ***"Well, what if the souls really get to choose who to play in the next go-around in the mortal phase?*** What if a soul can choose to be born into a life-situation where they likely, in their mortal story, will be poor and suffer? Because in order for the rest of the humans to do what they do, there must be the poor ones, the war victims, the starving millions …"

That's is – isn't it? **A soul in the beyond knows** about every "life" they've had so far in their reincarnations. *They know that they never really die, and that the suffering in the mortal phase always has an end.*

So what if a big part of the existence in the beyond is – the **choice** of a new job in the mortal realm? What if the people can *really choose what or who to be*, and what kind of role they play in the mortal realm to bring about the "big picture"? What, however, if that's not really a choice in the beyond and if there are certain laws, according to which the souls get to choose their next "story"? What if all the ideas about "karma" and "predestiny" are true and real? What if a soul who got to live a splendid mortal life has to play a contrary role, too? So that this soul is supposed to live as a poor person the next time around?

Maybe that's voluntary business, likely is. I'm sure there is a whole big complex system about all of that. I may depend what role we have in the big Cosmic network in the unobstructed universe. It may depend upon what kind of "Self" we have been developing and enforcing in our go-arounds in the Earthly realm, where individualization takes place?!

But first and foremost, my breakfast realization to day is: The souls know that there are many roles to play in the human mortal game, and they might as well volunteer to be reborn to be suffering uneducated mortals, maybe to "up" their "karma" in terms of "gathering points in the beyond", or simply because this is part of the "life" of the "souls" in the "beyond".

Wow.

This is a big subject.

It overwhelms me right now to write about it.

I realized last night that *I'm in fact infected with Borreliosis* by that **tick** that got me days ago. All the symptoms speak for that. The read halo around the bite that showed up days after the bite, the fever spells, the swollen lymph nodes under my arm … okay. I read up on it and began to treat it locally with Arnica alcohol, Thuja, silver and Melissa, and I'm taking silver and cell salts and Melissa. And I ordered dried *Stevia* leaves, because it won't be the last time a tick will bite me, I'm guessing, and Stevia is said to get rid of the Borrelia. Dr. Renee Gräber wrote that, and what he writes, is always helpful. Poor Jacqui had two ticks yesterday, and one was already pretty full, the other one I tried to pull out to early only to tear his body off and the head remained in Jacqui's skin. I have to really smart up about that.

So … anyway.

My physical challenges really are interesting. They don't scare me, at all.

Yesterday I read a news report about something drastic:

In the nice weather, people with motor cycles like to go for rides, especially because there is so little traffic because of the Corona-insanity by the governments. So one motorcycle driver passed by a truck and didn’t see that another motorcycle driver was coming at him, and they collided frontally, and both died on the spot. I mean … think about it! That timing! That perfect alignment of fates … the two men had been looking forward to their rides, had gotten their bikes ready, had said “See you later” to their loved ones, and shortly after that both their bodies were but organic waste, and their consciousnesses now must learn how to deal with being dead and not being able to share with their loved ones that they are still alive.

Wow. That kind of motivates me.

Of course, reading how much a “tragedy” it is that “the men lost their lives” as if they really had stopped living and had lost everything that had made them “them” – this troubles me more than the inner images of that kind of accident.

This brings me back to the **“Jojo and Danny”** incident in the TV-series just earlier – *I’m two “people”, even here in this realm*. The mortal with the daily grievances about the dumb people I meet every day, about my parents and the tragedy of losing Bob and all I thought we were going to do, and the other mortal writing about these things and being unable to share them with anyone around me, and wishing so much to get out of this so narrow situation to be able to make “Regents of Clouds”.

I do think, sometimes, when I meet people and they look at me as I’m “the woman with the white hairs who always goes with her dog” … and I think “You’ve got no freakin’ clue who you’re dealing with”.

April 20, 2020 – **The Detached Hand**

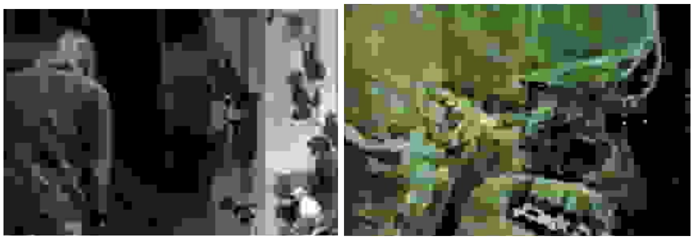
Last night, I experienced something new: I was **sharing** with Bob the joy of drinking **cocoa milk**, and at the same time I was **patting**, with my left hand, my dog and feeling his warmth and soft fur under my fingers, and I **“projected” that feeling to Bob too.** I closed my eyes, this time not thinking that I “was Bob”, but only that I “shared my experience with him on a higher level”. It’s hard to express this in words, but it was my intention, and my emotional ability to project my physical sensations to him, were working very well in that moment, for some reason.

And the it happened: **My arm, my hand and my dog extended.** It felt like my hand on my dog was way *far away from me*, like I was rising above the room and the house, but my hand was still touching my dog, while my arm got longer and longer. And my conscious awareness still stayed with that hand, and I realized that I was kind of “somewhere else than my hand”! And while I experienced that I was aware that I was experiencing it. It felt like I had moved beyond the house, but I wasn’t “in the air in the night”, I was still, sort of, in the room, but the room itself had disintegrated. And my dog and my hand went further away, but I was still connected to them with my mind!

That was uncanny! At the same time I sipped the cocoa milk and shared it with Bob, and I had an entirely new feeling of “success”!

Suddenly I felt sorry for my dog, because *it felt like I was leaving him behind,* and he also looked up to me, as if he was looking for me, and immediately I returned to my hand and to my dog. Wow. That was special.

What had I done just before that experience? I’d been intensely working on my **images** for this c. d., and I had realized that I had **messed up** the entire batches of the screenshots for “The Invisible Man” and for “The Lost Husband” and had to **redo** them.



Somehow the resolution of the pictures had been set to *extremely low,* so when I tried to plug them into the text, there were only pixels and the pictures couldn’t be used.

So I had to redo them, for the “Invisible Man” I even had to go back into the movie itself and take new screenshots … of the “*running numbers*” and *of all the elements of that intro that related to Bob.* It did feel strange that this happened. But I could only go with it, because the pics were simply not useable. All other pics I had worked on that day were fine.

This morning, I realized that I was a little wary about my **tick-related infection**, the night was quite uncalm, and I stripped off the blanket several times because I felt so hot, but I noticed that although the *red halo* around the bite site had gotten a little bigger, my lymph nodes under my arm are not swollen. So I keep taking colloidal silver and Melissa and put Arnica and Melissa extract on it and essigsaure Tonerde, which translates as “acetic acid clay”.And I’m looking forward to receiving the Stevia leaves to use the tincture I’m gonna make and tea.

Also, a **dream** keeps flashing back to me … something about a town somewhere close to an ocean, and something about **sharks** … but not really scary, more exciting … but I can’t recall.

I took a walk with Jacqui along the field at the “treehouse path” and picked plants to use against tick bites, because I found two ticks on Jacqui today alone. I put ribwort plantain into warm liquid coconut and olive oil and will let it soak. Tomorrow I’m getting the Stevia.

END PART 3 CONTACT DIARY “Naupaka Bunny”